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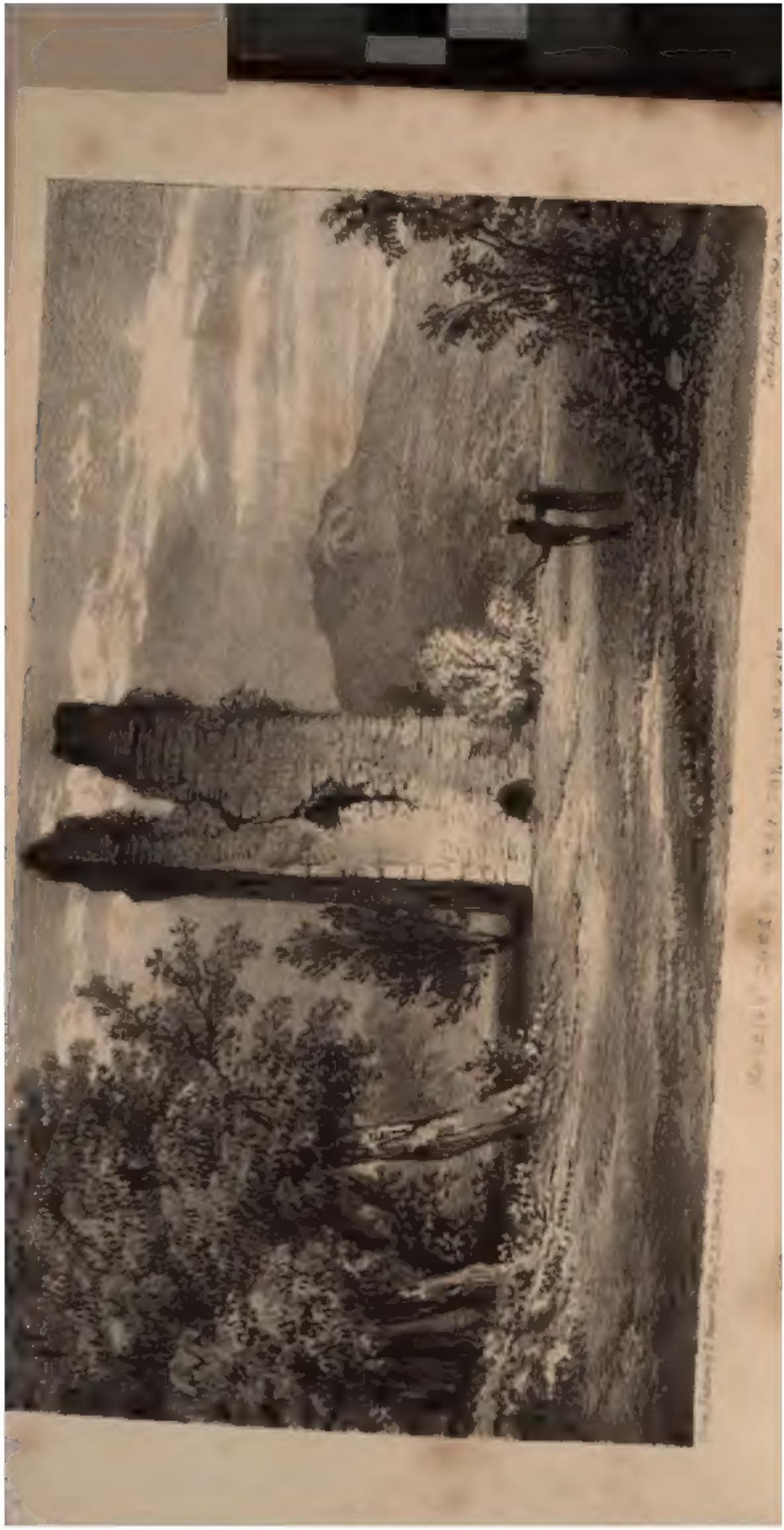
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EXCURSIONS
ALONG THE SHORES
OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN.

BY
LT-COLONEL E. NAPIER,
46TH REGIMENT;
AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS,"
ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

L A D Y N A P I E R

Are Inscribed

THESE

**"EXCURSIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN,"**

AS A TRIBUTE OF FILIAL DEVOTION

TO THE KINDEST AND BEST OF PARENTS.

FROM HER GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE SON,

THE AUTHOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

It was the first intention of the Author to have brought the following pages before the Public in their original shape of "Letters from the Mediterranean," addressed to Lady Napier. The confidential correspondence with a kind parent, however, necessarily containing many particulars void of general interest, he was induced, whilst retaining the familiar epistolary style, to throw the narrative into the form of a journal.

Should any further plea for indulgence be necessary, the Author has to urge in pallia-

tion of faults of style and composition, that official duties calling him to new and more distant "Excursions," left but little time to correct and revise those "Along the Shores of the Mediterranean."

J. U. S. Club,
Feb. 1842.

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fact is, we were all wofully disappointed in our expectations of this country* as a "quarter." We had heard so much of Irish hospitality, of Irish warm-heartedness, of Irish attention to the military, of the beauty of Irish scenery, and I know not what else, that, on our arrival here, we expected to live in clover, and revel at least in the seventh Paradise of Mahomet. We were doomed, however, to be sadly disappointed; and the great contrast between our Irish quarters and the charming ones we had occupied during our short campaign in England, tended, by comparison, greatly to increase this feeling.

I am not one of those who would ever blame those families in the neighbourhood of a military station for not shewing attention to the gay birds of passage, who, in the shape of "soger officers," as Jack calls us, may for a brief space of time be thrown amongst them. Far from it; such acquaintance must be to them most unprofitable in every point of view; for although we may, and I hope we do, boast amongst our cloth, of as highminded, honour-

* *Vide note to page 10.*

able, and gentlemanly men as in any other profession, still the transient nature of friendships formed with them, and they must be transient, only increases the pain of parting in the same ratio that their amiable qualities made them appreciated.

If we should not, therefore, blame neglect (but that is not the word) from the members of civil society, how much more grateful ought we to feel when those attentions are bestowed spontaneously, and without even the form of an introduction! This was the case at our first quarters in England, on our return from India. We were received at Canterbury with open arms; and, after our long exile in a burning clime, our hearts were gladdened as soon as we set foot on our native shores, by the warmth, the hospitality, nay, the kindness with which we were received.

I am not aware that any one of our officers had a single acquaintance in the place, or even a letter of introduction; still our reception, on returning from foreign service, was that of the "prodigal son." Dinners, balls, and fêtes, were the order of the day. The papas gave

us "feasts," which we washed down with sparkling champagne and rosy claret, the former serving to fill out our emaciated bodies, whilst the last, after considerable perseverance in the use of the generous fluids, began eventually to recall a blush of health into our pale, yellow, or bronzed physiognomies, on which the "mamas" kindly smiled as they introduced us to their blooming daughters, who, dear creatures, not to be behindhand with the rest, condescended to become our partners in the quadrille, the waltz, and the "galloppe," though many, poor, bilious, looking creatures as we were, had scarcely a walk, much less a gallop, in us—at least, I can speak for myself: and all this was, I am convinced, from the purest feeling of philanthropy, unmixed with one selfish thought or sentiment—for what interest could the "papas" have in feteing untitled and uninfluential soldiers?

The "mamas" could not be thinking of matches with men who had only their "half-crown out of sixpence a-day" to spend; and as for the young ladies; old Indians, with their nankeen pantaloons, calico chemises,

and cadaverous countenances, are not at all the objects calculated to elicit their spontaneous smiles.

But, "on dit," that sympathy often gives birth to love; I am, however, happy to say, that were such a feeling ever engendered in any of those fair hearts, our short stay gave it no time to develop itself; at least to such an extent as to render the baggage-waggon requisite for the cure of the disease; and I really do feel glad that, notwithstanding our intimate acquaintance with many of the families of Canterbury and its vicinity, we did not so ill repay their kindness as to persuade any fair "maid of Kent" to accompany the regiment on its departure. If, in my opinion, there be one situation in life less preferable than another to a sensitive and highly educated female, it is that of being an officer's wife; more particularly the wife of a *poor* officer of a "marching regiment;" when the delicate girl, who has, perhaps, been brought up to the enjoyment of every luxury and refinement in her paternal home, is suddenly transferred to all the hardships and in-

dignities of a barrack-room life, to the fatigues and privations of a march, or the vicissitudes of climate.

Ever shall I remember with gratitude the hospitable names of H—, of B—, of D—, of Col. W—, and many others, who I pray may live long to exercise that hospitality which is so congenial to their feelings.

After a short residence at Canterbury, we marched to Weedon. This as a quarter, though not to be compared to the last, had, notwithstanding, its attractions. The surrounding families were courteous in the extreme; it was not, however, the season for gaiety during our abode in Northamptonshire; still we got on very well, having little duty, and, consequently, plenty of leisure, which, with a charming country to wander over during the summer months, enabled us to pass our time very pleasantly.

Imagine, then, what a contrast to all this “playing at soldiers” was our removal to Ireland; where at Dublin, with a regiment consisting still of recruits, we had to take our share of the severe garrison duties of that

place, and then, in the depth of winter, were marched to the “inhospitable” regions of the north, to be stationed at Belfast. What a transition did we find in its cold, bleak-looking, and deserted streets, to the animation and life, to the busy scenes and smiling countenances of dear Canterbury!

In the bare mountains, and desolate heaths and bogs of Ulster, what a falling off from the rich pastures of Northamptonshire!—Here and there dotted with gigantic oaks, with its green shady lanes and smiling cottages, whose neat little patch of flower-garden, and trellised honeysuckle and roses, betokened in the red-cheeked and well-fed cottagers a state of ease and contentment far removed from the condition of starvation and misery, which, alas! was but too evident in the abodes of the “finest *pisintry*” in the world—those wretched hovels—where old age in rags, and children in nudity, might be seen wallowing in filth, amidst swine and poultry, in an atmosphere heavy with blinding smoke from the peat fire burning on the often chimneyless hearth, and whose clouds failed even to be dissipated by

the chilling blast which whistled through the numerous crevices in the crazy, turf-built walls!

The country people, too, how different in look and appearance from the sturdy form and contented, round, and ruddy face of the English farmer! A ragged vestment, a sallow complexion, and, above all, a sour, discontented look, were the characteristics of the peasantry of Erin; who, to use the expressive words of a sporting friend, residing some time among them, "neither fed kindly, nor wore a good coat."

In the hospitality, too, of the good people of Belfast, we found a woful change from the festive scenes at Canterbury; still I blame them not for treating us like, what we really were to them, aliens and strangers. I have already given my reasons for not doing so. But, at the same time, I could not but feel glad on being removed from a place possessing so few attractions to recommend it, or from a country in which, though it might otherwise be a desirable residence, our military duties are often of the most disagreeable nature. This

accounts for the almost universal wish we feel to quit it altogether.

The *Guards*, I am told, consider Ireland as in the pale of “foreign service;” and with the prospect of the Mediterranean before us, we now feel as if we were about to return to our own homes. Would that we could remove with us our dear friends and relations! But happiness in this world is never unmixed, and we must sip the cup as it is brewed—bitter mingled with the sweet!

Enough, however, of moralizing; and I must now attempt some account of a spot which is a striking exception to the usual bareness of scenery in this country. I allude to the celebrated Blarney Castle, or, as it is commonly called, Castle Blarney, the property of Mr. Jeffreys, whose acquaintance I renewed by chance on board the steamer which brought us from Dublin. He had the civility to offer me the shooting over his grounds at the Castle, of which, however, owing to our approaching departure, I shall not be able to avail myself.

Everybody has heard of the “Blarney

Stone," and wishing to be admitted to the mysterious privileges which a kiss of it bestows, a brother officer, M——, and myself, started for the spot on foot, and arrived there, after going over five good *Irish* miles of ground, through a rich pasture country, but one which, disfigured by embankments and stone walls, and completely divested of either wood or enclosures, could lay but slight claims to the picturesque. This is, however, the case with every part of the country I have visited from Portglenone to Cork,* so much so, that one would be almost led to imagine that St. Patrick had, in the "green island," proscribed hedgerows and timber, as well as snakes and toads.

The approach to Blarney Castle is striking, and strongly characteristic of an old baronial feudal residence—but it is sadly falling to decay. Its mouldering and neglected walls appear tottering on their foundations—"grass is growing on its hearthstone," and even the

* The author "steamed" from Dublin to the latter place, and therefore had no opportunity of witnessing the intermediate scenery.

beautiful "groves of Blarney," so celebrated in song, are suffered to become a rank and desolate wilderness. The "grove" is composed of laurel trees, of singular size and luxuriance of growth, under the shade of which are various cool grottoes, the whole presenting a scene, in its way, of unrivalled beauty.

The "kissing stone" is placed at one corner of the highest battlements of the castle. I was never able to trace the origin of the privileges which every one is aware are to be derived from a salute bestowed upon it; but *that* origin cannot be of a very remote era, as the stone itself bears the date of 1703. The donjon, the witches' stair, and the cave which runs under the Castle, to, it is said, an immense extent, and where "cats and badgers for ever breed," are the curiosities pointed out to the inquisitive stranger.

As the rude herdsman who guided us shewed the entrance to the latter, I asked him if he knew the song called the "Groves of Blarney"?

"Sure, and 'tis jist I who does," replied Pat, who, by the offer of sixpence, was induced to repeat, in a drawling nasal tone, the

following lines, which I took down at the time, and which, as they differ from the usual “polished” edition, I here add for the reader’s amusement and edification:—

THE HERDSMAN’S EDITION OF THE “GROVES OF
BLARNEY.”

The groves of Blarney, they were so charming,
All in the puddling of sweet silent brook;
There is daisies, and sweet carnations,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair,
The daffydilly, beside the lily,
All flowered on the sweet rock close.

’Tis Lady Jefferys as owns this nation
She’s like an Alexander, a rose so fair,
She’s castles round her, where no nine pounder
Can touch or plunder her place of strength.
’Tis Oliver Cromwell that did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There’s the lake well stored with perches,
The comely eels in the virgin mud.
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
That were planted in order agin the flood.

There’s the cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers for ever breed;
The moss by nature, which makes it swater
Than the coach and six, and a bed of down.

There's statues gazing, this noble place in—
All gods and heathens, and nymphs so fair.
Now, to finish my brave narration—
Bould Neptune's standing quite naked in the open
air.

There's the kitchen, how many a fitch is,
The maids are stitching upon the stair.
There's the whisky, besides the biscuit,
Which would make you frisky if you were there.

'Tis there you'd see Pat Murphy's daughter
Washing praties furnint the door—
Judy Carey, and Peggy Leary,
All blood related to Lord Dunamore.

* * * On taking a final leave of Ireland, though candour may oblige the author to aver that he did not like those portions of it which he had visited, as a military residence, and though misgovernment may have produced the scenes of misery he mentions, still he cannot help bearing witness to the sound, sterling character of the sons of Erin, as well as to the amiable qualities of her fair daughters ; and whilst the name of Ireland exists, it may be confidently affirmed that it will ever be associated with Genius and Valour—with Beauty and Virtue.

CHAPTER II.

At sea—Cape Spartel—Detained in the Gut by easterly winds—Account of departure from Cork—Embarkation scenes—Head quarters of the regiment embark on board the “Prince Regent” at Cove—Steaming down the river—Beauty of the banks—Get under weigh—Sea-sickness—Miseries on board a troop ship—Little attention paid to the comforts of troops on board ship—Cintra hills—Cape St. Vincent—Coast of Barbary.

October 14, 1837, off Cape Spartel.

HERE we have been for the last three or four days, tacking about in the vain endeavour to round Cape Spartel, and with our destination almost in sight, unable to reach it, owing to an adverse easterly wind.

I have often observed that the nearer we are to the accomplishment of our wishes, the more we feel annoyed at being unexpectedly thwarted

in their fulfilment. This is particularly the case in a long voyage, at the commencement of which we can most philosophically put up with calms, adverse winds, and every other annoying delay; but only bring us within sight of port, and then arrest us in our forward career, and the punishment of Tantalus is instantly inflicted, whose imaginary pangs must have been devised by one intimately conversant with the workings of the human mind. Such has for some time past been our situation, and it can easily be imagined how much it has put us all out of humour.

The bustle occasioned by a regiment leaving quarters where it has been stationed for a length of time, exceeds anything which the uninitiated can imagine; and this is greatly increased when, on the point of quitting the shores of its native land, it is about to be separated from every tie, to encounter the dangers of the ocean, and all the perils and chances incident to foreign service, even in these peaceable times. The scenes which then present themselves are interesting and painful to a high degree. Followers who have attached

themselves to the corps, during its period of home service, who have followed it about from station to station—widowed mothers bereaved of their sons—husbands of their wives and children—lovers separated in the very bud of affection—present themselves in rapid succession to the spectator, who will find it difficult to retire from the affecting scene with an unmoistened eye, or feelings of unmixed sorrow.

Such was the state of things on the wharf at Cork, on the morning of the 26th of September, when our head quarters, composed of the colonel, his staff, and band, with the two flank, and one battalion company of the regiment, marched down from the barracks with all the “pomp and circumstance” of war, in order to embark on the steamers which were to transfer us to the “Prince Regent” troop ship, then waiting for us at the “Cove of Cork.”

Fortunately for us at such periods, the duties of the officers are too arduous to admit of their wasting their time in sentimentalizing, and the moral feelings, like the physical ones in the heat of battle, are too much excited to

admit any sensation of wounds, which in more tranquil moments would be nearly unbearable.

At last, amidst waving handkerchiefs, streaming eyes, and with only a few cases of drunkenness, for some chose this expedient of *drowning* their grief, we were all safely stowed on board ; the paddles revolved, the band struck up, and to the old tune of the "Lass we left behind us," and with colours gallantly flying, we rapidly steamed away towards Passage. Even at this trying moment, we could not help admiring the beauty of the high wooded banks of the river, which sometimes overhung the water, at others sloped gradually to its edge in smooth and verdant lawns, where female figures waving their shawls as we passed, pleased us with the thought, that we had at least the good wishes of Erin's blue-eyed daughters, for our safety and welfare. It is at all times gratifying to leave golden opinions behind you, but doubly so are those blessings showered on the poor wanderer's head as he is about to leave his native shores, maybe for ever, and which tend

hereafter to cheer him with grateful thoughts during his weary pilgrimage abroad!

We got on board the “Prince Regent” in the course of the afternoon, and, as we were not to sail till the following day, had time to have the men divided into watches, appointed to berths, and ourselves as comfortably “stowed away” as the case would admit of.

The “Prince Regent” is not a bad vessel of her kind, but transports are proverbial for the indifference of their accommodation; nor in this does she belie the “caste” she belongs to. Both men and officers are excessively crowded—the married ones of the latter class almost to suffocation. We have, moreover, a very disagreeable person for an agent, and these people have it in their power, when they choose, of making themselves excessively troublesome, so that with all these pleasant concomitants, it is not to be wondered at, if we feel anxious to be safely deposited on the “Rock,” and to bid adieu to the good ship “Prince Regent.”

It is astonishing how very little attention the authorities bestow, not merely on the comforts of troops when embarked, but even on the sea-worthiness of the vessels employed in transporting them. A short time ago, one division of the regiment was nearly lost in coming by steam from Dublin to Cork. Doubts having been expressed to the skipper as to the capabilities of his craft, his answer was: "Sure, and what can ye expect; the boat carried pigs for a long time, but as they don't like to thrust thin in her now, she freights throups."

In the afternoon of the 27th September, we weighed anchor, and got out of "Cove" with a fair wind, but a rough tumbling sea, which very much discomposed the nerves of part of our new hands, who were just entering on their noviciate of a sea voyage. Sea-sickness is, in my opinion, the more dreadful, as it universally fails in eliciting the least sign of compassion or sympathy, even from those who are free from its baneful effects. If the sufferer is so fortunate as to escape open derision, he is told to have patience, that a few *days* will

set him to rights, and in the meantime is strongly recommended to *eat*, when, ye gods! the very thought of food, produces often a feeling of revolting nausea, to which death itself would be a thousand times preferable. But there is one object on the "world of waters" on which pity will be bestowed, or else the heart which withholds it must indeed be callous.

Woman, at all times the object of our attention, should be more particularly so, when entirely dependent on us for protection and support—and she never can be so helpless as when exposed to the dreadful infliction (for I can call it by no other name,) of soul-prostrating "sea-sickness." Still the "cabin passenger" enjoys, even in this state, comforts and luxuries which tend greatly to alleviate the malady, and therefore the officer's lady claims not one tithe of the commiseration due to the unfortunate wife of the "private," who, no matter what be her sufferings, or what might have been her former condition before "enlisting," is obliged, at the hour of "clearing off hammocks," to leave her berth, and, if not able to

sit or stand, to lie on the filthy decks, amidst the cries of children, the oaths, uproar, and coarse jests of the coarser beings by whom she is surrounded.

We have on board one poor delicate girl, born to a better fate; her parents were respectable tradespeople; she was in a good situation as a lady's maid, when, in an evil hour, she gave her heart and hand to a plausible fellow in the regiment, a dashing corporal on the recruiting service, and has lived to witness the miseries which I have just described, and which we endeavour, as much as lies in our power, to alleviate. But her sufferings are so great, and so much has she been reduced by incessant sea-sickness, since we embarked, that the doctor appears to have given up all hopes of her surviving the voyage, should she even live to see its termination.

In the beginning of the passage we had contrary winds and most unfavourable weather, and made but little progress. On the 8th instant, we passed in sight of the Cintra hills,

whose beautiful appearance is too familiar to require any comment.

The light breezes of the 10th carried us opposite Cape St. Vincent, a spot celebrated in history on more than one occasion, and from whence a Jarvis and a Napier have derived their titles.* On losing sight of the Cape, we shortly made the African coast, where, like the Peri at the gates of Paradise, we have since been lingering, in the vain endeavour to pass the columns of Hercules. Here, with a strong easterly wind blowing in our teeth, our old tub of a vessel makes so much lee-way that, what we gain on one tack we invariably lose on the other; and in the morning find ourselves in front of the identical landmarks, hidden from our sight by the darkness of the preceding evening, with the consoling reflection, that should we chance to be driven ashore during the night, we should only escape drowning to have our

* Sir Charles Napier, R.N., on account of the victory here obtained over the Miguelite fleet, on July 5th, 1833, received the Portuguese title of Count Cape St. Vincent.

throats cut by the inhospitable barbarians who inhabit this part of the coast.*

But "paciencia," as our Lisbon friends used to say, and I await in that state, and with resignation, until a change of wind shall favour us.

* For an account of the murder of part of the crew of an English vessel on these shores, *ride* one of the numbers of the "United Service Journal," for, I think, 1832

CHAPTER III.

Mons Abila and Calpe—Appearance of the Rock—Jumper and Elliott—Disembarkation—Loss of the Don Juan steamer.

New Mole, Gibraltar, Oct. 18, 1837.

THE same baffling easterly wind kept us knocking about until yesterday, giving us abundant leisure to contemplate and admire the conclusion of the labours of Hercules, as we alternately tacked from one of his columns towards the other, from the African Mons Abila, to the European Calpe. The former, at present better known as Apeshill, presented a striking contrast to its brother, the “Mountain of Taric,” from which, in Arabic, is derived the present modern appellation of Gibraltar. The one, apparently connected with the

"broad Atlas," presented a smiling scene of wood and verdure, whilst the other, isolated, and, as it were, cut off from all communion with the world, frowned in barren solitude and grandeur on the fair scene around. A fairer scene never met mortal ken than that wherewith we feasted our eyes, whilst so long vainly endeavouring to gain the desired haven; and it was with almost feelings of regret that, after so long gamboling on the clear, though bubbling waters of the Straits, we at last, yesterday afternoon, found ourselves snugly at anchor in the smooth basin of the New Mole—on the scene so interesting to every scholar, but more particularly so to every Englishman, who, as he contemplates the barren and sun-burnt cinder above him,—still barren and sun-burnt, in spite of all the blood wherewith it has oft been deluged,—cannot fail to recall, with pride and satisfaction, the exploits of his gallant countrymen—of Jumper and of Elliott, who so nobly won, and so obstinately defended, this bright jewel of our crown.

I am writing on board the transport, amidst a scene of noise and confusion which baffles all description, and an idea of which, can only be formed by those, who may have been so far blessed as to have found themselves placed amidst a large body of troops at the moment of their disembarkation.

I must, however, take opportunity by the forelock. From the cabin windows I have a tolerable view of the "Rock." The upper part looks like a huge mass of gray cinder, such as you see cast forth from a blacksmith's forge. As you descend towards the sea, the sides appear to become gradually clothed in verdure, and amidst the trees are seen peeping what I am sure must be pretty little cottages, which I long to be exploring.

But to give any further idea of the place would at present be a vain attempt; I shall only say, I was never, at first sight, more delighted with any spot. In my opinion, the beauty of the landscape completely beats the bay of Naples.

The steamer, commanded by my friend E—,

was lately wrecked at the entrance of the bay near Tarifa;* the people were, I believe, all saved, but she went to pieces, and we passed by what must have been some part of her wreck, in the Straits.

* The Don Juan, which, during a thick fog, ran on a rock near Cabrita Point, in October, 1837.

CHAPTER IV.

Different captains' guards—The Waterport—Market-place — Fish-market — Different kinds of fish—Charcoal-venders—Variety of Costumes—Spaniards—Moors—Old Hamet—Edict of Ferdinand and Isabella—Don Juan, the fruiterer—Dinner on guard—Temperate climate—Favourable to vegetation—Different plants—Aloe—Cactus and Prickly Pear—Pine and Date—Oleander and Gum cistus—Gardens of the Alameda—the Red Sands—Sir George Don—The Alameda on a Sunday evening—English women and Señoritas—Scorpions and Jewesses—The Abaneco—National Costumes—Introduction of London and Parisian *modes*—The road through the Cork wood, made by General Don.

October 29th, Waterport Guard.

THE captains have here the benefit of two of those delightful residences styled guard-rooms. The landport guard, where you have to meditate in solitude for twenty-four hours, and the one where, for the present, I have

taken up my quarters, with a brother officer, to assist in the arduous duties imposed on me. This is the *gayest* of the two, for, independently of the advantage of having a companion in misfortune, you are close to a most busy scene, the market-place, which is a capital lounge for the officers on guard, and will, I think, prove an interminable source of amusement whenever the fates, and my tour of duty send me to my present abode, and that is likely to be about once a week. The "*Mercato*" presents the busiest scene that can be imagined.

Before entering the enclosed precincts, sacred to the distribution of the supplies of the town, Genoese fishermen, in their red pendent woollen caps and sailors' dresses, display, under a long shed, the greatest variety of fish, some, of the most bright and beautiful colours, whilst others are hideousness personified. Amongst the former are conspicuous, the brilliant crimson Salmonettes, whilst the Toad-fish, and the most disgusting specimens of blubber, deserve a place amongst the latter class. The Sword-fish and the classical Tunny often hold a prominent sta-

tion amongst the larger tribes; but I in vain looked out for the iris colours of the Dolphin.

There is also a great variety of shell-fish, to which I was a stranger, particularly a very large species of oyster, the interior of whose shell displays the most beautiful mother-of-pearl, and is about the size of a common sheet of foolscap.

Near the fish-market may be seen the charcoal venders, who bring their blackened and bronzed faces, bandit-like persons, and donkey-loads of merchandise from the precincts of the sierras and the Cork wood. They are true specimens of the Andalusian peasant; the broad-brimmed sombrero, (hat,) the handkerchief tightly bound round the head, the short jacket and blue velveteen breeches, buttoning from the knee upwards, with silver studs, and confined round the waist by the capacious *faja** of red worsted stuff, in which is thrust the tough ash plant, with which he belabours the poor "bourro," (donkey,) the bottinas

* Pronounced *fakha*, the sash, which forms an indispensable article of equipment of the Spaniard of the lower order.

and shoes of untanned leather, complete the costume, the dusky hands and countenances excepted, of the southern "majo."^{*}

Passing the sentry at the gate, you enter the "Mercato," properly so called, and which affords every variety of food, both for the body and mind. Bread and fruit, game and garlic, oranges and onions, flowers and butchers' meat, are here displayed in endless succession. And the spectators and purchasers are of a no less heterogeneous description.

The darkly-clad and graceful Spanish señora, with her flowing mantilla, waving fan, and gliding step—the homely Genoese damsel, in her crimson cloak, turned up and trimmed with black velvet—the black-eyed Jewess,

* It is difficult to give an English definition of the word "makho," (as it is pronounced;) it is, a young man, who endeavours to unite in himself the several attributes of a blood, a dandy, a gallant, and a ruffian; the majo must dress well, he must dance, woo the fair, bully the men, be able to tingle the guitar, write a sonnet on his mistress, or, on occasion, make use of his navaja, (or knife,) with a rival. It may be here observed, that the Spanish letter "khota," or "j," is always, before a vowel, pronounced as *hh*.

whose “short upper lip” is fringed with the darkest and softest down—all these contrast greatly with the slouching gait, blue eyes, clear complexion, and golden locks, of the humbler daughters of Albion, Erin, and Scotia, the soldiers’ wives, who are eagerly making their daily purchases.

Nor does the rougher sex present less motley groups to the spectator. Greek sailors, with their *bagged* trowsers and red fez—English tars—the Spanish contrabandista—the mean-looking Jew porter, with his black skulcap—the stately Moor, in his resplendent robes—give the place all the appearance of a masquerade; in the disguises of which, both the buyers and the sellers, the busy and the idle, universally participate.

The men of traffic seem to be all either Spaniards or Moors. The first appear to monopolize the sale of the vegetables, flowers, and fruit,—great part of the latter coming from Tarifa,—whilst the Moors mostly deal in poultry, eggs, and fowls, vast quantities of which are brought over for sale, from Barbary, in large cylindrical baskets, which, peopled to suffocation by

their feathered inmates, rest in huge piles against the wall, the owner going round occasionally, and feeding his numerous family with a handful of millet, which is eagerly devoured.

I was intently contemplating a venerable, white-bearded old man, engaged in this occupation, when another follower of the Prophet, whose better habiliments proclaimed a higher, or at least more easy, station in life, came up and said to me, in very tolerable English, "How do you do?"

"Very well, I thank you," was my reply; "and pray, who may you be?"

"You not know me? I Hamet!"

"Well, but who is Hamet?"

"You not know Hamet?" indignantly asked the old fellow. "Then you never read—my name appear in book—I dine with officers at mess—all that told in book—book at the library."

I had some time before been reading Cyril Thornton's life, and it immediately struck me that this must be the "sturdy Moor," about whom he was nearly getting himself into a

scrape, by asking him to mess at an inspection dinner; nor was I mistaken in my conjectures. On inquiry, I found him to be the identical person; but the poor old fellow had not passed under the yoke of so many summers with impunity; although apparently in good health, he was bowed down by years, and shewed every sign of feebleness and old age.*

Gibraltar is, I believe, the only part of Spain at all frequented by the Jews and Moors, both of whom were expelled from the country by the very unwise edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, who thereby sacrificed, with the former, a great part of the riches of the kingdom, and with the latter, much of its wealth, and many of the arts and sciences; which, even at that late period, were not much cultivated in the rest of Christendom.

* Old Hamet keeps a shop for the sale of slippers, yataghans, dates, cushions, and other articles of Moorish produce and manufacture, for which you generally pay their full value. The old fellow has two or three wives in Barbary, to whom he occasionally goes over to pay a visit, and gets exceedingly wroth if quizzed on this topic. With any Mahomedan, this is always a tender subject to touch on.

As I strolled about this morning, I formed an acquaintance with a couple of Spaniards, who appear to be quite "characters" in the place, the one a diminutive little fellow, as broad as he is long, and selling game of every description; if goldfinches, owls, and hawks, can be reckoned as such. However, he had lots of "conejos," (rabbits,) snipes, and red-legged partridges, on the merits of which, to judge from his never-ceasing laugh, and that of his auditors, he expatiated with great drollery.

The second is a very corpulent person, rejoicing in the name of Don Juan, a vender of fruit; he is the very picture of good-nature and content, and must, I should imagine, be rather a sufferer from the extent to which he carries the former quality, as a bunch of grapes, or an orange in his stall is never admired, but it is forthwith pressed on you, and all payment refused. Old Juan's stall appears to be the "scandal corner" of the idlers quartered in the neighbouring casemate barracks, who assemble here to crack at once his nuts and their spicy jokes.

The whole morning was thus employed in

sauntering about. My "compañero" and myself were both equally astonished on seeing our respective servants make their appearance, each provided with a long string of tin cases fitting closely into one another, and giving intimation that the dinner hour had already arrived.

We were finally established in our new quarters, at Windmill Hill Barracks, where the lastly arrived regiment is generally sent for its first station; and this is probably a judicious arrangement, on the principle of seasoning them, by degrees, to the climate, which is much cooler there than at the lower part of the rock, and particularly more so than the town.* Some of our young hands are already complaining of the heat, but all the *old Indians* are delighted with the climate, which (at least, at this time of the year) is the most

* I afterwards found that a difference of seven or eight degrees in the temperature often existed during the summer months between Windmill Hill and the more confined situation of the town, particularly during an easterly wind; when at the latter place it was close almost to suffocation, a fine refreshing breeze always cooled the air at the Windmill.

delicious I ever experienced. The sun is certainly powerful, but not sufficiently so to prevent your going out at all hours of the day, and the nights are so temperate that I always sleep with my windows open, though with the addition of a blanket.

With such a temperature it is not surprising that vegetation should prosper; and I was delighted on discovering, the other day, in the gardens of the Alameda, or public walk, some of my old Indian acquaintances of the tropics, in most sociable companionship with plants, both of the temperate regions and of the frozen north; with many others peculiar to this country. The geraniums, intermingled with the prickly pear and aloe, line the walks of the beautiful shrubberies of the Alameda, whose fanciful kiosks and pavilions shoot up their spires amidst thick groves of the "bella sombra"** and graceful pepper-tree, intermingled with the flowery oleander and gum cistus, whilst

* The *bella sombra*, literally "beautiful shade," is a pretty tree, and of so rapid and easy a growth, that if a branch be lopped off the parent trunk, it in a few weeks takes root, and soon becomes a large tree.

the date and pine are nodding familiarly to each other, or are bound together in ties of unity by a variety of lianes and creepers, amongst which are conspicuous the hardy blackberry plant, and the twining tendrils of the wild vine.

So much for the ornamental part of the Alameda, for which Gibraltar is indebted to her great benefactor in every way—General Sir George Don, who converted the large and barren tract of ground on which it stands—and which was known by the name of the “Red Sands,” and used as a receptacle for the sewers of the town,—into the terrestrial paradise which now charms the eye of every beholder. The Moors, who, like the Orientals, are great admirers of natural scenery, generally congregate in these delightful pleasure grounds towards the evening, and, by the “Arabian-nightly” appearance of their variegated groups, greatly enhance the beauties of the landscape on which, at this hour, the setting sun sheds the last rays of his departing glory, ere, sinking behind the Tarifa hills, he dips his head under the waves of the broad Atlantic.

Nearly at the foot of the hill, immediately under this fairy scene, lies the gravelled and smooth expanse of the Alameda itself. It is here that, amid all "the pomp and circumstance of war," the six* regiments of the garrison are often manœuvred; and here that, on a Sunday afternoon, to listen to the different bands, are congregated all the beauty and fashion of the place. And under the shade of the fine "alamos blancos,"† which border the "arenal," may, on these occasions, be seen even a fairer *parterre* of flowers than that described above, and brought together from nearly as opposite regions of the globe. First on the list, as first in every amiable quality, though not, perhaps, in gracefulness,

* At that period the garrison was composed of the above number; it has since been reduced by one regiment.

† The white elm—a tree somewhat resembling the aspen. The arenal and paseo are Spanish terms for the public walk, or alameda: the derivation of the latter word is probably from the Arabic, as are most of those commencing with the syllable *al*, the Arabic article. *Médan*, I believe, has, in that language, the same meaning it possesses in Persian,—a plain, or large field, being so called.

must rank our own dear and fair country-women; next, the dusky daughters of Andalusia, with "forms of symmetry and step of grace," the mantilla setting off their faultless persons, whilst they eloquently converse with their brilliant eyes and waving fans.

But the "abaneco," the fan! In the hands of a Spanish damsel it is a thing of life, it can all but talk, and even its mute language is perfectly intelligible; according to its position and motions it either expresses pleasure or anger, consent or denial; it moves with such ease, as to have the appearance of being a part of the elegant creature who wields it, and who would as soon think of stirring abroad "sans" shoes as without the dear "abaneco."

We have enumerated the white roses of our own country, and the dark, deep damask ones of Spain; we must now conclude with the dusky dahlias of Gibraltar, and the Jewish "passion flowers," which abound there. Shame on ye both! ye dusky "Scorpions!" ye impassioned daughters of Israel! for having deserted your banners; the one, in abandoning the mantilla of the South; the other, the gorgeous

apparel of the East, to mimic the ungainly apparel of England and France, by assuming that abomination of abominations—the bonnet! But such is the melancholy case, and I am told that even in Cadiz and Seville the “march of intellect” is thus displaying its bad taste by gradually abandoning the national costume of Spain, the most graceful since that worn by Eve, for the last “*modes*” from London and Paris.

Sir George Don has left a name which justly deserves to be here revered. He was the benefactor of that portion of mankind, amidst whom it was his fate to be thrown for so many years of his life, which he spent in doing all the good in his power, and in embellishing and improving the seat of his government. The Rock itself is a most extraordinary production of some great revolution of nature—a barren, weather-beaten outcast from its mother earth, to whom it is attached by the slightest of ties: a low sandy isthmus, beyond which extends a level tract of country, called the “Neutral Ground,” on which take place our reviews, grand brigade-days, races, etc.

Sir George Don not only made the “Rock” what it is at this day, by planting the gardens, forming excellent communications in every direction and by which you can *ride* up to the highest pinnacle of its cloud-cradled summit ; but he extended his improvements far into Spain, which, I am told, is indebted to him for the capital road now running through the Cork wood as far as the convent of the Almoraima, to an extent of ten or twelve miles.

CHAPTER V.

Trip to Algesiras—Spanish officer—A Spanish dinner—Buen Camarados—Ladies at the Balconies—Pull across the Bay—The Spaniard at Mess—Ride along the Beach—Englishmen all “Loco”—St. Michael’s Cave—Monkeys—Bulbous plants—The Galleries; or, Excavations along the North front—Cornwallis Hall—St. George’s Hall.

Sunday, 5th Nov., 1837.

I NEVER was at any place where the duties were more numerous, and yet, strange to say, I never liked any place better. I will now venture on some account of an excursion I made to Algesiras, on the opposite side of the bay.

Four of us hired a boat, and sailed across; it was about two o’clock in the afternoon when we arrived. The streets at that hour of the

Siesta being all deserted, we hastened to the "fonda," or hotel, where the landlord happened to speak French; and forthwith ordered a good dinner, entirely "*à l'Espagnol*," having previously made up our minds to swallow garlic, and every other abomination that might be put before us, to be able to say we had had a real Spanish meal.

At the door we observed a fine-looking young man, in a blue frock coat and epaulettes, whom we learnt from the landlord was a Spanish officer, on his way to join the army at Ceuta, on the coast of Barbary. I sent him my compliments, requesting his company at dinner. The invitation was immediately accepted, and, in the meantime, we sallied out with him to see the lions. I cannot easily say how we managed to keep up the conversation, but, much to the astonishment of the rest of the party, we understood each other perfectly, and were the greatest friends in five minutes.

He took us through the principal streets, the market, the Alameda, and to see an old aqueduct near the town; but as there was not a soul stirring, we hastened back to the

fonda, where we found our dinner ready. But such a dinner! if there was one dish, there were twenty! First, soup; then boiled beef and cabbage, with radishes; then fish; then another course of meat and stews, followed again by fish; and lastly, lots of fruit; the whole moistened with very pleasant light wines.

Our friend Don something de Silben, ate, talked, and did the honours in great style; but he somehow or other took it into his head that a brother officer of mine, who was one of the company, had eaten nothing. Now my friend happens to have a very good appetite, which the Don would have observed had he not been so completely taken up with his own business; and the former was, moreover, very red in the face with his exertions, both in walking and eating. I told the Spaniolo that the young man had the misfortune to be very timid, as witness his blushes, and never could eat before strangers; whereupon *Don* swore we should be *buen camarados*, shoved every dish on the table under the nose of his victim, and said he would leave the room if he did

not commence forthwith. I shall never forget the expression of my poor friend's countenance; but there was no remedy, and he was obliged to eat a second dinner, at the risk of choking, abusing me all the time. After dinner, when the wine was being circulated, I asked my new acquaintance if he would come over to Gibraltar with us? to which he immediately consented, but said he wished us before we went to see some of the Spanish señoritas; and as it was now the cool of the evening, there was a tolerable display of beauty taking their daily *exercise* by sitting at the balconies.

We at last got on board; the wind failed, and we were obliged to pull the whole way, during which our Spanish friend, although he shewed his abilities in singing, proved himself no rower: he insisted on taking an oar, caught a crab, and tumbled head over heels into the bottom of the boat. We landed in time to take him to our mess, with which he appeared much delighted, and was at last safely brought to anchor for the night on a mattress in one of the barrack rooms.

Next morning, as several of the officers were

waiting at my quarters till the bugle sounded for parade, he was very much surprised to see me take a turn at the boxing-gloves with my ensign; he said that the Spanish captains were always treated with the greatest respect by their subs; he no doubt thought the *glove system* continued on parade, for he appeared equally astonished, when there, to see the same person who had been pounding me five minutes before, come up and touch his cap, on reporting that the company was all correct.

He was to leave by the passage-boat at three o'clock, so to kill time we proposed a ride, mounted him on a brother officer's horse, and two of us accompanied him in an excursion to the neutral ground. But he was evidently not qualified for Astley's, as he laid a firm hold on the pummel, and would not go out of a walk; we were soon tired of this fun, and when we got him on the sandy beach, we started off, one on each side of him; I gave his horse a sharp touch of the whip, and away flew the Don, holding on like grim Death; at last, his outlandish-looking high cap flew off

into the sea, and he was very nearly following it, when we pulled up.

I dismounted to get his chaco, mischievously taking care at the same time to replenish it well with sand and salt water before I presented it to him; when he put it on, he cut a most ridiculous figure, one of us standing at each side of his horse's head. It was exceedingly droll to see the sand and water trickling down his sallow face and dark hair. He must have seen us laughing, for he looked "very black." However, before we shipped him off, he had quite recovered his temper; as he said we were all capital fellows, but certainly *loco*, (mad.)

Tuesday, 7th.

As I did a good deal of business yesterday in the lionizing way, I will endeavour to describe the sights we saw; one of them was St. Michael's Cave, the entrance of which is about half-way up the hill, and reached by a zig-zag road scooped out of the rock.

The cave itself is a most magnificent object. You enter a large hall, from the top of which

numerous stalactites reach the ground like columns; they have been formed by the water dripping through the rock and becoming gradually petrified: the roof for some distance is of a considerable height, (forty or fifty feet;) then there is a descent, the entrance becomes more narrow, and, unless you are provided with torches, the whole is lost in pitchy darkness.

It is said that the cave runs under the sea, and communicates with the coast of Africa. They may believe this who will; however, I hear it has been explored to the distance of five hundred yards, and no termination found. But from the confined air, then met with, the torches will not burn beyond this distance; and it would not be the most pleasant thing in the world to proceed further in the dark.* The rock itself, in its formation, resembles a coarse

* Besides St. Michael's Cave, there are innumerable smaller ones, on the perpendicular face of the eastern side of the rock; the principal one of these is the Grotto of St. Martin—the site of Major Hart's romantic story of the "Silver Sprite," in the work called "The Rock." Many others are seen close to the water's edge, whose spray dashes into their dark recesses,

porous sponge, therefore I should think it very probable that there are interior communications through every part of it. The exterior surface above the range of gardens has the most barren appearance that can be imagined.

About half-way up there are quantities of palmittoes, (the Indian palmyra in miniature) and underwood, which afford cover and food for the numerous monkeys,* but as you approach the summit, vegetation ceases, and the only

whilst a few, like Neuha's cave, appear to extend beneath the waves, and in all probability have never been explored.

* These animals, which are often seen in great numbers, are, I believe, the only ones of the kind found in Europe. Marvellous stories are told of their origin here—such as their coming across from Africa by the submarine passage *said* to exist to this day, through St. Michael's Cave, and to communicate with Apes' Hill, on the opposite coast of Barbary. However, be that as it may, it is certain that they are very numerous, and also prove rather troublesome to the Genoese gardeners, whose "huertas" extend up the face of the rock, and who are frequently losers of grapes, oranges, and other fruits, through the nightly depredations of their avowed enemies the "monas," whose destruction is strictly forbidden by the standing orders of the gar-

signs of life are a stray goat leaping from rock to rock, or the above-mentioned monkeys scrambling up their steep sides. In the fissures of the rocks are quantities of bulbous roots, which, after the rains, produce very beautiful flowers. Although the season has as yet been uncommonly dry, some very pretty pink crocuses are already beginning to make their appearance. But, altogether, the country looks as brown and parched up as it does in India before the setting in of the rains.

rison.—An instance occurred during the author's stay at Gibraltar, of a large monkey having had the audacity, one fine morning, to enter the guard-room of the officer at the Rugged Staff. The latter, on returning from his rounds, was much surprised to see his uninvited visitor making very free with some fruits on the table, and was at the time so completely taken aback, that ere he could adopt any measures to secure him, Jacko slipped past, and escaped through the open door.

Their principal food consists, I believe, of the palmitto root, which is as sweet as a filbert, of its berries, and a herb called monkey grass, and it is astonishing to witness with what fearless agility they go up and down the perpendicular, and one would deem impracticable, face of the cliffs. During a Levante, they take refuge on the western face of the rock, and shift their position with the changing wind.

Yesterday afternoon, Lieutenant Lacy and myself went, with an artillery officer, round the galleries, or excavations, of which, although they may have often been described, very few persons can form a conception. They extend along the north end of the rock, where it is quite perpendicular for many hundred feet, and must have been executed at an immense cost of labour and expense. They are so high and broad that you can ride through them, and at different intervals embrasures have been worked out, in which are placed twenty-four pounders, commanding every approach towards the place.

These galleries are two or three stories high, and communicate with each other by means of spiral staircases; they sometimes are cut far back into the rock, so as to form large spaces, which were appropriated for barracks; and there are two magnificent halls scooped out of the solid stone, one called Cornwallis', the other St. George's Hall. The view through the embrasures of the latter is magnificent, as it is near the summit of the rock.

I am now sitting with the windows open,

enjoying a view of both the Atlantic and Mediterranean, the mountains of the coast of Barbary, and those between Cadiz and Algesiras.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival of the Duke of Nemours—Explore Monkeys' Cave—Number of wild plants—Fishing excursion amongst the rocks at Europa Point—Blubber fish—Donkey—Trip to San Roque, and return—Exposed situation of Windmill Hill.

Gibraltar, 16th Nov., 1837.

THIS morning has brought Her Majesty's ship "Asia," and the Duke of Nemours, the son of the King of France, who has just come from Constantina. There was of course a great *tomasah* on the occasion of his landing; the troops were all ordered out; he was received with a royal salute, and we were knocked about for his amusement the whole morning, on the Alameda. He is a fine-looking, fair-haired boy, apparently not more than eighteen, but seemed

perfectly at home and at ease during the whole business.

November 13th.—Lieutenant Lacy and myself started off to explore *Monkeys' Cave*, placed at the south-east extremity of the rock. It is so called, as the monkeys are said in stormy weather to congregate here for shelter. The only way of reaching it is by means of a rope-ladder, which we fixed to one of the carriages of the guns, and got down the perpendicular side of the rock, until we landed on the platform, opposite the mouth of the cave. This was nearly concealed by a large wild fig-tree, which waves over the entrance. The cave itself is of no very great depth, and is principally remarkable for the number of wild flowers and plants which grow about it, and which, from the difficulty of access, are seldom or never disturbed.

The air was literally perfumed with the white narcissus, and we filled a large fishing-basket with specimens of a great number of plants we had never seen before. Amongst the creepers I observed the passion-flower, and several old Indian friends. We returned up

the rope-ladder, very tired, but amply repaid for our trouble.

November 14th.—With two companions I proceeded on a fishing expedition to the rocks at Europa Point; we all got very well down, by a rope-ladder, to the first landing-place on the cliff, where the ladder was thrown to us, and we had to tie it again to a projecting stone, and descended to a second platform: here poor A——'s nerves failed; he could neither return nor follow us, and had to remain grilling in the sun for a couple of hours, until we had finished our sport. As the rocks on this side go in a perpendicular direction into the water, it is of a great depth, but so clear that you can see the large fish in shoals many fathoms below the surface. I could not resist the temptation of taking a plunge off the rocks, but was disagreeably surprised on finding myself stung as if by nettles, which was occasioned by the numerous blubber fish floating about!
Mem.—In future to avoid *blubbering*.

I went lately on an excursion, with a brother officer, to St. Roque, a small Spanish town, about six miles off. After putting up our horses,

and talking a quantity of Spanish, we visited the church, which is like all Catholic churches, and then returned to the "fonda," (inn,) where we called for a bottle of wine and some glasses ; found the wine very good, but *rather* weak. After paying due respect to some of a better description, we mounted our horses, and galloped across the country to Gibraltar, where we arrived with unbroken necks ; and next morning turned out with the jack boots and red coat, to meet the hounds, which threw off at the "Pine Wood," about eight miles distant.* I

* At this period, the "Calpe Hunt" shewed a very good muster of dogs, and we generally could boast of a pretty numerous field, who all turned out in "pink," as if at Melton Mowbray. And though the horses would not there have passed muster, still they were very good of their size and kind, and admirably adapted for the scrambling sort of work of galloping along and down the rocky faces of the steep sierras, which they were required to perform. The fifty-second regiment supplied us with the master of bounds, huntsman, and whip. Major B—— occupied the important post of the former, whilst V—— and S—— performed the latter parts, all to the universal satisfaction of the members of the hunt.

We threw off twice a-week, our principal meets being the First and Second Ventas, the Pine Wood, the Malaga Hills, and the Duke of Kent's Farm, situated on the verge of the Cork wood, whose old trees often repeated

admire much the scenery of Andalusia, particularly the fine cork-wood forests, and the hills covered with the wild lavender. We had very little sport, and there were only three tumbles in the field, which consisted of about twenty red-coats.

We are exposed, on this confounded Europa Point, to every wind that blows from the North Pole to Cape Horn, and it is to-day howling in its utmost fury round our solitary mansion, which is placed on a barren rock, without a shrub to protect us from the blast.

the echoes of "our sweetest music," making the welkin ring as we pursued our sport through its romantic and shady glades. Foxes were numerous,—too much so; and, although we sometimes had a smart run, I must confess that we seldom killed; a brush being quite a "rara avis" amongst us. This was owing to the quantity of earths, and number of foxes on foot at the same time—joined, perhaps, to the few good scenting-days we were favoured with.

CHAPTER VII.

A day with the Calpe hounds—A good resolution broken through—The Colonel's Horse—Making up Duties—Landport Guard—Visit to San Roque—Inhabitants of San Roque and Gibraltar—The Prison—The Wolf.

December 3rd, 1837.

WE have persuaded the colonel to subscribe to the hounds, and as he was anxious to see them throw off, I offered to accompany him, though still feeling rather weak from a recent illness, which confined me to my room for ten days; but intended to have returned as soon as they commenced running. We were rather late at starting, and obliged to push along smartly, when the old gentleman's horse beginning to cut sundry capers which did not please him,

we exchanged nags, and what with the jack boots, red coat, and the colonel's warlike bear-skin holsters, I must have cut rather a curious figure.

Shortly afterwards, we fell in with the hounds, and found a fox in some gardens, near the First Venta. There was a large field out, probably forty ; amongst them were a number of mids, who were galloping about in every direction, so that poor reynard was regularly mobbed. He never got out of the gardens, where he was killed, and the colonel, much to his satisfaction, was in at the death. I offered now to give him back his own horse, but he said he had rather I rode him, which I agreed to do on condition that he would run all risks, being fully determined to take the jumping out of him, the sight of the hounds having completely dispelled my good resolution of merely seeing them throw off. The colonel's blood was also up, and he likewise determined to see the end of the fun.

Away we went, *drawing* for a fox until we reached the Cork wood, ten or twelve

miles from Gibraltar. Here we soon found, and went off at a killing pace over ravines, rocks, and hills, as hard as we could lay legs to the ground; so that, at the end of a quarter of an hour, on coming to a check, there were not more than eight or ten of the party in sight, amongst whom was *not* the colonel. By dint of the liberal use of my *own* sharp spurs, I had managed to keep up with *his* horse; but the beast was so fat that when we pulled up I thought he would have dropped under me, and as he appeared to have been sufficiently *gruelled* (to use a sporting phrase), and as I felt rather *done* myself, I turned his head homeward, and quietly jogged back, in company with M——, one of our lieutenants.

On meeting the colonel that evening at mess, I said to him,—“ Well, sir, what became of you during the run? I quite lost sight of you in the Cork wood!”

“ By Heavens,” replied he, “ I would have been well up, but my horse ran me against a tree, which knocked off my hat, and by the time I had picked it up, you were all gone!”

Landport Guard, Tuesday, December 12th.

I AM here doing penance for my sins, that is, making up guards which I missed whilst on the sick list; for that abominable system prevails here, and a poor devil, after being physicked to a skeleton, no sooner escapes from the doctor's hands, than he is worried to death by incessant duties to make up his leeway. No one can form an idea of the sicken-ing sensation with which he sees his name in orders, particularly if he has a long arrear of debts to discharge. When an officer goes on leave, it is quite another thing; then he goes for his own convenience or amusement, and cannot grumble at making up duties that have been performed for him by others. I was particularly disgusted at being stuck on guard on this occasion; it is one of our hunt-ing days, and I had full leisure to envy the red-coated gentry, as they passed my post this morning to meet the hounds. It has been raining the whole day, and they all returned rather the worse for mud, tumbles, and wet, but had a splendid run after a deer.



I spent last Sunday at St. Roque, with a brother officer, shewing him the lions, which his duties as adjutant had hitherto prevented him from seeing, and begin to be a capital *cicerone*, and as, with the exception of Major G——, (who is an old peninsular man,) I am the only one of us who can speak the Spanish language; my services are therefore rather in request. St. Roque is on rather a high hill, about five or six miles from the Rock. It was built, I believe, when Gibraltar was taken from the Spaniards by those who did not choose to remain under the English dominion, and to this day they call themselves "inhabitants of Gibraltar and St. Roque." Lieutenant Lacy and I, after seeing the church, went to the prison, and were astonished at the number it contained—thirty-four culprits—fourteen of whom were confined on a charge of murder. They are all miserable-looking objects, and were very clamorous for us to give them something, at the same time protruding their hands through the double gratings of the windows. We were both moved into rather the pathetic mood at seeing

a very beautiful girl feeding one of the prisoners through the grating, probably her father, and, perhaps, under sentence of death. Our attention was, however, shortly taken off by a fine wolf, chained up in the yard, and for which I tried to strike a bargain with the gaoler, for the purpose of giving him a little exercise before the hounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

Expedition to Castellar—Costume and arms on the occasion—Fishermen on the beach—Campamento—Inscription on the San Roque road—The contrabandista—Courtesy of Spaniards of the lower orders—Spanish roads—General Don—Cork wood—Scenery—Swine and swineherds—A juvenile guide—Shot at an eagle—The Castle of Castellar—The Posada—View from the Castle walls—The Comida—Monsieur Jean.

Landport Guard, 21st Dec. 1837, 11 p.m.

CASTELLAR is an old Moorish tower, surrounded by a small town, and perched on a high rock forming part of a range of hills about eighteen miles from Gibraltar, and the property of the Marquis of Moscoso, whose usual residence is, however, at Cadiz; he sel-

dom visits his “mountain fastness,” except for a few weeks during the summer heats.

Lieutenant Bremner, an old Indian brother-sportsman, and myself, made a start from the “Rock” one morning, as soon as the lowered drawbridge enabled us to effect our escape. We were in our usual “shekaree”* costume, the fowling-piece slung over the shoulder, but with the addition of a brace of loaded pistols in our holsters, and a large knife in the girdle; for here, in these troublous times, more respect is frequently paid to these little implements than to person.

Following the windings of the beach, and occasionally stopped for a moment by the ropes of the fishermen hauling in their nets, we turned up the San Roque road, passed the dirty little village of Campamiento, where even the noisy curs were still slumbering; read, a little further on, the inscription on a small pillar marking the spot where, during the “guerra d’independencia,” a single Spanish soldier had fallen, after putting to death or to

* Hindu for “sporting.”

flight some half-dozen French dragoons—then ascending the hill, left the good town of San Roque on our right, its Alameda on our “izquierda,” and were soon in sight of the Pinales, or Pine wood.

We jogged along thus easily till we reached the Cork wood, occasionally falling in with a peasant proceeding to his morning's labour, or a stray contrabandista, who, ambling along on his mule, was drawling out, in a nasal tone, an interminable Andalusian song of war or love, as he returned towards his native sierras from some nocturnal smuggling expedition to the coast. Gibraltar, from being a free port, affords great temptation to this class, both by sea and land. Those who carry on the vocation on the latter, are a fine-looking, hardy set, with frames inured to every species of fatigue and privation, and whose bronzed, sun-burnt countenances are usually expressive of frankness and good-humour,—particularly should the “Caballero Inglez,” whom he may chance to encounter, be sufficiently a Spanish scholar to return the courteous “Abour!” or “Vaya usted con Dios!” (may you go with

God!) with which he is invariably greeted in this land of politeness. If to this be added the offer of a cigar, of your new *compañero* you make a sworn friend, who is sure, by his amusing conversation, to while the time pleasantly away, and make the road you may chance to travel together, appear far shorter.

After penetrating some distance into the Cork wood, we dismounted beside a stream, with the clear waters of which we mixed some of the contents of our brandy-flasks, and, having allayed the immediate cravings of hunger with a crust of bread (much in the same manner that *Gil Blas* is said to have done with the barber's apprentice), we resumed our journey; but soon found that in the mazes of the forest we had lost our road.

Now, there certainly does exist a thing answering to that appellation between the sea-shore and San Roque, also from the first ferry over the Guadranque river to the Almoraima convent in the Cork wood; but these, owing their origin to that great benefactor of the Rock and its vicinity—old General Don, were paved with English dollars; and the

former is still kept in repair by yearly contributions from the civilians and officers of the garrison. However, with these two exceptions, by the word "camino," or "road," in Spain, if the reader picture to himself one of Mr. McAdam's smooth gravel walks, without a loose stone to grate against the revolving wheel, and with turnpikes at intervals of every three or four miles, he would never in his life be more completely mistaken; the "camino," and even often the "camino real," (royal road) is a mere track, at times sinking into a deep rut or hollow way, at others winding through water-courses and over high rocks, and frequently only to be distinguished from the surrounding country by "huellas," or tracks of cattle, should the ground be in a fit state to receive and retain them.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, if, with so few landmarks and without compass, we should have got out of our reckoning. As we wandered on at chance, the scenery at every step assumed a more beautiful aspect,—the rough and wrinkled trunks of the cork-trees, with their dark ever-

green leaves, by degrees made way for gigantic oaks, whose waving branches entwining overhead, were still more closely united by the matted tendrils of the wild vine, and numerous other beautiful creepers, which, swarming up the supporting trunks, luxuriated amidst the rich autumnal tints of the foliage above.

The pork, at this time of the year, is famed at Gibraltar for its superior flavour and delicacy, and I could now easily account for both, as we disturbed the repast of a large herd of swine, who appeared, in a nearly half wild state, to be roving through the wood, and feasting on the plentiful crop of fallen acorns. Still, though enjoying so much apparent liberty, they were vigilantly watched, as we soon became aware of, on stumbling on the picturesque group who were tending them.

These consisted of two men and a boy,— and never could the costume of Gurth the swineherd have been more appropriate to the painter's canvass. Their swarthy countenances were overshadowed by the wide

“sombrero” (hat); next appeared the coarse “semara,” or jacket of sheep-skin, with the wool outside, and a cow’s horn hanging over one shoulder, whilst their “nether” persons were clothed in leather “inexpressibles,” terminating at the knee, and buttoning up the sides, the leg and foot being protected by strong “bottinas” (gaiters) and shoes of untanned leather. Nor were they without the means of defending themselves and their bristly charge, for amidst the folds of the ample red “faja” (sash) might be seen protruding the handle of the long clasp knife, which always forms a part of the equipment of the Andalusian peasant; and as we approached they were leaning on long, rusty-looking articles, which must have done duty as “guns” in the wars of the Moors, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

“Buenos dias, compañeros,” said I, addressing the strange figures, who, had it not been for the respectable company in which we found them, might easily have been taken for “free sons” of the forest; “como vamos?”

“Buenos para servir a usted,” was the polite reply.

"You appear to be well armed," continued I. "What have you to fear in this part of the country?"

"Ah!" said the elder man, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders—"sometimes the 'lobos' (wolves) come from the sierras, and a 'ladron' (robber) might also shew himself,"—methought, he glanced here at our holster-pipes,—"and 'tis as well to be prepared."

"I think you are quite right; but we have missed the road to Castellar, and will make a present to any one who will lead us thither."

"You have indeed come much out of your way; but the 'muchacho' (boy) will take you there in less than an hour. Here, Juan! conduct these caballeros to the Castle." We took our leave; and after giving the honest fellows a handful of cigars, (I always carry a supply of common ones for these occasions,) put ourselves under the guidance of young Juan, who appeared thoroughly acquainted with this leafy and pathless wilderness, through which we forced our way, until, after passing a stream, whose sides were thickly

wooded with flowery oleander and gum cistus, and from the banks of which the fresh-water turtle滑ed, at our approach, into the protecting element, we found ourselves at the foot of the steep hill on which rise the proud turrets of Castellar.

To reach this point, we had already consumed six hours since starting, and a long and weary ascent was still before us. As by a winding and most difficult path we approached the top of the hill, I observed a very large bird soaring over our heads: one of the barrels of my fowling-piece being loaded with ball, I took a crack at him; the shot told, and it was a splendid sight to behold the monster toppling over from a height of several hundred feet, until he came to an anchor in the valley below. We despatched our young guide for him, and it turned out to be a very large eagle, of such a size, that we could only carry away, as trophies, his head and wings, which, from tip to tip, measured nearly nine feet.

On reaching the Castle, the precincts of which we entered through a noble old archway,

we went to what young "Juan" was pleased to term the "posada," or inn; but in this *hotel* we could trace not the least resemblance of what we remembered of either the "George" or the "Clarendon." However, as we had no time to be particular, we told the old "ama" (mistress) of the house to get us something to eat, whilst we visited the curiosities of the place.

We luckily stumbled on a very intelligent fellow, called "Sebastian," the "escribano," or writer, of the place, who took us over the Castle, which we found extremely clean, but very scantily furnished for the abode of a Spanish *hidalgo*. From a balcony overlooking the valley below, was one of the most magnificent prospects I ever remember to have witnessed. On one side, the river Guadranque flowed at the foot of the hill, which it nearly encircled, the dark foliage of the Cork wood waving like an ocean of verdure beyond, in the midst of which, similar to a silver gem, was set the Almoraíma; and, on its further bounds, the white walls of San Roque glittered in miniature, under the beams of the warm noon-

day sun; whilst from the blue waters of the bay old Calpe lifted its dark and rugged brow, backed by the faintly-seen hill of Ceuta, and, still more dimly indistinct, the gigantic Atlas bounded the view to the southward.

After visiting the Castle, we went round the *town*, if such an appellation can be claimed by the fifty or sixty habitations huddled together, and perched like an eagle's nest on the top of the rock; however, Sebastian had no small opinion of the importance of this, his native place, and told us, with a look of exultation, that in the "guerra d'independencia" it had withstood an attack of the French, who had been obliged to retire from before its walls.

We now returned to our "comida," or dinner, which consisted of a mess of eggs and bacon, fried in oil, and tomata sauce, with a strong dash of garlic, and placed in a wooden bowl, (without knife, fork, or plate,) on a large square piece of cork in the middle of the apartment. Near this primitive table we seated ourselves, expecting at least a plate and eating utensils. As none, however, made their appearance, I asked the "ama" how we were to con-

vey the savoury contents of the bowl to their respective destinations?—on which the old dame opened and closed her fingers in so expressive a manner as to leave no possibility of doubt on the subject. Poor Bremner was so disgusted that, although he had yet scarcely broken his fast, he could not touch a morsel; but I was not to be thus put off my meal. I brought my hunting knife into play, and with shame do I confess, that I ceased not until I had made away with at least three parts of the savoury dish, which really was not so bad as it looked. What remained I presented to rather a good-looking but abominably dirty young woman, the wife of an old fellow who had forced his acquaintance on us, and was now very coolly taking a pull, uninvited, at the flask of wine which decorated our *young* table. Such are the primitive and unsophisticated habits of these sons and daughters of the sierras!

Monsieur Jean, for so our new acquaintance called himself, made eloquent by repeated trials of our “vino,” now volunteered to give us the history of his life, with all the “battles,

sieges, fortunes," he had passed; for, a Genoese by birth, he had long served in the French army, and after innumerable adventures, which he detailed to us at considerable length, had at last settled at this favoured spot, where for many years he had exercised the vocation of blacksmith. This occupation he occasionally varied by taking charge of the village letter-bag, whenever it became sufficiently heavy, or when the cura or escribano had documents to transmit either to Jimena,* Algesiras, or San Roque.

But Monsieur Jean dabbled a little in every trade; he was a bit of a sportsman, and engaged, if we would come for a few days, to shew us some very tolerable wild hog and deer shooting; and if he proves as good as his word, this shall not be my last visit to Castellar. But time was speeding apace, which obliged us to cut our friend's long yarns rather short; and mounting our horses, we made the best of our way back to the Rock, and reached Bay-side just as the key-serjeant was closing the gates for the night.

* A small town in the hills, lying about fifteen miles in a northerly direction from Castellar.

CHAPTER IX.

Boisterous weather—Daily occupations—Windmill Hill—Jacob's ladder—The Devil's dominions—O'Hara's Tower—Cold weather—Gibraltar—Delicacies of the season—Wild asparagus and snails—Luxuriant vegetation—Owls and toadstools.

Windmill Hill, January 20, 1838.

* * * *

As a full and true detail of the usual occupations and manner of passing his time, of an officer in garrison, may be considered interesting, I have appended the following account.

On guard about once in seven days, the brigade out another day, a couple of days hunting, then regimental duties, courts-martial, etc., fill up the remainder of the week, and in good sooth there is no lack of occupation in this busy garrison. We used to think

the duties at Dublin were rather hard, but they are ten times more severe at this place.

Then, as to my "daily" vocations. I rise at seven, study Spanish till breakfast time, then parade, then read or draw till four, ride till six, another spell at Spanish till dinner, and turn in about eleven or twelve. Such is, when not interrupted by ill health or duty, my usual routine.

Of late, we have been nearly cut off from the mess by the very boisterous weather; in fact, the Quartermaster, Lacy, and myself, form quite a little colony at the Windmill,—no communication with the world below, except by "Jacob's Ladder" and the "Devil's Bellows." The former is used to descend a perpendicular face of the rock, leading to the mess-house and officers' quarters, which are mostly in the former building, and situated on a bluff point, overlooking the sea, and about half a mile (by the ladder) from the barracks, to reach which on horseback from below, it is requisite to go over twice that distance. Attending parades has, from the ladder, obtained the expressive denomination of "Jacobing;"

and a man is said to have been severely "Jacobed" during the day, when he has been under the necessity of ascending several times to the upper regions.

His Satanic majesty has here numerous possessions: there is the "Devil's Tower," the "Devil's Tongue," the "Devil's Bowling-green," and the "Devil's Bellows;" but why they have all received these infernal appellations I have never been able to learn. The latter is a tunnel cut in the solid rock, through which runs the road from the town to the domains at "Hurricane Castle," as we have christened our eagle's nest.

Having the whole regiment with us, we might, should we feel inclined to mutiny, stand a good siege. Our dominions are about a mile in circumference, containing the barracks, a few huts for the married soldiers, the Adjutant's and Quartermaster's houses, and an old ruin, said in former days to have been the Inquisition of Gibraltar. Our batteries are well furnished with guns; we have a well with fresh water, plenty of salt provisions in the stores; and with all these "appliances and

means to boot," it would appear very feasible to draw up Jacob's Ladder, clap a couple of 24-pounders to the muzzle of the *Bellows*, and bid defiance to the whole garrison. Only one slight objection to this is, that a winding path leading to O'Hara's Tower above, would enable the besiegers to overlook our position, and pound us to death at their pleasure.

The tower I have just mentioned is situated on the most southerly pinnacle of the rock; it was built by General O'Hara, when he was Governor here, with, it is said, the idea that from its summit a view might be obtained into the lines at Cadiz. If such were the intention of its erection, it proved a complete failure, received the name of "O'Hara's Folly," and is now fast crumbling to ruins.

The thermometer in the house has sometimes fallen as low as 55° of Fahrenheit, with torrents of rain. The latter has had the effect of entirely changing the burnt up and barren aspect of Calpe's rugged brows, and his sides are now clothed in verdure; innumerable luxuriant bulbous plants, particularly the narcissus, springing up amidst the clefts of the

rocks, where, some time ago, appeared nought but the desolate and cinder-like crags. Clusters of the most brilliant-coloured crocus also enamel the ground, which now produces abundant nourishment to the numerous flocks of goats, which climb the highest cliffs, and to the horned cattle, which are content to browse on the more accessible parts of the rock below. The poorer class of "Scorpions"^{*} may also be seen issuing from their confined abodes, and, with basket on arm, ascending to the upper regions in quest of the wild asparagus, and other edible plants, particularly a sort of dandelion, which attains a great size, and is eagerly collected for the pot by these "botanists," who likewise lay a strict embargo on the numerous snails which are now seen cruising about, and which, under the name of "caracoles," are stewed down, into, it is said, a very palatable dish.

These good people appear, however, not to be over particular in the materials for their *cuisine*; at least, if you may judge by the eat-

* Nickname given to the natives of the "Plaza," as Gibraltar is called, *par excellence*.

ables displayed in the market-place. Here I have observed for sale, *owls** and *hawks* hanging up in friendly companionship with strings of goldfinches and yellow-hammers, amidst red-legged partridges and snipe; and, under the denomination of the finny tribe, scuttle-fish, and blubber, of the most disgusting appearance, exposed for food; whilst, in the vegetable world, the catalogue was swelled by heaps of enormous fungi and toadstools, at least, what in England we should consider as such, and baskets full of clammy and crawling snails!

* On my remonstrating with the fat little game-dealer who was disposing of these articles, and pointing out to him the abomination of eating such carrion, he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Amigo, you have never tried, or you would not thus abuse it;"—and then taking in his hand the sacred bird of Minerva, which was looking more grave than ever, and smoothing its ruffled plumage, he added,—"and the flesh of this bird has peculiar virtues; it is the finest thing in the world for ladies who are 'embarasadas' (i. e., enceinte);" and observing me smiling, he added, very energetically,—"nay, on this point I will appeal to every medico in the place."

CHAPTER X.

Storms—Bellerophon—Number of ships in the bay—Troops on board for Canada—Carlists reported to have entered Malaga—Start for San Roque—Masked ball—March of intellect in Andalusia—Introduction to a señorita—Practice in the Spanish language—Return at daylight—Wrecks along the shore—Lame horse—Desertion and murder.

Windmill Hill, Feb. 19th, 1838.

WE have had dreadful weather since the beginning of the month. On the 11th, 12th, and 13th, it blew a hurricane, such as I never before experienced, and in our exposed situation we had the full benefit of it;—roofs were untiled, timber blown about like chaff, and in the harbour a great number of vessels were driven ashore.

The Bellerophon had a very narrow escape,

and has bumped so much that I understand she makes already several feet of water. The weather is, however, improving, which, when fine, will soon set us to rights.

We had, a short time ago, quite a fleet in the bay, no less than four line-of-battle ships,—the Minden, Russel, Talavera, and Bellerophon, besides the Jupiter and Orestes. They have on board three regiments, the 11th, 70th, and 73rd; the two former going on to the West Indies, the latter to land here.

Yesterday was the first fine day we have had for a month, during which it has been blowing such complete hurricanes, that the whole bay is covered with wrecks and stranded vessels, no less than forty having gone ashore during two of the severest gales I ever felt,—one on the 14th, the other on the 24th February. During all this time, Lieut. Lacy and myself have been close prisoners on our mountain fortress, completely cut off from the world below. We, however, managed the other day to make a trip, for we had got quite desperate, not having been out of the house for nearly a fortnight; and though rain-

ing and blowing great guns, we ordered our horses, donned our pea-jackets, and, through wet and storm, started off for San Roque. Here we learned that a masked ball was to take place in the evening; but to go as we were, wet and covered with mud, was out of the question. It wanted twenty-five minutes of six, and the gates at Gibraltar close at this time of the year at a quarter after that hour: we were full seven miles from home, if not eight, and the query was, whether we could get there, take away our dresses, and be at the gates again before they shut us, not *out*, but *in*.

This, taking in the requisite stoppages, was allowing forty minutes for upwards of nine miles, including the *return* distance from Windmill Hill to Landport Gate. However, we determined on making the attempt, started, as may be supposed, at a good pace, saved our distance by about two minutes, and, on getting back to San Roque, found at the *fonda* three of our officers, who had got the start of us, and were comfortably seated at an excellent dinner, which we good-naturedly assisted them to finish, had our cigars and

coffee, and about ten o'clock went to the ball, which was held in a public room, very tastefully decorated with pine-branches, laurels, etc.

The company, consisting of between 150 and 200 persons, differed little from a similar assemblage in England or France. Quadrilles, (which they called *rigodones*,) waltzes, and country-dances, were, much to my disappointment, the order of the night, as I was anxiously looking out for the bolero, the fandango, and *jota arragonez*, accompanied by the national and enlivening sounds of the castanets ; but the march of intellect appears to have penetrated even to this remote corner of Europe, which has undergone a course of civilization I heartily wished at the devil.

As is generally the case at public masquerades, the company was of rather a mixed description. This, in spite of disguises, we soon found out ; however, being in uniform, we were obliged to keep aloof from partners who would have required little introduction, and were standing like *Englishmen*, not knowing a soul, and silently, with crossed arms, contemplating the scene ; but fortune befriended us.

In our occasional rides to San Roque, L—— and myself had frequently remarked some very pretty girls, who were generally to be seen at a certain hour taking that exercise common to ladies in Spain,—viz., standing on the balcony of one of the best houses in the place. Now, it so happened, soon after our arrival, that one of these young ladies was not so completely blinded by her mask but that she recognised L——, and on passing him, asked in English how he liked the ball? He very gallantly rejoined, that to feel the most perfect delight with everything present, he only wanted her as a partner in the next dance, which she consented to, and thus laid the foundation to our spending a very pleasant evening.

The Señorita M—— A——, for such we afterwards found was her name, then introduced me to a mask who was leaning on her arm; we stood up as *vis-a-vis*, and, as far as my Spanish would carry me, soon found myself on the best of terms with my new compañera, who did not speak a word of English. I found means, however, to express

my admiration of Spain, of the Spanish “he-chiseras,”* and, above all, of her very charming self; and, although I had not an opportunity of beholding her face, nor could I prevail on her to let me have even a peep at it, I felt perfectly convinced that so pretty a lisp could only proceed from an equally pretty mouth, and such bright flashes from brilliant dark eyes.

L——’s dulcinea happened to be the only lady in the room who could speak English, and not having much confidence in his Spanish, he *attached* himself to her during the whole evening, whereat she seemed nothing loath.

Towards the close of the entertainment, when the room began to thin, the masks gradually disappeared, and disclosed some of the prettiest faces I ever beheld.

Throughout the whole business, there was observed the greatest decorum, but without any attempt at sustaining the characters assumed, and of which they appeared to have no idea. We kept it up till four, then went

* Enchantresses.

to the *fonda*, had some supper, mounted our horses, and, by the dawn of a lovely morning, wended our way home. As we rode along the beach, we observed sad effects of the late storms, in the number of vessels stranded and in every stage of dilapidation; some, high and dry on the sand, apparently uninjured, with every spar standing; others, with the loss of masts and bulwarks; whilst a few had completely broke all ties of kindred, and were floating piecemeal ashore, like the scattered remains of a broken army.

In the midst of all this chaos, the "Rock," now divested of his nightcap of clouds and mist, his countenance shining in the morning sun, was looking as serene as if he had for the last month been fanned by the zephyrs and sprinkled with dewdrops, instead of having been buffeted by the late and a thousand other storms; thus, with the scattered wrecks at his feet, offering a striking contrast betwixt the stability of nature and the *fleeting* (excuse the pun) works of man.

We reached our quarters about seven, and I was soon too fast asleep even to dream of on-

of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent, but which cost me a good steed, as the *forty minutes'* work was too much for his legs, and I brought him in dead lame.

The last twenty-four hours have been marked by two events:—one the desertion of a soldier of the 52nd regiment, who left his post whilst on sentry, swam to a boat in the bay, and rowed over to the Spanish shore, where he was immediately seized by a patrol of that nation. The other circumstance which has occurred, is the murder of one Spaniard in a dispute with another, who, in the course of the altercation, drew his knife and sent it through his companion's heart. As this happened a few yards beyond our lines, and consequently in the Spanish territories, we shall not have the trouble of playing hangman to the gentleman.

CHAPTER XI.

Leave of absence obtained to go to Grenada with Captain Zuhlcke—Qualifications for a traveller in Spain—Cartela Algesiras—Road to Tarifa—Camino muy malo—Mountain scenery—Spanish courtesy—Reach Tarifa—Colonel de Abrea, the governor—Colonel Gough and the 87th Regiment—Moorish castle—Veiled women—Drunken horses.

Gibraltar, March 12th, 1838.

CAPTAIN ZUHLCKE and myself have got a month's leave, and only wait for the arrival of the steamer from Cadiz to take our departure for Malaga and Grenada, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, in search of adventures. My acquaintances at the ball at San Roque have been of considerable use in procuring me letters of introduction, so that I have no doubt we shall get on swimmingly. My friend is a very good French scholar and plays the

flute—two great qualifications in Spain—and I am now a tolerable Spaniard.

Accompanied by two brother-officers, I went on a trip yesterday to *Tarifa*, the most southerly point in Europe, and about twenty-eight or thirty miles from this. We started at five o'clock in the morning on hacks, the distance being rather too great for our own steeds, and made the best of our way along the beach to Algesiras, leaving on our right the ruins of *Carteia*, an old city built by the Carthaginians or Phœnicians, some 500 years before Christ, and since celebrated, in the time of the Romans, for its port and fisheries. But, like all sublunary things, its greatness has passed away : the spot is occupied by some fishermen's huts, and its site is only known by a few remains of ruined walls, and old coins which are occasionally found amongst them.

We put up our horses at Algesiras, and, whilst the breakfast was preparing, we strolled through the town, and visited the church. Although Sunday, it was too early for any body to be abroad ; therefore returning to the “*Fonda de la Union*,” we swallowed our break-

fast, and mounted our horses at nine. We had taken the usual precaution, before entering Spain, of being well provided with weapons; so that, as we rode through the town, armed cap-à-pie, on our sorry nags, we cut rather a Quixotish appearance.

On leaving Algesiras, we visited the amphitheatre where the bull-fights take place, which I shall, however, take another opportunity of describing ; so leaving behind us the two beautiful aqueducts near the town, we struck into the Tarifa *road* through the hills. The road, in fact, was no road, and we had to wend our way over rocks and stones, principally through dry water-courses, which became steeper and rougher as we approached the hills. The consequence was, that on arriving at the Venta del *Muchao*, the only house on the road, I found my horse very much tired, and having, moreover, lost a shoe ; nothing, however, remained but to push on, and we passed through mountain scenery of the most picturesque description. At one time the hills partly covered with furze in bloom, through which ran numerous rills, reminded me strongly

of Scotland ; at another, the bare and abrupt rocks transported me into the Deccan, the palmitto and occasional date-tree favouring the illusion, and carrying me back to old times and scenes—I could almost fancy myself toiling up to get a shot at a cheetah, or vulture. Such is memory ! A bare rock, a tree of a peculiar shape, will carry us back to the land of the past, with all its associations,—but a truce to moralizing.

After passing the half-way venta I have just mentioned, at which was stationed a party of police, called Miquelites, we entered a cork wood, magnificent from the size and age of the trees, which brought us to the banks of a beautiful mountain stream, or rather torrent, called the *Guarmasi*. The track now got worse and worse, and, from the information of the few country people we met, there was no prospect of improvement. The sight of a Spanish peasant travelling on his mule or donkey is at all times a pretty object, but amongst cork woods and roaring mountain streams, it strongly brings to mind the scenes of Gil Blas. A few *contrabandistas* (smug-

glers), with their picturesque dresses, the broad sombrero, overshadowing the dark countenance, the jacket worn over one shoulder, the belt with cartridges and pistols, and carbine slung at the back, complete the illusion. Civility is a current coin with them; and their good will is cheaply purchased at the expense of a little tobacco.

After crossing the *Guarmasi*, the road from "muy malo" became execrable; our steeds began to flag, and we entertained serious doubts of being able to get to the end of our journey. At this critical moment, my horse got into a slough; he made several efforts to recover himself, which proving ineffectual, he appeared to resign himself to his fate, and I had great difficulty in getting him again on his legs. We at last managed to reach Tarifa; but, on entering the gates, we were taken prisoners for not having a passport, and marched off to the governor's, who happened not to be at home, when, with great difficulty, I prevailed on them to allow me to remain as a hostage whilst Lacy and Maxwell went to the inn to get the horses fed, etc.

The governor soon made his appearance, and affairs altered very greatly. He is a fine old fellow, called Colonel Abreu, and as he spoke French, we were in a few minutes great friends ; he sent for an orderly to accompany me round the town. I gave him my card, and hoped to have the pleasure of his company, should he come to Gibraltar. On seeing the card, he said that I must be a *patriot*, from the name ; and, on my telling him that the Conde Capo San Vicente was my "governor," I thought he would have embraced me. He gave me an invitation to his house whenever I returned to Tarifa, which I shall make a point of doing, as, besides being an agreeable old fellow himself, he has two or three very pretty daughters, who shewed a great disposition to become acquainted with us before the old gentleman made his appearance.

We went over as much of the town as the shortness of our stay would admit of ; saw the breach which, in 1812, was so gallantly defended by Colonel Gough and the 87th,*

* About this time were built by the English some very good barracks on the "Isla de Paloma," which

when they repulsed the French with great slaughter. We also went to the castle, which is of Moorish origin; but the time was too short, and I must, when I return from Grenada, pay another visit to Tarifa for two or three days. One thing struck us very much at Tarifa as indicative of the remains of Moorish customs—the dress of the women. They were entirely enveloped in black clothing, and only one eye remained visible, which enabled us to form no opinion of their beauty. We were obliged to start at two; and, with the help of fresh shoes and lots of wine, with which I made my horse nearly drunk, and the application of a pair of sharp spurs, reached the gates of Gibraltar at half-past six, highly pleased with the trip, and after having been eleven hours in the saddle.

joins the continent by a narrow isthmus. The rock composing the Isla is formed of a sort of conglomerate of shells; which, being cut out in square blocks, served to form the walls of the buildings, whilst the space from whence the substance was removed was converted into powder magazines. The Isla de Paloma is about one mile in circumference, and, at its most southern extremity, has a fine lighthouse.

CHAPTER XII.

Embark on board the "Mercurio" steamer for Malaga — English engineers and engines — "Mercurio" runs between Cadiz and Marseilles — Pleasant mode of travelling — "Putrefied" coals — Variety of passengers — Spanish customs — Dress — Cards — Sobriety of the Spaniards — Arrival at Malaga — The British Consul — The Captain-General of Andalusia — The Commandant's lady — First regular attempt at Spanish — Moorish traces in Malaga — Mixture of architecture — "Time," the leveller.

Malaga, March 15, 1838.

ON the 13th of March, 1838, my friend Captain Zuhlcke, and myself, after all the requisite preliminaries of applying for and obtaining a month's leave of absence, received the intimation of the arrival of the "Mercurio" steamer from Cadiz, and that she was to leave for Malaga on the same evening.

After taking an early dinner, at the Windmill, we proceeded on board, accompanied by several brother officers, and were much surprised to find such superior accommodation in a Spanish craft; we however shortly learned that the "Mercurio" had been built and fitted up at Liverpool, at a considerable cost, had British engineers on board, and, in fact, was neither more nor less than an English boat. It is a proud reflection to a Briton, that in whatever part of the world he is, he invariably finds proofs of the wealth, genius, and industry of his own country, always tending to the weal of those who thus pay us so unequivocal a compliment of our superiority.

There is no opposition to this vessel, and, as the fares are high, and she is crowded with passengers from Cadiz to Marseilles, no doubt it proves a thriving speculation. The manner in which the voyage is performed is also very agreeable for those who may wish to see every town of note along the coast, as the boat stops at each, during the day, and pursues her course at night. She occupies about twelve days in the trip, and certainly the same num-

ber of places could not be seen with less trouble, or to more advantage.

There is but one drawback to the navigation—the want of coals, which are brought from England, those procured on the Spanish coast being, as the engineer expressed himself, regular “putrefactions.”

The passengers appeared to be of every nation of Europe,—English, French, Sicilian, German, and Scorpions, (Giberaltinos.) A young Sicilian of the name of V——, who spoke some half dozen languages with the greatest fluency, gave me a great deal of information during our middle watch, respecting the customs of Spain, Barbary, etc. Amongst other things, he said that on leaving a house on a first casual visit, although the usual salutation of the lady was, “Consider the house as your own,” this by no means implied that future visits would be acceptable, unless the same were intimated by a friend ; when the etiquette required a call on the third day, provided that day did not happen on a Sunday. At a ball, whether public or private, no introduction is necessary to any lady with

whom you may feel inclined to dance. With regard to dress, they appear to have the same habits as ourselves, and turn out on their evening walks on the Alameida, (at least the men,) as if fresh from Stultz or Buckmaster. As to the ladies, the mantilla and fan are graceful additions to the female toilette, and it is only to be regretted that they are so generally making way for a more fashionable, though far less becoming dress.

The Spaniards appear to have a great passion for cards, at least if we may judge by the eagerness with which most of the passengers engaged in that amusement, and ecarté had evidently accompanied the march of intellect to these southern extremities of Europe.

A party of Englishmen similarly engaged in *killing* time in the cuddy of a steamer, would, no doubt, have been *drowning* it also with plentiful libations of spirits and water; here nothing stronger than the latter element appeared until about eleven o'clock, when supper was announced.

But although Jack Spaniard may lay every

claim to sobriety, he certainly cannot escape the charge of gluttony. The supper consisted of a great number of dishes, each of which was partaken of by every guest, and although, in my opinion, the fare was excellent, it was far from giving general satisfaction. Notwithstanding the good examples of temperance, or rather sobriety, my friend and myself took a Mosquito dose each, and turned in about twelve.

The following morning, at daybreak, saw us in sight of the hills above the villages, "de Los tres Molinos," whilst the old Catalan pilot, humming some incomprehensible tune, (which I observed the helmsman continued during the whole night,) bore up towards Malaga in a north-east direction. Although the wind had changed to the east, we slipped through the smooth water at the rate of eight knots per hour, and, at a little after seven, dropped our anchor in the bay of Malaga.

We had now to undergo all the vexatious delays of custom-house regulations, and it was not till twelve o'clock that we found our port-

manteaus safely deposited at the "Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones."

Our next step was to call on the British consul, Mr. Mark, whom we found particularly civil; he accompanied us to the house of the commandant. On our way there, we met, and he introduced us to, the captain-general of Andalusia, Lieutenant-General Palameria, who was *said* to be at Malaga for his health.

The commandant was not at home, but we saw his lady, a buxom old lass of fifty, who made herself very agreeable, and offered us "her house," saying "Caballeros, esta casa es de ustedes," on our taking our departure: this was my first *regular* attempt at Spanish in *ladies'* society, and I got on very satisfactorily. On our way back, Mr. Mark pointed out several remarkable pieces of architecture in the town. The narrowness of the streets, projecting balconies, and grilled windows, sufficiently indicate their Moorish origin; and the mixture of architecture shews likewise the different tenants by whom, at various times, the town has been occupied. The en-

trance to the fort affords a remarkable instance of this : a couple of handsome fluted Corinthian pillars, of Roman origin, support a Moorish arch, and under the archway, in a recess, with tapers burning before it, is an image of the Virgin Mary. Thus *Time*, the general destroyer, mingles, and at last obliterates, everything.

CHAPTER XIII.

Different sorts of hostelries in Spain—The *Fonda*—The *Posada*—The *Venta*—The *Ventorillo*—*Pépé*, the man of all work—*La Señora Dolores*—Long knives—The *Patio*—Moorish origin—*La Comida*—Catalogue of fishes—New acquaintance, and addition of three Ingleses to the party.

Malaga, March 16, 1838.

A *fonda* in Spain ranks vastly above a *posada*, as much as this latter takes precedence over the *venta* and *ventorillo*. The first answers to the English of hotel; the second, to a country inn; the third, to a public-house, where entertainment may be had for man and horse; and, lastly, the humble *ventorillo* has pretensions to be nothing further than a shed on the road side, where a few loaves of bread and bottles of wine, or *aguardiente*, tempt the hungry or thirsty traveller.

Imagine not that even a *fonda* in Spain resembles its English brethren; if it can boast of one servant, to clean boots, shoes, horses, wait at table, etc., the traveller is in luck. No spruce waiters, knowing hostlers, *varmint* boots, or pretty chambermaids, to administer to the wants of the weary wayfaring man! Such was the case at the *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones* at Malaga. But in Pépé were combined all the qualifications of each and every one of the above menials. Pépé was here, there, everywhere; cleaning boots, waiting at dinner, running on errands, marking at the billiard-table, all apparently at one and the same moment, and appearing to possess the powers of ubiquity. But the sun, moon, and stars of the *Cuatro Naciones* was the amiable "Dolores,"* the *ama*, or mistress, of the house. Dolores presided at the bar; and the grace with which she served out her lemonade and orange-water made a man drink, whether

* *Dolores*, in Spanish, means *suffering*; but, like many other, equally extraordinary, is very common as a woman's name; such are Trinidad, Concepcion, Inencion—all having some relation to the Virgin Mary.

thirsty or not, and fancy it sweet, although it might be as sour as verjuice. Then her pretty Andalusian lisp made you understand Spanish in spite of yourself ; and if any doubt remained as to the meaning, her fine black eyes explained it immediately. Many is the Spanish lesson I have taken at that said bar, and great was my progress ; but Dolores was a sad flirt, and I dislike flirts ; and her husband was jealous, and I have a great antipathy to jealous husbands, particularly when they are dark, ferocious-looking fellows, some six feet high, and cut up their bread and cheese with huge clasp knives, as was the case with mine host of the *Cuatro Naciones* ; and, strange to say, I had as great an aversion to that glittering *cuchillo* as good King Jamie ever had to a drawn sword.

Like most Spanish abodes, a range of buildings surrounded an interior court, called the *patio*, where is generally the well, or fountain ; and galleries, projecting from each story, look into this yard. Such is the general construction of houses in this part of Spain ; and as it greatly resembles the style of the re-

sidences of the rich Mahomedans in the East, its origin may, perhaps, be traced to the same Saracenic source. Our *fonda*, from its dimensions, and, in some parts, its ruined appearance, had been, I should imagine, the residence of an opulent and powerful hidalgo in the time of Charles the Fifth, or of his successor, Philip.

The corridors looking into the "patio" were broad and lofty, and afforded access to bed-rooms of the largest dimensions, but nearly denuded of furniture; and when a traveller came to take up his abode for the night, a truckle bed was brought in for his accommodation, and removed on his departure. But although the feather bed and *four-poster* be unknown in these parts, you are generally sure of clean linen, and are seldom, here, disturbed by nocturnal enemies, which, I confess, was much more than I had had reason to expect. So much for our quarters; and now for the commissariat department, to which, as hungry travellers, we looked forward with no little anxiety. This was our first real Spanish dinner, and we fully expected to be

in imitation of the others, we also partook, at the risk of an immediate surfeit. There was, however, one point in which we did not, though at Rome, do as the Romans did,—the wine was capital, and we found a pint not at all adequate to dilute such masses of solids; we therefore boldly called for a *couple* of bottles more, and as we drank, our English reserve, by degrees, thawed under the influence of the Malaguayan vintage.

There was at a table near us a Spanish officer in uniform; we gradually entered into conversation; he spoke French, much to my companion's satisfaction, drank like an Englishman, blarneyed like an Irishman, and in five minutes after we were seated at the same table, we were sworn friends, and found Doctor Pinsiano (for such was his name and title) a most agreeable little fellow. He belonged to the Queen's army, and was on his way to take charge of the hospitals at Valencia. But it would be in vain to attempt to recount all his *yarns*; suffice it to say, that, after our wine, we proposed *grog*, to which he immediately acceded, and calling Pépé, told him he wanted

an *Inglez*, (an Englishman.) We could not make out what the deuce he alluded to, by requiring a *third*, after having been a couple of hours in company with a brace of them. At length, Pépé expounded the mystery, by bringing in *three Englishmen*—viz., three glasses of hot and strong grog !

of the former, (who was, like Michael Angelo, also a sculptor,) that he was so devoted to the fine arts, and possessed such an intuitive taste, that even on his death-bed he refused to kiss the crucifix, because the figure of our Saviour, which it supported, was badly executed!

The streets of Malaga are narrow, and the houses have all the appearance of Moorish origin; the overhanging balconies, grated windows, and the court yards surrounded by verandahs, in the middle of which is invariably a fountain, or well, stamping them with that character. The town, in addition to many Moorish buildings, can likewise boast of some Roman remains, and these are both sometimes strangely blended with the gothic buildings of more modern structure, particularly of the time of Charles the Fifth, who resided much in this part of Andalusia.

In the course of the morning, with Pépé as a guide, we visited the *Campo Santo*, appropriated to the burial of those heretical English who may come to leave their bones in this far land. The tombs, few in number,

were surrounded by flowers, and had nothing particular to attract attention, except the one containing the remains of Mr. Boyd, an English officer in the East India Company's service, who was put to death here by the royalists, on the 12th December, 1831. As the event, at the time it occurred, caused some noise in England, I shall give a short account of the transaction, as I received it from Mr. Mark, the English consul, who, from being on the spot, and instrumental in recovering the body, is likely to be well acquainted with the subject.

It appears, that in 1831 Mr. Boyd became acquainted in London with Torrejos, the Spanish general, who, envious of Mina's efforts in the north of Spain, was determined, in emulation of him, to cause a revolution in Andalusia. Boyd entered warmly on the enterprise, which he further aided with considerable sums of money, to the amount, it is said, of 7000*l.* He and Torrejos came out together to Gibraltar, where they entered into a negotiation with Moreno, the governor of Malaga—a man already notorious for his

CHAPTER XV.

Population of Malaga—Derivation of the name—Its origin—Historical reminiscences—The Alcobaca and Giberalfaro—Excursion to Cartama—Fertile plains—Spanish politeness.

Malaga, 1838.

THE reader may feel interested in knowing the past and present condition of a town which has been mentioned in history from the remotest antiquity, and which at this moment ranks amongst one of the principal cities in Spain; for though its extent be not considerable, yet its population, situation, and commerce, entitle it to that claim. The population is said to exceed 80,000 souls; and half that number could never be *stowed* in a similar space, were it not built on the Moorish

principle of narrow streets, and houses whose stories are not to be numbered. But though the modern Malaga may boast of a Moorish origin, in common with its Castle of the Alcazaba, and Giberalfaro Fort, yet, independently of records, it bears traces of much more remote antiquity. Its name itself is said to be either derived from the Hebrew *malach*, or *melech*, "to reign," or, what is more probable, from the Carthaginian or Phœnician word *mālāch*, "to salt," as it was the principal mart for the curing and exportation of the tunny-fish. After the second Punic war, it shared the fate of most of the Carthaginian settlements in Spain, and fell into the possession of the Romans; the castle called the Alcazaba, to this day bears mementos of Roman power and magnificence. The southern entrance is a Moorish arch, supported by two white marble fluted pillars of the Corinthian order; and, to make the "melange" still more strange, in a small niche in the gateway is the figure of the Virgin Mary, with lighted tapers burning before it. Mythology, the Crescent, and the Cross thus strangely amalgamated, afford food

for more reflections than I have at present time to bestow on them.

Malaga, in the decline of the Roman empire, fell into the hands of the Goths, under Leovigild, who seized it in 571, and subsequently, in the eighth century, was one of the first places taken by the Arabs after their landing in the bay of Gibraltar. It fell, with the rest of Andalusia, into the power of the Spaniards, under Ferdinand and Isabella, but not without standing a long and severe siege.

Bent on exploring, I was up with the sun, and wended my way towards the Moorish castle, called the Alcazaba, which is at the bottom of the hill and fort termed the Giberalfaro, from the Arabic *gobel*, (a hill,) and the Greek *pharos*, (a lighthouse.)

The fortifications of the Giberalfaro are entirely Moorish, and now fast crumbling into ruins. As I had not a *licencia* (permit) from the governor, I was not allowed to enter the precincts; but, from the elevation I had attained, I got a beautiful view of the town and bay of Malaga, as they lay at my feet. The bay is rendered more secure by a mole,

which extends to a considerable distance, and which is terminated by the faro, or lighthouse.

The town from the castle presents a beautiful appearance, particularly at this time of the year, when the brilliant green of the surrounding wheat-fields and orange-gardens contrasts strongly with the arid and steep hills forming the background of the picture. To the eastward, one part of the sierra was covered with snow, although, from the heat here, it would be scarcely thought possible to exist at a distance of not more than four or five leagues.

After breakfast, Pépé, who has attached himself to me as my *cicerone*, had horses ready for a visit to Cartama. On leaving the town, we crossed the Rio Medina at the ford, and proceeded through not a picturesque, but one of the richest countries I ever beheld, consisting of a continuation of plains, extending from the hills to the sea, covered with flourishing crops of wheat and beans, and, when any water presented itself, varied by rich pasture. Water is what constitutes the value of land here as in India.

For the want of this, ground, which might otherwise produce two or three crops in the year, remains idle from the time of the harvest until the following January or February, when it is tilled and sown. The road was good, but scarcely any dwellings were to be discerned for miles together. The peasants generally live in villages, and only visit their property during the sowing or harvest times. The only sign of habitation along the road was an occasional *ventorillo*, a small hut covered with reeds, and doing duty for an English public-house, in which the greatest extent of convenience or luxury to be procured is a glass of aguardiente, or sour wine. We crossed the beds of several torrents, which, although now nearly dry, must, during the rains, render this road almost impassable. The largest stream we traversed was near Cartama; it is called the Rio Malaga; and this we had to pass in a ferry. The road to Cartama is much frequented by peasants taking their oranges and other fruits to Malaga; and here I must remark on the courteous manners of the lower orders of Spaniards. The peasant never passes

you on the road without the common salutation of—"Caballero, Dios vaya con usted;" which being literally translated, may run as—"Sir Knight, may God go with you!" Your reply is, "May *you* go with God!" This may mean, that you wish him in heaven, (or elsewhere,) as the case may be.

As you approach Cartama, on crossing the Rio Malaga, the road winds through magnificent olive-groves, on emerging from which, the first thing that meets the eye is a fine marble column, with a capital of Corinthian order; this, with sufficiently bad taste, has been surmounted with a wooden cross, by some one whose piety was stronger than his classic reminiscences. The remains of a Moorish castle on the steep hills to the left, together with a hermitage snugly nestled amidst olive-trees on their slope, are the most marked objects to attract the attention of the stranger entering Cartama.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cartama—Hermitage of the Virgen de Remedios—Legend of the Christian Knight—Moorish Castle and Roman remains—Ancient coins—Anasthasius Sawa—La Señora Melchiora de Perez—Shaking hands.

Malaga, March, 1838.

ON reaching Cartama, we proceeded direct to the “Senor Cura,” or clergyman of the place, whom Pépé assured me was the most likely person to be acquainted with whatever the town held de “curioso;” and I found him a very intelligent and obliging person. He sent his nephew to accompany us, in the first instance, to the hermitage on the hill, and which goes by the name of that of the “Virgen de Remedios.” This, like most Spanish chapels, was, of yore, the scene of some wonderful miracle, which gave rise to its foundation.

In this instance, the following is the story related to us by an old lady who did the honours of the place:—

"In olden times," many hundred years ago, "about the period of the good Ferdinand and pious Isabella, a ferocious Moor held the castle above us, and was the terror of all the neighbouring Christians. In one of his forays he took a Christian knight prisoner; and, not content with putting him in fetters, he lodged him in a large deal box (which is now pointed out in the chapel), and for still greater safety placed himself on the top of it, and kept watch all night with his drawn scimitar. But the *preux* and *pieux* chevalier whom he fancied he had thus snugly secured, put his faith in the Virgin Mary, and vowed, in the event of being delivered from thraldom, to build her a chapel on the spot. In the morning, the Moor, impatient to have a peep at his captive, gently opened the lid of the box, which, to his horror, was empty; the bird had flown: how, still remains a mystery, which the knight never divulged; but shortly afterwards appearing at

the head of a formidable force, stormed and took the castle, put his enemy to the sword, and built the Hermitage on the spot where his miraculous delivery took place."

Should any one doubt the truth of this relation, he has only to visit the chapel, where he will still behold the manacles of the knight, together with the scull-cap and broken pistol of his swarthy antagonist: *we saw these proofs, and were convinced.*

The only remains of the Moorish castle on the top of the hill, above the Hermitage, consist of a few remnants of walls, and a cistern, which is now almost filled with rubbish.

Descending from the Hermitage, we went through the town. The corner-stones of the streets and doors are, in many instances, formed of marble blocks, either the pedestals of statues, or parts of the shafts of pillars, and evidently of Roman origin. Amongst other remains thus made use of, I observed the bust and part of the body of a female, the drapery of which, by its graceful folds, shewed it had been executed by a "cunning hand."

In the plaza, or square, where is the church,

a doorway is composed of two marble pilasters, covered with inscriptions, which I copied. We next proceeded to the only "hostellerie" in the place, a "venta," for it could neither boast of the appellation of a fonda, nor even that of a "posada," and we were here joined by the cura, Don Francisco Artacho, who, with the greatest civility, presented me with thirty-three Roman coins, which had been found amongst the ruins in the neighbourhood. We together finished a bottle of the wine of the country, and taking leave of the good cura, went to make a sketch of another column which he mentioned. Whilst thus engaged, a young man of a very prepossessing address came up, and, speaking French, offered to give me any information in his power. He stated himself to be by birth a Greek, from Chios, and called Anasthasius Sawa. After travelling a great deal he had come to Cartama, in order to attend on his father, who had here a small property, and who was on his last legs. He complained much of the "tristesse" of Cartama, after the gayer scenes of London and Paris, but gave me to understand that the fair Cartaminians were

kind, and did their best to console him in his exile.

Anasthasius, as a proof of his influence with the ladies, offered to do his best with a fair friend to obtain for me a small statue which she had in her possession. We accordingly accompanied him to her house, and were in form introduced to a charming brunette, of the name of the Señora Melchiora de Perez. She was engaged with a companion, embroidering on a loom, and on my being presented as an English officer, she, with the usual affability of a Spaniard, said,—“*Esta casa es de usted;*” this house is yours, and the statue perfectly at your disposal. My Spanish found no terms to express my gratitude; but it is astonishing how a man can make himself understood in a strange tongue, when conversing with a pretty woman—for such was the Señora Melchiora; and it was not till warned by Pépé that the sun was setting, and the roads none of the safest by night, that I took my leave, and in doing so met with a rebuff, which, owing to my ignorance of Spanish customs, I little expected.

In the height of my gratitude, on taking my

departure, I offered to shake hands, on which the Señora drew up with an air of offended dignity, which certainly took me rather "aback." I immediately saw that something was wrong, which Anasthasius explained by saying that it was not etiquette in Spain to shake hands with a lady; the Spanish notions of propriety being such as even to forbid the pressure of the female hand! Strange ideas you have of decorum in other respects! thinks I to myself; but I only *thought*; for, apologizing immediately to the Señora, I expressed a hope that she would not be offended at what arose entirely from my ignorance, as a stranger to Spanish manners. She replied, with her prettiest smile, that her greatest regret at that moment was, its *not* being a Spanish custom. I had half a mind to inquire whether there would be any harm in a chaste salute? but as she might then have accused me of being positively rude, I forbore, and mounting our horses, laden with old fragments and brass coins, we were soon out of sight of Cartama, my trip to which I shall ever remember with pleasure.

CHAPTER XVII.

Womankind in general, and Dolores in particular—Carlist spies—Lance the Arriero—His appearance—Departure of the Arriera—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—José Lance—Road along the shore of the Mediterranean—The Cueva del Romano—Snowy Mountains—Velez—Fertility of the surrounding country—Variety of productions—The Castle at Velez—The Posada.

Grenada, March, 1838.

ONE morning I started off early and (as usual) alone, to reconnoitre an iron-foundry near Malaga, worked by Englishmen, (those Vulcans of modern times,) and although the details in my journal occupy two or three pages, I shall omit them, and return to breakfast at the Fonda with my brother officer and the little Spanish doctor Pinsiano. Now the little doctor was, like myself, rather smitten

with our fair hostess, the Señora Dolores, who played the coquette with us both, as well as if she had been brought up in Paris or London. But I have everywhere observed that woman is the same over the whole world; the same love of admiration exists as much in the beautiful Hindoo girl, gracefully leaning over her pitcher at the well, or the hideous Hottentot Venus treading out grapes at Constantia, as in the artificial though lovely flowers of the saloons of London and Paris, or in the dark-eyed, half Andalusian half Moorish beauty superintending the affairs of the Cuatro Naciones at Malaga. It may be thought that this tirade against womankind originated in the little flirt bestowing more of her smiles on the doctor than on myself; she was, on the contrary, this morning, all condescension, and on my taking up, after breakfast, my usual station at the foot of her throne, and ascertaining that her fierce looking husband was not near with his long clasp knife, I put a rose-bud in her hair, complimented her on her looks, and asked her what was the matter; for she appeared uncommonly mysterious.

"Ah! Amingo," said she, "I fear you have got yourself into a sad scrape; but, thank God, the times of the Inquisition are over." I did not half like this prelude, and after pressing her a good deal to say what was the matter, she, under promise of the greatest secrecy, related to me that my friend and myself had incurred the suspicions of the police; that the questions I was always asking, my sketching, etc., had marked us for Carlist spies; and she concluded by recommending us to make our exit as soon as possible.

However, as a retreat of this kind did not exactly suit us, I mentioned the circumstance to the British consul; who relieved our apprehensions of being put in durance vile as spies, as he said *he* was satisfied of our identity as British officers, but he recommended me not in future to attract more notice than I could help, by sketching, as, particularly up the country, the people have a great aversion to this species of amusement, imagining that it can be for no other than a sinister purpose.*

* In the dislike to see strangers "mapear," as the lower orders call sketching, may be traced the remains of

As time was slipping fast over our heads, in the course of this day we engaged ovrsevles with an *arriero*, or muleteer, to give us conveyance and escort to Granda for the reasonable sum of four dollars each, the distance being nearly eighty miles. *Lance*, the arriero in question, was a noble specimen of the fine class of men to which he belongs, and which has so often been celebrated both in prose and verse; indeed, the Spanish muleteer is a character in himself, peculiar in his dress, customs, and bearing. *Lance* was the first I had seen, and I was much struck with his manners and appearance; the former were frank and *soldier-like* (if I may so express myself), the latter was one of the most picturesque you can imagine; his broad sombrero overshadowed a set of handsome, manly features, browned by the suns of some forty summers; his neck, of the same colour as his face, was bare, a slight silk neckcloth loosely fastened round it,

Moorish superstition. To this day there is nothing a Moor dislikes so much as having his portrait taken; he considers that the "evil eye" is thereby inevitably set on him.

and hid under a handsomely-worked waist-coat, over which was a well-made jacket of brown cloth, loaded with embroidery and silver buttons, whilst a pair of blue velvet inexpressibles, buttoning down to the knee with silver studs, and kept up with the broad red *faja*, or sash, were terminated by a pair of well-made *bottinas*, or high gaiters, of untanned leather. When I add that he was upward of six feet high, and well-proportioned, he may easily be pictured, resting on his long carbine, as being what was formerly quaintly called a *pretty fellow*, a good man and strong. I mentioned the *bottinas*, and cannot pass by the subject without remarking that these are the very pith and marrow of dandyism among the lower orders in Andalusia. They are manufactured of brown leather, often very highly and expensively worked and flowered, and are made to fit tight at the ankle and knee, while the part opposite the calf being left unbuttoned and swelling out, gives the idea of a tremendously muscular leg, and has certainly graceful and “*négligée*” appearance.

We were engaged all the morning of the

17th in making preparations for our march, which was to commence at eleven, at which hour we repaired to the Posada de Velez, Lance's head quarters: here a scene of confusion presented itself, which it would be difficult to describe. The whole yard was filled with panniers, bales, donkeys, mules, and horses, some already laden, and others in the act of being so, amidst the most discordant sounds of yelling, screeching, and braying; and as soon as Lance had packed a batch of mules or donkeys, he packed them off, and they appeared perfectly aware of their destination. Getting rather tired of cooling our heels looking at all this ceremony, Zuhlcke and myself asked the commander-in-chief for our cavalry, on which were brought from their stalls two of the most sorry looking nags I ever beheld,—that of my friend was a piebald, shewing an immense deal of bone; mine had, I suppose, been born black, but had become of a dingy brown. When we were mounted on these gallant chargers, we certainly looked somewhat like what our brother officers dubbed us at starting,—viz., Don Quixote and Sancho, in search of adventures.

I, as representing the former, had on a regimental blue frock coat, with cloth trousers, strapped to the hip with black leather, a brace of pistols at my girdle, and a brass scabbard hanging by my side; to complete this equipment, I was mounted on an enormous pad, my feet resting in flat iron Moorish stirrups, and a couple of ropes in my sinister fist, where-with to guide my proud charger.

Sancho presented a no less respectable appearance, but rather more conspicuous, being half military and half civil, to say nothing of the piebald horse. He on that march rejoiced in a quaker hat, neither black nor white, but about the colour of his own face, a mouldy shooting-jacket, covered with oil stains, out of the pockets of which might be seen protruding the muzzles of a couple of pistols; a rusty steel scabbard was dangling by his side, much to the detriment of a pair of tartan pantaloons, at the extremity of the starboard leg of which might be seen something that, in its day, had been a steel spur, but which of late had evidently been *rusticating*.

Such was our outward man, as we bravely

trotted through the crowded streets of Malaga, to the wonder of admiring thousands, whom we soon left behind, as we emerged from the town, and slowly proceeded eastward on the road to Velez-Malaga, our first halting-place. As we progressed, we gradually overtook, or fell in with, different members of our *arriерeria*, or caravan, for it fairly deserves that appellation. Donkeys laden with grain, or salt fish; mules with rice; two or three travellers like ourselves, on sorry horses; two or three old women (alas! no young ones) on donkeys with high-backed saddles, and propped up with pillows; and a variety of other stragglers; were at last brought to a nucleus under José, a fine youth of eighteen or twenty, the son and presumptive heir of Commandant *Lance*. On my inquiring when we might see the rest of the party, he very quietly replied, as he was comfortably seated on a bale of goods carried by a strong mule,—“Vendran, vendran, poco a poco.” “They will be here by degrees.”

The caravan of donkeys, mules, horses, salt fish, old women, and travellers,—the whole,

quadrupeds and bipeds, amounting probably to 150, and under the generalship of our chief, *Lance*,—slowly wound its way along the coast of the Mediterranean, after leaving behind the populous and busy city of Malaga. The scene we passed through during the first stages of our journey had not a very inviting appearance, with the exception of the Mediterranean, which looked as beautiful as ever, the dark blue water reflecting an unclouded sky, the distant African hills faintly seen with their snowy tops in the far horizon, whilst ever and anon a graceful Latine vessel would skim over the glassy surface of the water, like the lotus bird o'er the smoothness of an Indian lake.

I said the scene in general was not inviting, but the fact is, we were at rather too early a season of the year for it to be so, as the bare and conical hills were not yet concealed by the vines, whose foliage had scarcely made its appearance, but the branches of which bear the vintages that Malaga is so famed for throughout the world. It is remark-

able, that the more scanty the soil the richer is the grape it produces; but the hills are so very steep, and the winter rains often so violent, that at intervals walls are erected along the declivities, to prevent the earth from being wholly washed into the sea.

The distance to Velez is about eighteen miles, after getting over eight or nine of which, the country assumed quite a different character, the hills insensibly receded, leaving large corn and barley fields between their bases and the sea-shore, whilst the enclosures of aloes and prickly-pear, the sugar-cane, and the date-tree, brought forcibly to mind our vicinity to the African shore.

We thus, for many miles, skirted along the Mediterranean, crossing the beds of numerous mountain torrents, and leaving behind the many watch-towers on this coast, which strongly recalled the Martello ones on the English shores.* In this neighbourhood is said to

* The Carthaginians, whose trade extended at one time over nearly every part of the then known world, are said to have been the founders of several towns on the eastern coast of Spain, amongst which that of Malaga

be a cavern, among the cliffs overhanging the sea, called *La Cueva del Romano*, from the circumstance of Crassus having found refuge there for the space of eight months, during the wars of Marius and Sylla. I shall not trouble myself or the reader with all the stories related on the subject, most of

was the most conspicuous. It is said to have been first fixed on by this enterprising people as a dépôt for their tunny fishery, the produce of which was here salted and prepared for exportation; hence some derive the name of the town of Malaga, from the word “Mālāch,” which in their language signified to salt.

Others again trace its origin from the Spanish “mālā muger,” from the circumstance of the daughter of Count Julian—who certainly was a “mālā muger,” or bad woman, to Spain—having, after the entrance of the Moors, (of which she was the unhappy cause,) precipitated herself from one of the towers of the Alcazaba.

The word “muger” (woman) being translated into the Arabic cābā, forms the compound of Mūlacābā, hence Malaga ; but this appears to be far-fetched, and extremely supposititious. May it not have rather had some reference to the Arabic word مالك (malik,) “lord, or possessor;” by some old writers it is called “villa viciosa.” Malaga is frequently mentioned by ancient authors ; amongst others by Seylax, who lived in the time of Darius Hystaspes, 500 years B.C., and who calls it the “emporium.” Pliny likewise makes honourable mention of it as one of the “Confederates”

them too wonderful to be true, but shall only say, that I found from Lance very little encouragement to my inquiries, he probably knowing, from experience, that an Englishman's whim might cause a delay of some two or three hours to the whole caravan. It is, indeed, a slow mode of travelling, and unless for the

of Rome. In 1787, when a census was taken, Malaga contained 5769 houses and 49,000 inhabitants, which, since that period, have always been on the increase. Amongst its public buildings it reckons a cathedral, six parish churches, and twelve chapels, all the convents and monasteries having been of late abolished.

It was formerly famous for its flax, and the breeding of silk-worms: but these have made way for the increased cultivation of the grape, which is of two sorts, the "seco," or dry, and the "dulce," or sweet; but the former is generally considered much superior to the latter.

It is a remarkable fact, that the plant producing the "Pedro Ximenez" wine, which is made here, was originally from Germany, it having been brought, about 250 years back, from the banks of the Rhine, by one Pedro, the son of Simon: hence its appellation.

The barren and stony hills near this place—whose soil is so scanty, that, to prevent it from being entirely washed into the sea, has rendered the construction of terraced parterres along its steep faces necessary—is the spot from whence such enormous vintages arise, and the arid source from whence flow such quantities of the stimulating juice over every part of the globe.

novelty of the thing, would be tedious ; but I found much amusement in entering into conversation, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, of my fellow travellers, and I derived much pleasure from their various remarks and information, whilst my attempts at “Castillano” in all probability amply repaid them in point of entertainment, though the Spaniard is too polite ever to laugh at the mistakes of a stranger. On the contrary, I have always found the greatest readiness on their part to assist and instruct, when, I am sorry to say, many of my countrymen would only have turned into ridicule the blunders a foreigner must necessarily make at first. Time thus passed quickly, in spite of pack-saddles and wretched horses, until we struck up the country, and turning to our left, after crossing a broad river, called Rio de Malaga, came in sight of the snowy mountains ; their very appearance seemed to exercise an influence on the climate, which was, however, perhaps more justly to be attributed to the country through which we now passed being more plentifully supplied with water. The

road winding through plantations of olives and sugar-canæ occasionally presented the most picturesque points of view, the back-ground being still the snow-capped mountains I have already mentioned. At last, about four o'clock, we reached Velez, and leaving our jaded hacks at the Posada Nueva, together with directions for a good dinner, we proceeded to visit the castle, which commands the town, and which, like all citadels in this part of the country, is of Moorish origin; it presented, however, nothing remarkable, except a most beautiful view from its battlements of the *vega*, or valley of Velez, and of the river, which winds through and fertilizes it to such an extent, that with little culture the productions of most climates grow here in perfection; the cotton, sugar-cane, olive, and vine, thrive equally well, as I have no doubt would every other plant, of both a tropical and temperate climate.

We returned to the *Posada* very tired and very hungry, and, after diluting abundance of garlic and oil with execrable wine, and

keeping the whole down with a stiff glass of hot rum-and-water, we threw ourselves on our lowly pallets, and soon made the 17th of March to be amongst the things that have been.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Leave Velez—Enter the Sierra—Village of Vinuella—Ladrones—Levy of black mail—Apathy of the Spanish government—Appearance of the arrihereria—Las Puertas Averrarias—The Sierra Nevada—Sign of civilization—Alhama—The Tajo.

Grenada, — March, 1838.

THE whole convoy got under weigh early in the morning, and, after a hasty breakfast of some very good strong chocolate and eggs fried in oil, (by the bye, rather rancid,) we mounted our chargers, slipped into the stream of the Arrihereria, and wended our way through the plain bordering the Velez river, which for a few miles is broad and richly cultivated, till, after passing a sugar mill, about three miles from the town, it gradually assumes the ap-

pearance of a mountain torrent; the hills close on it, and it at last dashes and foams over a rocky bed between high precipices, along one of which the road winds occasionally in fearful proximity to its overhanging ledge. The plains are now left behind, and a fine mountain scenery presents itself: the hills, at first covered with vines and fig-trees, gradually assume a more stern and barren appearance, the ruins of some old Moorish castle alone shewing the signs of former habitation.

The pretty village of *La Vinuella*, itself embosomed in olive and lemon groves, is the last boundary of the cultivated mountain. After leaving it, you enter a region apparently marked by the hand of famine and desolation.

On traversing the above village, we were not a little surprised at some very suspicious-looking characters, who were seated before the steps of a *ventorillo*, being pointed out to us as some of the professed *ladrones* (robbers) who infest this part of the country, and whose presence renders the escort of Mr. Lance so ne-

cessary to travellers; in fact, such is the shameful apathy of the Spanish government, that about a dozen of these ruffians are allowed and known to live peaceably in the town of Velez, and become the terror of the whole country, without any steps being taken to put a stop to the evil.

These gentry, on hearing of the approach of travellers, rise betimes in the morning, take up a strong position in the hills, and with half-a-dozen long guns stuck over a rock or old wall, request the overburthened traveller to lighten himself of his load, with which they return to their homes. With them our friend the muleteer enters into a regular convention: he pays them so much to allow all his travellers to pass un molested, and thereby obliges the latter to put themselves under his protection for a consideration, or run the risk of losing all their property. Lance mentioned this arrangement without the least disguise; but I was not able to learn if the ladrone in their turn gave anything to the authorities to allow them to con-

tinue their trade ; but I think this is very probable.

A train of Hottentot waggons at the Cape, camp-followers on a march in India, a *cafila* of camels in the plains of Barbary, are, each and every one, picturesque objects ; but they all give way to that most picturesque of all scenes, an *arriera*, composed as ours was, winding up the steep and rocky goat-path leading to the summit of a barren *sierra*. As the track in devious zigzags, like a vessel tacking against the wind, gradually gains the summit of the hill, either quite rocky and barren, or partially clothed with the *palmitto*, it discloses the whole caravan in every different point of view.

From Velez we continued for four leagues, almost continually ascending, till we reached the pass called *Las Puertas Averrarias*, or summit of the range of hills separating the sea coast from the plain of Grenada. From this point we had the first peep of the *Sierra Nevada* in all its grandeur. Although many of the hills we left on our right in winding

through the sierras were at their summits still covered with snow, they presented a very different appearance from the giant mountains now before us, whose tops are everlastingily clothed in this hoary costume. From *Las Puertas Averrarias* we commenced our descent through one of the most barren countries I ever witnessed; with not a tree, nor shrub, nor any living animal, except a few lizards, to enliven the scene. The barren rocks, barely covered with a few scanty and dwarfish plants, made you fancy yourself amidst the mountains of Iceland, or some other inhospitable region. The only sign of civilization was an occasional cross on a heap of stones, the memorial of some murder committed on the road.

As we approached Alabama, the appearance of the country gradually changed; a little cultivation of wheat began to make its appearance; the soil became of a clayey nature; the hills were rounded, but frequently divided by yawning ravines and clefts, the effects of the mountain torrents during the winter months.

About four, we entered the city of Alhama, built on the solid rock, and overhanging the torrent which, through stupendous precipices, runs past the town, and is known by the name of the Tajo. The old Moorish tower, which in days of yore arrested for some time the conquering arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, presents now only a heap of rubbish, overlooking the Alameida, across which runs a fine aqueduct. The church is the only public building worthy of notice; the houses bear evident marks of their Moorish origin, and, together with the narrow streets, of which the solid rock forms the pavement, present a singular appearance.

CHAPTER XIX.

Departure from Alhama — Moorish Baths — Hot Springs — Their efficacy in Rheumatic complaints — The tutelar Deity of the place — My companion grows impatient.

Monday, — March, 1838.

ON making my usual inquiries as to what there was "*de curioso*" to be seen at Alhama,* I ferreted out of mine hostess that there were

* The virtues of the warm baths of Alhama were known of old, the town itself having derived its appellation from the Arabic word "Hāman," signifying a bath, El Haman, corrupted in time into "Al Hama."

The old Spanish ballad of the "Romance muy doloroso del sitio y toma de Alhama," together with the spirited translation of it by Byron, may be seen in the works of that author.

some ancient Moresco baths a short distance off, still frequented on account of their mineral virtues. As everything in this part of the country having the least claim to antiquity is put down to the account of "Los Moros," I suspected the said baths might be Roman remains, and therefore, in spite of all my fellow traveller's objections, I was determined to visit them at whatever inconvenience. I knew that in Lance I should encounter, likewise, a powerful enemy, and therefore I ingratiated myself with José, his son and heir, a fine, strapping young fellow, six feet high, and quite a chip of the old block. José was watering his mules at a stone trough in the yard of the posada, when I accosted him with, "Well, José, 'amigo como va usted? Do you feel tired after this long day's march?"

"Gracias a Dios, que no," replied he. "I have been this road often enough not to be tired."

"Then I suppose you know the road right well; by the bye, José, did you ever hear of

some old Moorish baths, somewhere in this neighbourhood?"

"Si, Señor, for I was cured by them in a week, of a bad rheumatism I got by being in the snow among these hills."

This, of course, increased my desire to see these wonderful springs; and the douceur of a dollar so completely engaged José in my interest, that it was agreed we should, next day, give the rest of the party the slip, and proceed to our destination, which was not above half a mile out of the road.

The following morning, at José's suggestion, we delayed breakfast until the rest of the party had departed; and although I would willingly have dispensed with my friend's company, as I well knew he would be in the fidgets about "ladrones" during the whole time, he, with the perverseness incident to human nature, determined to share the adventure with us. We accordingly mounted our nags; and after many a zig zag down roads scooped from the solid rock, got

clear of that extraordinary looking old place, Alhama, and emerged into a no less extraordinary looking country, composed of huge rounded hills, broken occasionally by ravines of great depth, the whole perfectly bare, with the exception of a thin and backward crop of wheat, with which scanty garment our poor old mother earth looked uncommonly cold and uncomfortable. Cold she well might look, for I was surprised to learn that until the last fortnight the whole country had for many weeks been covered with snow. Nature seemed here born a giant, and still continuing in its childhood and nakedness. But with all this unpromising appearance, it is said that these desolate looking fields produce the most abundant crops, and the numerous circular paved spaces in many of them bore witness to the same. This is the remains of Moorish customs still retained in Andalusia, when the corn at harvest time is placed on these paved spaces, and trodden out by mares or oxen—rather primitive threshing machines! but still

venerable for their antiquity. This plan of gathering in the harvest is mentioned in Scripture, and its Oriental origin is easily accounted for. The climate here is said to undergo the greatest changes from heat to cold, the winter, from its proximity to the sierras, being rigorous in the extreme, and the summers proportionably hot.

After travelling for about a mile and a half through scenery such as I have attempted to describe, we descended a steep rounded hill, which soon brought us to the bed of a torrent, the same which washes the walls, or rather the cliffs, of Alhama. A short distance from this, and having its source amidst huge rocks, are the hot springs we were in quest of. These are covered in by a building, whose Eastern shaped arches leave no doubt as to its origin. It contains one large apartment, or rather bath, through which the stream flows over the purest sand, and whose depth varies from three to five feet; the water, which is very warm at this early hour of a cool morning,

exhaled vapours, which rendered the whole scene indistinct, and gave it such a mystical appearance, that imagination could people the space either with bearded and turbaned Moors, or with the softer forms of the Haram, according to the fancy of the spectators. The presiding deity of the site, the fair Juana, was in the meantime warmly expatiating on all the merits of the place, the virtues of the waters, and the wonderful cures they had been often known to effect.

It appears that during the summer months they are much frequented by invalids from Madrid, for whose accommodation there are very comfortable lodgings; for the pious, a small chapel; and, in fact, the whole place is a little town in itself, embosomed in rocks, and where I have no doubt an invalid or an idler might spend a fortnight very pleasantly. I was so pleased with the whole, and particularly with my pretty cicerone, that I vowed I would get a rheumatic attack as soon as the bathing season commenced, and put myself

under her charge, when she promised to take the greatest care of, and do every thing in her power to cure me.

My friend was now beginning to shew evident signs of impatience at this lengthened conversation, particularly as he did not understand a dozen words of it, and was very urgent to make a start, as José said it was high time we should be off, if we wished to overtake the *arriero*.

CHAPTER XX.

Departure from the Alhama baths—Camino Real—Cairns and crosses—Young José, the muleteer—Don Francisco Zenolos—Salt springs at the village of Malach—View of the Vega—Inglis' description of Grenada—Bridge of the Xenil—The Fonda del Comercio—Bed-rooms—Wines—Ices—Ladies frequenting the coffee-rooms—False delicacy of Spanish women—Hasty conclusions on habits and customs of foreigners—Custom-houses—Temporary fortifications—Alameida and “salon” near the Xenil—Quickness of vegetation—The Abaneco—Its language—Spanish customs and equipages—Their criticism of English manners—Fire-boys.

Monday, March 19.

“VAMOS-NOS,” (Let us go,) said José, as he sprang lightly on his laden mule in the *patio* of the Moorish baths.

“Yes, ‘vamos-nos,’ ” grumbled my friend, laying hold of the stirrup of the piebald, “for we have lost a deal of time here.”

"Yes, 'vamos-nos,'" said I, after paying a parting compliment to the pretty Juana.

The unanimous wish appearing to be a start, we left this romantic spot, after I had taken a couple of rough sketches of it; and ascending a steep goat-path, soon reached the track dignified by the name of the Camino Real, (Royal Road,) which led us over hills covered with diversified and aromatic plants, amongst which I noticed in plentiful profusion the rue, wild lavender, and thyme, with many others, of which, I regret to say, from my slight acquaintance with botany, I was ignorant of even the names.

Through scenery of this description, only varied by an occasional cairn of stones, or a rude cross, the scene of death or murder, we wended our way; my friend's wish to join the caravan, and get out of reach of the Ladrone, increasing at every one of these signs of being, if not in a civilized, at least in an inhabited part of the world. He pushed on with such

good will, that we overtook our rear-guard at the village of Cassim, about a league and a half from Alhama, whereat my friend was exceedingly rejoiced.

On the road I had great amusement with young José, who, being from under the stern eye of the chief, his father, gave full scope to his gaiety, and shortened the road with his Andalusian songs and original remarks. He was a fine-looking, tall, young fellow, about twenty, nearly as handsome as his sire, and would have graced the ranks of any grenadier company; but, alas! his military ardour and patriotism were at a very low ebb, and I fear me much his morals were no better; at least I came to this conclusion from the following conversation, which took place in the intervals of his songs.

"Well, José," said I, "why don't you take a musket, become a grenadier, and go and fight the Carlinos?"

"No; thank God," he replied, "the *quinta*

(conscription) has passed me,—I am a free man, and prefer my mule and carbine to all the muskets and soldiering in Spain."

"But do you, a smart young fellow, mean to go backwards and forwards all your life between Malaga and Grenada?"

"My father has done so for the last twenty years, and I do not see why I should not follow his example."

"But your father is married,—are you so likewise?"

"No, gracias a Dios; no, señor—porque, wherefore should I encumber myself with a wife of my own, when I can have the wives of other men?"

On joining the caravan, we jogged along, conversing sometimes with one and sometimes with another of the various travellers of which our little army was composed. In the course of the morning I became acquainted with a very intelligent young man, of the name of Don Francisco Zenolos, a student at the university of Grenada; he spoke both French and

Italian, and the road appeared short, until we reached the old Moorish village of Malach, where are springs, which we were informed supply the whole of Andalusia with salt. After crossing a ridge of hills immediately above the village, the Vega, in all its glory of eternal verdure, lay at our feet; the city of Grenada, embosomed in gardens and almond groves, with the lofty Sierra Nevada, looking like a second Mont Blanc—all suddenly burst on our view; and on beholding this glorious scene from the arid and barren hills we were leaving behind us, I at once entered into Hannibal's feelings when he first cast his looks from the Alps over the fertile plains of Italy in all their beauty.

I was too impatient to enter the city of the last of the Moors, to tarry any longer with our snail-paced companions; so, putting the spurs to our chargers, my friend and myself managed to get them into a canter across the now level plain which we had entered, and we rapidly approached scenes so fertile in past

events. As we got near the town, we crossed an open plain, which we immediately set down as the spot destined for the punishment of Boabdil's innocent queen, when she is rescued by the gallant Gonzalvo. Here, also, we could fancy Almanzor, or the fiery Muza Ben Abel Gozan, heading his swarthy warriors, and dealing death and destruction in the ranks of the Castilians.

"The situation of Grenada eclipses that of any other city that I have ever seen; and, altogether, the view in approaching it struck me more forcibly than any other that I could at that moment recollect; and yet the description would not perhaps be very striking on paper, because the ingredients of its magnificence consist in the vastness and splendour of its Moorish remains. Not a single Alcazar, not a few insulated ruins, whose dimensions the eye at once embraces, but ranges of palaces, and castles, and towers, covering elevations a league in circumference, rising above and stretching beyond one another, with a subject city at their feet, and almost vying in grandeur

with the gigantic range of the snowy sierra that towers above them."*

On entering the town of Grenada, we inquired for the best hotel, and were directed to the "Fonda del Comercio," the most civilized looking "hostellerie" we had yet met with in our travels, and situated in a fine square close to the theatre, and within five minutes' walk of the Alameda, from whence we concluded we were in the west end of the town. The accommodation we met with at the Fonda del Comercio did not belie its appearance. Like, however, every other establishment of the kind we had hitherto frequented in Spain, the bed rooms, on our being ushered into them, contained nothing but the bare walls and a few chairs; yet, in the course of five minutes, trussel beds were erected, which, though hard and without curtains, bore the strong recommendation of clean sheets and pillow-cases; and by the time we had finished the ablutions,

* The above is a description from the powerful pen of a popular author.

rendered doubly acceptable by our long and hot ride, we sat down to a dinner equal, if not better, than those we had had at the *Cuatro Naciones* at Malaga.

In addition to every "delicacy of the season," we had some capital wines; one a very pleasant table drink, called *vino de Busta*, a red wine, made about fourteen leagues from this; another very rich white wine, the *paquarete*, which the waiter told us came from Xerez. Our good cheer was, moreover, washed down by iced water—a luxury which their vicinity to the Sierra Nevada enables the natives of Grenada to enjoy at a very reasonable rate. Eating ices appeared to be one of their favourite pastimes, at least if we might judge from the number which in a very short space of time appeared and disappeared whilst we paid a visit to the coffee-room below; and here I was strongly reminded of the difficulty a person has to overcome prejudices, particularly national ones, and of looking on any passing scene which may not be familiar to him with a

strong feeling, almost amounting to dislike. I was led to make these reflections by seeing parties of ladies, evidently of a respectable class, most unconcernedly take their seats in the coffee-house, and eat their ice amidst clouds of tobacco smoke, the rattling of dominos, and the promiscuous conversation of a room crowded with men of all ranks, both civil and military. From a concatenation of ideas, I was insensibly led to compare the Spanish women to Mrs. Trollope's American ladies, with all their squeamish waxwork affectation of delicacy and refinement, at the expense of that greatest *bijou* of the female character—*real modesty*. But what I particularly mean to allude to, as the faded artificial flower, which in Spain assumes the place of real delicacy with the women, is the feeling which will prompt them, without hesitation, to see all the bloodshed and horrors of a bull fight; to lend an ear to the medley, and by no means reserved, conversation of a *public* coffee-room, or the frequently licentious language of the theatre; and yet to

shrink, as from the touch of pollution, if a stranger should, in his unsophisticated ignorance, presume to offer his arm, or give a cordial and English shake of the hand.

And how is this? The reflecting observer is naturally led to conclude that delicacy is here made a mere mark of distrust, and that the real fact is, the Don is so conscious of the inflammable particles of which his señoras are composed, that, although perfectly aware their morals *cannot* be tainted by the bull-fight, the coffee-room, or theatre, he is particularly cautious how he trusts them to the insinuating pressure of an arm or the squeeze of a hand, whose silent language might have more physical effect on them than their morals could possibly suffer at a public display of immorality. These reflections may be deemed illiberal; and I confess, from the difficulty an Englishman has of introducing himself into Spanish society, and of thereby making his observations at leisure, they may be erroneous. Still, I only profess to write what occurred to

me as true at the time I made these observations, though I cannot vouch for their accuracy, nor, in fact, can any one do so placed in similar circumstances, unless a protracted residence and uninterrupted intercourse with the natives of the country he visits, together with a thorough knowledge of the language, an intimate acquaintance with the people, and a mind free from prejudice, enable him to make positive assertions on what he sees and hears; and how few travellers enjoy all these united advantages!

Giving a decided opinion, either "pro or con," as to the manners and customs of a people, from observations taken during a short residence amongst them, is like fixing the latitude of a country from the heat or cold you experience, without reference to the time of the year. The traveller who visited the Deccan in India in the month of May would undoubtedly find his log strangely at variance with that of the person who might have the better fortune of going over the same ground in De-

cember. In the first instance, under the head of climate would probably appear—thermometer in the shade, 102°; hot winds intolerable; glasses cracking on the table; country burned up like a brick, etc.; whilst, with equal truth, his fellow-traveller (though that is not exactly the word) might have weather delightfully cool at night, and in the morning positively cold; country all verdure and flowers, under a pure unclouded sky. In describing the manners and customs from a superficial and local view, the thermometer of opinion must vary in a no less degree.

My friend and myself strolled out to the public walk, or Alameida, the usual evening resort of all the beauty and fashion in a Spanish town. On our way thither, we saw the caravan we had arrived with, undergoing the ordeal of examination at the Custom House, which, it appears, is not confined to the sea-port towns, and of which the people now bitterly complain, as they say it is a system which did not exist even in the time of the Inquisition. *We*

had, however, no reason to grumble, as they allowed our baggage to pass without any examination. Appearances at the entrance of the town shewed the vicinity of an enemy, from the newly erected palisade and banquette, which had been set up a short time before on the approach of a Carlist force. However, the courage of the Grenadians was not put to the test, as the Carlist leader (I forget which of the 500 and odd ones in existence) only made a demonstration, and then withdrew his forces—probably very luckily for the credit of the engineer who constructed these formidable defences, which were about the strength of a park paling.

A little beyond the entrance of Grenada, and between the hill and the River Xenil, is the *Salon*, as the beautiful public walk is called; beautiful even at this time of the year, but which must be much more so when summer has clothed in foliage the fine elms now denuded of leaves, but which, in the hot weather, cannot but afford a most grateful

shade. The vegetation appeared indeed very backward; but we were astonished on being informed that these trees, already upwards of thirty-feet in height, had only been planted within the last eight or nine years.

At each extremity of the Salon are two handsome fountains, abundantly supplied with clear water from the neighbouring river, and under the rows of elm-trees are marble seats, where those who do not feel inclined to walk may quietly enjoy the scene—and a very pretty one it is. The promenade was crowded with well-dressed people and handsome women, who were not set off by the graceful mantilla, but rather shewed with what effect it might be worn; this, however, together with the accompanying fan, should never be brought into play by any one but a Spanish woman. The flirting of the fan alone would require a life-time to learn. The ease and grace with which it is opened and shut, the motions of the “Abaneco,” at times slow and voluptuous, at others quicker than lightning, now languid,

then lively, and all indicating a meaning, would in vain be attempted by our own fair countrywomen.

The fan, indeed, possesses a language of its own to those who are initiated into its mysteries, and is the grand channel of flirtation with a señorita :—for instance, a slow monotonous motion signifies, “I like you not;” a quick one, with the accompanying glance of the dark eye, “cres a mi gusto,”—I fancy thee. “Yes” and “no” are likewise very intelligible; but I shall not attempt to describe the science until I have studied it more minutely.

I was more than ever struck with the beauty of the dress of the Spanish women: that of the male part of the company was not distinguishable from the English or French costume; the frock coat, round high hat, etc., might have been put down as *fits* of Buckmaster, and ——I quite forget who is the fashionable hatter in London. There was also a tolerable sprinkling of military, as troops were

assembling here from all parts to form the army of reserve, the head quarters of which were to be at Jaen. The dress of the officers of the Royal Guards, lately come from Madrid, was very handsome: both they and the privates were remarkably fine-looking men. The amusement of the *Paseo* (walk) in the Alameda is well adapted to the taste and finances of the Spaniard; he can have it with as little exertion and as little expense as he pleases.

The dinner hour is always early; next follows the “siesta,” after which these energetic people would scarcely be fit for the severer exercise of horsemanship, any more than their pockets could bear the charge of the brilliant equipages so commonly seen in places of public resort in France and England. Pride and poverty appear to have been born twin-sisters in Spain, and first cousins to those empty professions and vain boasting qualities, which, united, have cost John Bull so much blood and treasure.

Talking of the equipages, the only things

which might be construed into such a word were three vehicles, apparently landed from the ark, to judge from their appearance, drawn by mules and long-tailed black horses, which were patiently waiting at one end of the walk until their owners should have finished their “paseo.” The Spaniards are very severe on the want of manners shewn by the English; but the latter would consider themselves very deficient in that article, were they to imitate these sons of oil and garlic in ever having a cigar in their mouths, even when walking with ladies. In consequence of this filthy custom being so generally practised, little boys were running up and down the “Salon” with slow matches for the benefit of the smokers, and keeping up an incessant cry—which might have alarmed the inhabitants of an English town—of “Fuego! fuego!”—fire! fire!

CHAPTER XXI.

Don Zenalos—Students at Grenada—Letters of introduction—Don Rodriguez—Interior of a Spanish residence—The Señora—The Alhambra—Palace of Charles V.—Hall of the Ambassadors—A Casa de Paplos—Moderate terms—Good treatment—A Spanish street—Entrance to the houses—the Patio Second visit to the Alhambra—The Generalife—Large cypress trees—Pictures—The Silla del Moro—Prospect from thence—Subterranean excavations—Bad taste of Charles V.—Traces of the occupation of the Alhambra by the French—The Hill of the Gipsies—Caverns—Cactus plants—Localities described by Washington Irving—Spanish gipsies

20th March, 1838

THE next morning saw us seated at breakfast with our road acquaintance, Don Zenalos, who was still studying at the university here, and of whom I have already made honourable mention. He was much the same sort of young man who would kill a few years at Cam-

bridge, or Oxford—appeared to have friends, money, and time, together with inclination to spend both the latter as agreeably as possible; and I was not sorry, at our *début*, to be thrown in his way, as he was likely to give us an insight at least into the college-life of Grenada, which, according to his account, was just as dissipated amongst the two or three thousand students here, as it is at one of our seats of learning and divinity.

I had brought letters of introduction to two or three people; amongst others, one to a young man called Ordoñiez, a student, and a son of the constitutional general of that name. He came to the fonda, introduced himself, was extremely polite, and offered to conduct us to the house of Don Rodriguez, whom he happened to be acquainted with, and who was a son-in-law of the gentleman of San Roque who has furnished me with credentials.

We had now, for the first time, an opportunity of witnessing the interior of a Spanish house in the middling rank of life. Both

Rodriguez and his wife spoke a little French, so that my friend and I got on very well; there was kept up for about half-an-hour about as interesting a conversation as would take place during the same space of time in a morning visit in England; but here the comparison must end, for, although the weather was positively cold, there was not a fire nor a stove in the room, a carpet on the floor, nor a curtain to the windows. All was frigid and cold in the extreme, except the manners of our host and his señora. He was a violent liberal, professing opinions verging on democracy, and had more than once taken an active part in the present contest. She was a plain, middle-aged, unaffected person; and whatever opinion she might have given us as a specimen of the manners of the Spanish women, we certainly formed no high estimate of their intellectual qualities. She took leave of us with the usual Spanish complimentary phrase of "Esta casa es de usted,"—this house is yours; and we

made an appointment to meet her husband that evening at the fonda, whence he was to accompany us to the Alhambra.

Señor Ordoñiez dined with us, and after dinner, Rodriguez and his brother-in-law, young Roblez, joined our party. We had liqueurs and ices, and afterwards wended our way to the Alhambra. Rodriguez had some time before held a situation under government in the interior of this former retreat of the Moorish sovereigns, and was very useful in gaining us admittance to places from which strangers are generally excluded. I shall not say a word about this magnificent edifice, with its palace of Charles the Fifth (by the bye, a modern addition, in my opinion, of very bad taste), its Generaliffe, hall of the ambassadors, court of the Abencerrages, and fifty *et ceteras*—all of which have been so ably described by Irving, Florian, Bulwer, and many others.

The following day, the 21st, accompanied by our new friend Rodriguez, who was really

uncommonly civil, we went to take up our abode at a “casa de pupilos,” or boarding-house, which answers pretty well to the French “*pension*.” Rodriguez advised us to this proceeding, as we should be much more quiet, and at less expense than at the “fonda;” which we found to be the case. He wished to strike a bargain with our host to board and lodge us for half a dollar per diem—which is probably what a Spaniard would have had to pay; however, an additional shilling was imposed on us for the honour of old England; but how Don Antonio Negro, our worthy host, could afford to entertain us for *that*, has often puzzled me.

In the first place, at our “*disposicion*” were three apartments—a parlour and two bedrooms, very well furnished. We had every morning coffee and chocolate for breakfast, with eggs fried in an unlimited abundance of oil (sometimes none of the sweetest), and which I (much to the disgust of my fellow-traveller) further insisted should over and above be flavoured with a head or two of garlic, to make

us remember we were in Spain. Then at three we sat down to a very good dinner, which we each washed down with half a bottle of red wine. We had, besides, fruit, dessert, and coffee. Ditto in the evening. If all these be taken into consideration—to say nothing of the waste of breath of the old lady, mine hostess, who was exceedingly loquacious with the strangers; the smiles of the señorita her daughter, who, by the bye, was anything but pretty; and the services of old Dolores, the waiting-maid, all of which were at our disposal,—I think the reader will agree with me, particularly if he has just paid a bill at an English hotel, that, although John Bulls, we were not very much imposed on in our new abode at fifteen reals, or three shillings, per diem.

The inmates consisted of two or three students, an officer, a Malaguayan widow, and ourselves. In a “casa de pupilos” it is generally optional either to dine at the “table d’hôte,” or take the meal in your own apart-

ment. We would have preferred the former, particularly on hearing that the widow was young and pretty, but mine host informed us that she always messed by herself, that the officer followed her example, and we preferred our own company to the noisy sociability of the "estudiantes."

I will take this opportunity of describing the "casa de pupilos," which will answer for every house in Grenada, and, in fact, for this part of Spain. Imagine a gloomy, narrow street, with overhanging balconies, the lower windows all grated like those of a prison—evident remains of Moorish precaution and jealousy. You arrive opposite a huge "porte cochère," with a small square opening covered with iron gratings inserted in its massive panels, which is further secured by a small shutter inside; you knock, and a shrill voice cries out "Quien?"—who?

"Gente de paz!"—people of peace—is the answer.

Should the voice be recognised, the latch is raised by means of a cord from above, and

admits you ; if any doubt exists as to the visitor, you hear the shuffling of slippers down the stairs, and presently a wizen old face reconnoitres you through the bars of the little opening above described, and either reports favourably on your appearance, or otherwise, as the case may be. Once in, you pass through the thickness of the building till you reach a small “pātio,” or yard, often adorned with a fountain : and around this yard rise the walls of the building. The “pātio” is the general resort of the inmates, of an evening, in hot weather ; however, during our abode in Grenada we were always more glad to be beside the “brāsero” than the fountain.

After being duly installed in our new abode, young Roblez and Ordoñiez accompanied us again to the Alhambra, which we went through a second time, and passing beyond, ascended to the *Generaliffe*, which overlooks it, and which was considered a sort of private retreat for the sovereigns of Grenada. Though much inferior in architectural beauties to the Al-

hambra, the *Generaliffe* possesses merits of its own not to be overlooked, besides being celebrated both in history and song. The gardens are very pretty, and shaded by some of the largest cypress trees I ever beheld ; amongst others, is particularly pointed out one, named the "Arbol del Adultero," from the circumstance mentioned by Florian in his "*Gonzalo de Cordova*." There is likewise a large apartment full of sombre and grim-looking figures, stated to be meant as representations of the kings of Spain, both before and after the conquest of Grenada. They may be faithful likenesses, but certainly do not make pretty pictures ; and the fair Isabella is painted with shockingly red hair, which it is morally impossible she ever could have had.

We ascended still higher, until we reached the very summit of the hill, which completely overlooks the city and all the *vegas* below ; and here a sight presented itself which amply repaid us for the fatigue we had endured. From this spot, which is called "La Silla

del Moro"—the seat of the Moor,—from Boabdil el Chico, it is said, having thence mournfully contemplated a revolt in the city,—the view extends for miles along the fruitful banks of the Xenil, the broad and verdant vale being bounded on both sides by steep ranges of hills, gradually receding towards the south and west, whilst the interval in the latter point is filled with the stupendous snowy Sierra Nevada, with its "Piccā-chio de Valeta" gorgeously glittering in the sun, and assuming the most brilliant hues; on your right, looking towards the city, is the Hill of the Gipsies, crowned by the church of San Miguel. Near the "Silla del Moro" are several massive Moorish remains of walls and subterranean excavations, or rather passages, worked in the thickness of the walls, probably for the accommodation of troops.

While seated here, on the identical spot occupied by the last unfortunate sovereign of this ill-fated city, how many recollections crowded on my mind! The remembrance of

its past brilliancy and present decay, though still beautiful in its ruins; the associations brought to light by contemplating the various buildings of which it is now composed, were manifold,—from pity at the bad taste displayed by Charles the Fifth, in incumbering this venerable pile with a modern edifice, which neither he nor his successors ever finished, nor will complete, to indignation on viewing the last ruthless deeds of the French, who could not abandon the place without leaving behind their usual barbarous mementos of destruction,—all these, and a thousand other thoughts, crowded one on the other, with the rapidity of succeeding waves on the shore of the ocean.

I know not how long I might have remained in this contemplative mood, had I not been aroused by my companions reminding me it was late, and that we should not have time, if we delayed, to visit "las cuevas de los gitanos," or the gipsy caves, the entrances of which were visible on the opposite hill, em-

bowered amidst groves of the cactus, or prickly pear, that, during the season, must afford them a plentiful supply of its luscious fruit, and which is said to be extremely wholesome and nutritive when taken with water; but if any fermented liquors are used as a beverage with it, to be quite the reverse.

We descended by a path down the north side of the hill, and on our way I recognised the ravine in which Washington Irving places his three captive knights, when they were made to work during their captivity, and which they did so much to the purpose, that they ended in effecting their escape with two of the Moorish princesses.

We wended our way down the steep ascent, through gardens perfumed with the peach and almond, now in full blossom, until we reached the rocky channel of the Daro, which crossing by a romantic bridge, we began our ascent towards the gipsies. These people* have

* In addition to their professed trades as blacksmiths and tinkers, they are determined horse-stealers,

exactly the same appearance as their brethren in England, though perhaps rather darker, and they do not bear a stronger character for honesty, being rogues by birth and education, and tinkers and blacksmiths by trade. We entered several of their abodes, which, *barring* the dirt, appeared very comfortable. They merely consist of an excavation, to the height of seven or eight feet, in the face of the hill, which is of a gravelly nature; at the end of this den is a fire-place, with an opening above to let out the smoke, so that if a man finds his door shut, all he has to do is to slip down the chimney. The whole hill is completely honey-combed with these curious abodes, and the number of

and are as renowned for playing tricks on these animals as their brethren in England. The women of this tribe are famed for their cabalistic acquirements, in telling fortunes and other mysteries; and their abodes in the "cuevas" at Grenada wanted nothing to identify them with the Sybil's Grotto. The clipping of the horses and mules, much practised in Spain, is consigned entirely to the craft of these expert "gitanos."

their inhabitants amounts to several thousands, who reside here the whole year, during heat and cold, dry and damp weather, and do not appear to suffer any inconvenience from this exposure.

CHAPTER XXII.

Go out to sketch—Extreme cold—Snow—La galera, or Spanish stage-coach—Comfortless day—A morning of snow—The Bräsero—A grog party—The Capa and Abaneco—An estudiante in liquor—Visit the Cartuja—Plaza de Trionfo—Lunatic Asylum—Slight mistake—The Carthusian Friars—Paintings—Cano and Murillo—A pickpocket—Visit to the Alhambra—Washington Irving's heroine—Mateo Ximenes—Go to jail—A tertulia—Spanish sobriety—La Vega—Sota de Roma—The Duke of Wellington—Santa Fe.—Madame Latana—Her double entendres—Spanish delicacy.

22nd March, 1838.

I WENT out very early in the morning, with the intention of taking a sketch of the Alhambra hill from the opposite height, a little beyond the gipsy caves. I passed through the

groves of prickly pear, with which the hill is covered, and, after following a circuitous route, arrived at the college on the Monte Santo. This is a sort of preparatory establishment for students going to the university; but the number of scholars is small, as the deserted galleries and grass-grown yard of this fine building sufficiently testified. It was from this point that I had intended to have sketched the Alhambra, of which it commands a fine view, much enhanced by the mountains we had lately crossed being covered with the snow that had fallen during the night. But the same cause which produced this beautiful effect, prevented me from committing to paper what I beheld; the cold was so intense that, after several ineffectual attempts to hold the pencil, I was fain to desist, and made the best of my way back to our *casa de pupilos*, where I found my fellow traveller still enjoying the sweets of slumber.

This sudden change of climate, the consequence of the vicinity of a high range of hills, strongly reminded me of the variations I had

so often experienced in the thermometer in India, from the same cause, which is much more perceptible than the influence the latitude of a place has on its temperature, varying from the excess of heat to extreme cold, at the pleasure of the weathercock, or rather, of its director, the wind. I had seen the ground covered with snow in the vicinity of London this time last year, little anticipating then a renewal of the sight in the most southerly extremity of Europe. On my way back, I was again reminded of England, but in this case by contrast, not analogy. On seeing the clumsy vehicle which here does duty for the stage-coach, start for its destination, Malaga, I was reminded of the description of travelling by Fielding and Smollett, when a journey from York to London occupied fifteen or twenty days, and a person never undertook so perilous an adventure without previously making his will.

Here the "Noah's Ark" looking machine, called "la galera," propelled by seven mules,

well shaven, tackled with ropes, and adorned with bells, rolled and tolled through the streets amidst the most deafening clamour of screeches from coachee, cracking of whips, and the rumbling noise of the vehicle itself, which seemed to prognosticate an earthquake, and convinced me that, with all his grandiloquence, Don Spaniard is at least 300 years behind his neighbours in the point of civilization. But until they have roads and canals, they cannot have steamers and carriages, commerce and ready communication.

On reaching home, the weather was so dismal and overclouded, that I made up my mind for a day of rain; but, scarcely had we finished our chocolate, when it commenced *snowing*, and continued so the whole morning. Nobody can picture the wretchedness of a Spanish house on such a day—no fire-place to afford its friendly protection—no curtains to draw close and shut out the chilling blast, or as chilling look of the gloomy sky. We had nothing left but our beds, or our boat-cloaks.

I wrapped myself in my “capa,” and went on a voyage of discovery to the kitchen, where I concluded there must be fires of some sort or other; nor was I mistaken, for crowded around the *brasero*, or large brass basin, filled with glowing charcoal, were congregated the whole household, not even excepting the cats, who, in the Grenada full dress of the feline species, were enjoying the genial glow “sans” ears and tails, such appendages being strictly forbidden to all Christian cats within the limits of the city. I tried, but without success, to find out the origin of this docking and cropping system ; all the information the señorita of the casa, beside whom I had seated myself, could give me on the subject was, that it was “la moda de los gatos,” and with that I was obliged to be satisfied.

During the morning “converazione,” I should say “tertullia,” I was much edified by the various occupations of the company. The “ama,” or mistress of the house, was busily engaged in plucking a fowl, in whose fate I

was too much interested to interrupt her. Mine host and the “militar” were assiduously puffing cigars; the estudiantes were yawning over their books; and I was trying, with the assistance of the señorita, who by the bye was a very ugly walking dictionary, to wade through some of the “Conversazione Mala-gueñas,” a clever book, which I was scanning through, before I returned to Malaga, the localities of which it describes.

Thus passed our forenoon; and when the fowl had been duly plucked, cut up, and stewed, in short, when the feeding hour again approached, I roused up my friend, who had soundly slept through rain, snow, and cold, nor had his protracted slumbers the least effect in diminishing his appetite. After dinner, I suggested a glass of hot grog as a substitute for fire. This was carried *nem. con.*, and old Dolores was forthwith despatched for a bottle of rum, spices, and other ingredients, for in a Spanish house is never to be found anything but what is required for the daily

consumption; thus, if you finish your half-bottle of wine sooner than usual, the wine-shop, not the cellar, is had recourse to for a renewal of the supply.

Just as we had concocted all the materials for a good glass of grog, young Roblez and Ordoñiez came in, muffled up in their cloaks. I cannot here help remarking what a convenient article of dress is the "capa," and what a multitude of sins it must occasionally cover. Every Spaniard is provided with one, and seldom ventures out of doors without it. And when he is "embozado," literally, "muffled," it has an extremely graceful effect. The cloak is very capacious, generally a complete circle, handsomely lined with crimson velvet, which appears on the end being negligently thrown over the left shoulder, in a manner peculiar to Spain. In fact, a stranger might as well try to adjust the "capa" like a Spaniard, as an English girl to play with the fan as it is used by the dark-eyed señorita. And the "capa" and "abaneco" are as truly

natives of Iberia, as “roast beef” and “soupe maigre” may be said to be indigenous to England and France.

Friday, 23rd March.—Rodriguez came for us in the morning to accompany us to the Cartuja, a convent that had once been occupied by Carthusian friars, about a mile out of the town. On our way thither we passed through the *Plaza de Trionfo*, a fine, extensive square, or rather, open space of ground, where a pillar marks the spot on which Boabdil signed the capitulation delivering over his states to the victorious arms of Ferdinand and Isabella—a proud spot for a Spaniard; and little have they of the kind to be proud of now-a-days! On one side of the square is a building appropriated to maniacs: we went through this melancholy refuge of the wreck of man’s noblest ornament—the mind, and saw madness in every shape and under the most revolting forms, either stretched in naked helplessness and idiotey on its straw pallet, or raving with impotent fury against

the bars of the cells in which many had to be shut up like wild beasts.

Amongst others, there was one whose insanity was occasioned by the nature of the times; it was political. He began quietly humming a constitutional tune, till at last, working himself into a state of terrific excitement, in the midst of the most horrible yells and *vivas* for the queen and constitution, he denounced, in the bitterest terms, and often in eloquent language, the wrath of Heaven on the "traitor" (Don Carlos) and all his followers. Nor was it to be wondered at: his family and property had been by them destroyed in a most wanton manner, and himself reduced to the wretched state in which we beheld him—one of the sad effects of civil war!

The number of the unfortunate inmates of the establishment consisted of eighteen women and thirty-two men. The more tractable of both sexes were allowed to take exercise in separate yards appropriated for the purpose: after visiting that occupied by the men, we

were returning through a second enclosure, where I saw three women seated at their needlework; one of them young, pretty, and interesting. Imagining, as a matter of course, that all the inmates of this melancholy mansion must be there from the same cause, I remarked aloud, what a pity it was such a pretty creature should be in that wretched state. On this I saw a sly smile on her face; but I was full of Harley's visit to Bedlam, and my companions were sympathizing with me on her fate, when our conductor came up and assured us that the ladies in question were all perfectly right in their minds, and were only there enjoying the sunshine, *por gusto*. My apologies to the fair maniac instantly followed, and were readily admitted; particularly when I added that, mad, or otherwise, I should not in the least fear or object to being shut up in the same cage with her. We left without regret the Casa de los Locos, and made the best of our way to the Cartuja.

It is indeed a magnificent structure, though

fast falling to decay, as it belongs now to a private person, who, on the abolition of the order of friars, bought the whole of the buildings, together with the estate on which it stands, for the small sum of 15,000*l.* The domains, about three miles in circumference, are plentifully stocked with olive, vines, figs, and are said to produce abundant crops. The chapel is one of the most magnificent edifices I ever beheld, and was decorated with paintings of Caño, Murillo, and other great masters, which have been lately sold to the English government. The only pictures now remaining are those which were executed by the friars, whose number never exceeded twelve, every one of whom had his own apartment, with a small garden attached to it; and, with the splendid revenues of the place, they are said to have lived in a most sumptuous manner; but to what advantage, except to their own bloated selves, remains to be found out. The suppression of these drones in the hive of society appears to have given universal satisfac-

tion to all those who are at the trouble to reflect on their perfect uselessness.

Rodriguez was very severe on them, and pointed out the small number who thus enjoyed such immense revenues, and a life of idleness and profusion. He said bitterly—“*Que jaula muy grande, para tan pocos pájaros!*”—What a large cage for so few birds! I cannot quit the Cartuja without noticing the very fine statue of San Bruno, the patron saint of the Carthusians, done by Caño, and which adorns the entrance at the head of the grand staircase leading to the chapel.

Saturday, 24th March.—I got up early, and took a sketch of the Alhambra from the banks of the Daro, but was glad to close my book as soon as possible, the morning being so bitterly cold. The hoar frost was evident on the plants, and I felt it as chilly as I ever experienced at the same time of the year in England. On my way home, I had the satisfaction of having my note-book purloined, a sure sign of the march of intellect and civilization. I, how-

ever, consoled myself with the thief having missed the best part of his prey, as my watch was in the same pocket, under the memorandum book.

After breakfast, Z—— and myself went to visit the cathedral, which is very grand; but as there are many equally so, I shall forbear saying anything more about it than that it contains several valuable pictures, said to be by Murillo, and that in the vaults underneath quietly repose the remains of the conquerors of Grenada—Ferdinand and Isabella. I again found my way to my old resort, the Alhambra, and accidentally was informed that Mateo Ximenes, the hero of Washington Irving's story, was at that moment in durance vile in the city jail for a murder in which he had been concerned. I had read Irving's work with too much interest to have forgotten the other characters he mentions, and particularly his hostess and her niece, the pretty Dolores; and the old peasant with whom I had formed an acquaintance offered to conduct me to their abode.

I accompanied him there, and found that Washington Irving had done no more than justice to his little heroine; her eyes were as brilliant as he described them, though some allowance must be made between the girl of sixteen and the now full-grown woman of four or five and twenty, with a fine child in her arms. The old "Tia Antonia" appeared the very same as in his description of her. I introduced myself to Dolores by saying that I had heard of her beauty whilst in England, that it was now known all over the world, and her brilliant eyes, so eloquently described by Señor Irving, proved to me that I could not be mistaken in her identity. She at first did not remember the name; but, when I mentioned the story of the turtle-dove, she recollect ed him perfectly. The little lady appeared delighted at the idea of her charms being the theme of such universal admiration, and was proportionably civil. She shewed me all over the house, took me into the garden, gave me a pretty bouquet, some fruit and wine, and appeared quite indignant when I

offered payment for the same; and I took my leave, with the promise of coming to see them whenever I visited the Alhambra.* She pointed out the spot, marked by a wooden cross nailed against the wall, nearly opposite to the house, where Mateo Ximenes and his son, in a drunken broil, killed a soldier in the preceding month of July; and for which she said they were likely to be sentenced to four years' work at the galleys.

With my friend I paid a visit to Mr. Mateo

* The seat of government of the Moorish kingdom of Cordova was transferred, in A.D. 1013, to Grenada by Almanzor. In the middle of the eleventh century, this part of Spain being overrun by the Moorish Saracens, or Moghrabees, of Western Barbary, Grenada was taken possession of by Yusuf (Joseph), King of Morocco.

In A.D. 1232, Mahomed Abu Alamar established a new dynasty; commenced the foundation of the Alhambra in A.D. 1250; was shortly afterwards attacked by Ferdinand the Saint, to whom he was forced to do homage. His successors were Mahomed the Second, Mahomed the Third, Almassor, and Ismael.

In 1482, the reigning Moorish sovereign of Grenada—Albohnasan, declared war against Ferdinand and Isa-

in prison. On inquiring for him, we were immediately admitted; and the rascal appeared accustomed to such visitors; for he came up, shook hands with us in the most cordial manner, made very light of the matter for which he was confined, and said he hoped that when we next came to Grenada, he should be able to act as our guide through the place. We took our leave, after giving him a trifle, though, I must confess, not very much prepossessed in his favour.

bella. He was, however, shortly afterwards deposed by his subjects, and succeeded by Abu Abdeli, commonly known as Boabdil el Chico. It was under this prince that occurred the famous siege of Grenada, described in Gonzalo de Cordova, during which took place the massacre of the Abencerrages in the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra. It terminated by the triumphal entry of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was the prelude to the total overthrow of the Moorish power in Spain.

That sad specimen of bad taste, the palace of Charles the Fifth in the Alhambra, was commenced in 1537 by his order, under the direction of the celebrated Alonzo Berruguete, to this day remains unfinished, and will in all probability never be completed.

In the evening, we accompanied our Mentor, Roblez, to a *tertullia*, or conversazione, which was to take place at the house of one of his friends, a Colonel Maury. As this was the first thing of the kind we had ever witnessed, our anxiety was a good deal excited, but woefully disappointed were we in the turn-out. We went into a room badly lit and worse furnished, where, around a *brasero*, or large brass basin, containing charcoal, were some half dozen old women, and as many gentlemen, the latter rolled up in their cloaks, and smoking in the most inveterate manner ; between the puffs they would occasionally address their neighbour, spit, and puff again ; and thus passed the evening. There was but one decent-looking girl in the party, the daughter of our host, a pretty, lively-looking, little *blonde*, more like a Dutch doll than a dark-eyed Andalusian. The fair Manuela's attention appeared, however, so completely taken up with a favourite cat, closely docked and cropped, that I was obliged to give up all idea of getting her into

conversation. We sat till about ten o'clock, without even so much as a glass of water to wash down the few sayings which were uttered, and took our leave, agreeing that the Spaniards were a very sober people, and determined that their guests should be equally so.

Sunday, 25th March.—The Spanish estates of the Duke of Wellington, conferred on him by that government, are in the neighbourhood of Grenada, situated in the *vega*, about eight miles from the city. We could not think of leaving this part of the world without performing a pilgrimage to the spot bequeathed as a token of gratitude by Spain, to their deliverer from French bondage. We accordingly started after breakfast, struck into the *vega*, and skirting on our right the “*Sierra de Alvira*,” we cantered along a good road, in the midst of the most luxuriant cultivation of corn and barley. But, though rich in the extreme, there was a sameness about it, owing to the prospect not being broken by either enclosures or trees of any kind. Still there

was beauty in the scene; an unbounded ocean of verdure waving in the serene air of a fine spring morning, with an unclouded sky over head, made the distance appear short, and a little more than an hour brought us to what had once been the fine avenue of elms leading to the entrance of the "Sota de Roma." But everything bore the marks of decay and neglect, and the interior of the house looked so little inviting that we did not even dismount to have a more minute inspection. The fact is, the agent of the duke is at Madrid, the sub-agent living in Grenada; between the two, the tenants are ground to death, the place neglected, and his grace does not probably receive one tenth of the produce, which, if properly managed, would afford a princely revenue, the estate being five or six miles in length, and three in breadth, of the richest land, and well watered. The duke, from his Tory, which are here identified with Carlist principles, appears to be anything but a favourite, and his present political opinions

seem to have drowned the remembrance of his former invaluable services : such is gratitude, pretty much the same in nations as in individuals !

To vary our route, we returned by the town of Santa Fé, celebrated as the spot where stood the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella during the siege of Grenada, and which was converted by them into the present town, to prove their determination of not leaving the spot until they had accomplished their object. Santa Fé is also known in history as the place where the messengers of Isabella overtook and recalled Columbus to her presence, when he was about to leave Spain in disgust at his proposals for the discovery of America being so long overlooked and neglected. We saw nothing to detain us here beyond reminiscences ; after having indulged in which, we put spurs to our steeds, and reached our abode at the “casa de pupilos” in the afternoon.

That evening, we went to a *tertulia* at Col. Maury's, the governor of the prison,

and out of compliment to us he had a grand display of punch, wine, and cake—a thing very unusual in Spain. But the guests appeared to get into English habits with great facility, did ample justice to the *ponche*, and, with the help of a guitar, touched by the pretty Manuela Maury, and the amusing sallies of an old lady who had travelled a great deal, the evening passed off very pleasantly.

Wednesday, March 28th, we mounted our mules, and, bidding adieu to our friends at the “casa de pupilos,” we, under the direction of our good friend Lance, the arriero, commenced our journey back to Malaga, where we arrived on Friday, the 30th. As we were late for the steamer, Lance provided us with a couple of *Rosinantes*, at the rate of ten dollars each, together with a guide to take us by land to Gibraltar, a distance of three days' march.

Daylight had not appeared on the morning of the 2nd of April, when we took our

departure. Never were two knights errant mounted on more sorry nags, or attended by a more drunken squire. My charger was the celebrated *pintado*, or piebald, (before honourably mentioned.) My friend bestrode a mule, the most obstinate of its species; and our attendant, Mr. Pedro, was on foot, and quite drunk at starting. With this unpropitious commencement, we wended our way across the plain lying between Malaga and the mountains to the westward, which we soon entered, after ferrying across a river. It was here that Mr. Pedro, after several ineffectual attempts to be taken in *tow* by laying hold of my horse's tail, and then trying to assume a position *en croupe*, neither of which proceedings met with my approbation, thought fit to drop in the rear and relieve us of his drunken presence, of which we were both heartily tired.

After crossing the river, (the same I had passed higher up, on my way to Cartama,) we soon left the cultivated country, and, entering the mountains, halted at a neat little

village, about twelve miles from Malaga, but of which I forget the name, and made a good breakfast of chocolate, eggs, and milk.

On leaving the village, we descended for a considerable distance by the most execrable roads till we gained the sea-shore, along which our route now principally lay, and a more tedious day's march I never remember; toiling along on heavy sands, with jaded brutes that neither whip nor spur could urge into anything beyond a walk; and thus for nine long leagues we continued to labour on. For full three hours before we reached it, the town of Marbella was in view; and, as we urged our tired animals over the soft sands, it appeared to recede as we approached it.

After the first four or five leagues, at the different bays which we passed, we observed remains of walls and buildings, probably like Carteia in the bay of Gibraltar—Carthaginian remnants—as that enterprising people had settlements along the whole of this coast for

the tunny fishery. These ruins we particularly remarked at a small fishing-place, called the Fareola, about half way between Marbella and Malaga; and on every promontory was a building not unlike the Martello towers on the coast of England.

On our way along the beach, we passed the remains of a wreck. A couple of boats dragged up on the shore, and two tents made of the sails, sheltered nine or ten men, who were all fast asleep, and whose appearance not being the most prepossessing, we took care not to awake them, as we felt that, in case they might feel inclined to form an acquaintance with our purses, neither ourselves nor steeds were in a condition to wage battle.

Marbella appears to be a place of little importance; and, since the establishment of the steamer between Gibraltar and Malaga, is nearly deserted. It has, however, some iron mines, with which it supplies the foundry at Malaga, and which I went to see the morning

after our arrival (April 3rd) before breakfast. The mines are about three miles from the town, near the summit of the barren hills which overlook it. I was astonished with the ease with which the ore is procured, it being almost on the surface of the ground. About 500 donkey loads are daily sent to a smelting furnace near the town. The ore is here converted into pigs, and is then shipped for the "martinete," or foundry, at Malaga.

The whole of the neighbouring hills are said to abound with iron, but are not worked, for what reason I cannot say, as no outlay of capital would be requisite, from the ore being so easily come at.

Our next day's march was to Estepona, five leagues, which we reached early; not, however, before we were thoroughly wet through, the rain falling in torrents the greater part of the way. In consequence of not having any dry things, we went to bed on arriving at the "posada," hung up our clothes

round a *brasero*, and passed our time we best could until they were dry and dinner ready; after which I strolled out, could see nothing save a few fishing-boat smugglers, who carry on a good deal of business with this place from Gibraltar. We found our guide, Mr. Pedro, very troublesome, and constantly intoxicated, and I was obliged to kick him out of the room, where he had to come and seat himself down with greatest *nonchalance*. This free and easy manner is very common among the lower classes of Spaniards. Whilst at dinner, or breakfast, we have often had a visit from some dozen ruffians, who, in the most unconcerned manner in the world, seat themselves on chairs or bed, smoke their stinking pipes, and look on as if they were witnessing the feeding of wild beasts; and these gentlemen always appeared much surprised when I told them, very civilly, that there was plenty of room for them in the street.

April 4th, Estepona.

Mr. Pedro, notwithstanding the rain, at last became so urgent for our departure, that about ten, boot and saddle was the order of the day. Lest we should give him the slip, and get into Gibraltar without discharging our debt, he had taken the precaution of providing himself with a horse and attendant, was not quite as drunk as usual, and looked quite *grand* and majestic. I took care to sling a bottle of rum to the saddle-bow, and during the day it proved of the greatest use, as we were drenched through a dozen times. We could see Gibraltar during the greater part of the day's march, which was principally through the hills, as we struck off from the sea-shore shortly after leaving Estepona, and great was our rejoicing when we got to the bottom of the hill, where is placed the Queen of Spain's chair, about four miles from the rock. This is a small round tower, on which is a seat, where it is said that, during one of the sieges, her Majesty placed herself, making a vow that she would

not rise until she saw the English colours struck. However, as her stay began to be uncomfortably long, it is said that the English commandant (who had been made acquainted with the circumstance) was gallant enough to lower his colours for a few minutes, in order that she might escape with a clear conscience from her rash vow.

This was an unpropitious day for my charger, the *pintado*; he rolled down one hill, and just before reaching the neutral ground, got into a quick-sand, from which I had a great deal of difficulty in extricating him. Luckily for me, he floundered into it so violently that I was thrown over his head, and got off with being covered with dirt. However, both my friend and myself were (particularly after the repeated drenchings we had endured) anything but respectable figures to look at; and I much doubt if Don Quixote and his faithful squire ever returned from an expedition in a more sorry plight. I was mounted on the piebald, who began to be quite done up.

My old regimental blue coat had lost a shoulder-strap during one of the falls on the march; my trowsers, which I had had the precaution of having strengthened with leather, so as scarcely to leave sight of the original cloth, were nearly shrunk up to my knees after becoming dry;—the straps had given way, my boots were filled with water, and my goodly person covered with sand and mud, the fruits of the last misfortune.

My friend did not make a much more brilliant figure. He had on a broad-brimmed hat, which had been moistened into all manner of shapes; an old shooting-jacket, of Heaven knows what colour; his breeches were torn and ragged; he had a rusty spur on his lardboard heel; round his loins was girded a belt, from which depended a sword in a marvellously foul scabbard, and he was perched on the top of a tall starved beast of a mule on a mountain of pack-saddle. To complete the picture, Mr. Pedro, who was now, thanks to the rum-bottle and an occasional halt at an

aguardiente shed, in a glorious state of elevation, bestrode his beast like another Bacchus, while his attendant, mounted behind him, was doing all in his power to keep him from falling off.

Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that, on meeting near the gates with some of our brother officers, we were received with shouts. They turned back with us, and escorted us through the town, to the astonishment of the wondering inhabitants, till we reached our quarters, when thus ended our trip to Grenada.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Excursion to the Long Stables and Almoralma—Armed party—Derivation of the appellation of “Long Stables,” or “Venta del Agualcahijo”—The beach—Sandhills—The one-legged beggar—Fishermen—Spanish race-course—Campamento—The “Muchachos” at St. Roque—The English denominated “Johnnys”—Mr. Plantain—The Almendral—The “Pinales,” or Pine Wood—View from thence—The Chaparros, or Cork Wood—The “Sota” and Pass of Aberfoil—Richness of vegetation—Casual rencon-tres—The Venta del Agualcahijo—Its accommoda-tion—The “Comedor”—Juana, the acting hostler—The “Ama”—Preparation for the feast—The Con-trabandistas and game-keepers—Savoury dishes—The “Corso”—The Almoralma—The Padre—Acci-dent—Return to Gibraltar—State of the weather.

Gibraltar, 11th May, 1838.

I HAVE been taking lately a few excursions, as acting cicerone to a friend, who is on a visit to one of my brother officers, and an honorary member of our mess.

We were on the point the other day of embarking in a small open boat which he has here, and of running over to the foot of Apes' hill, but were so positively assured by every body that if we escaped being *walked off* with by the current of the Straits, we should certainly be murdered by the wild Berbers who inhabit that inhospitable region, that we, I think very wisely, gave up the attempt, and have hitherto contented ourselves with sundry *forays* into Spain, the last of which was to the “Long Stables” and Cork Convent.

A party of four or five, including myself, started (well armed, as we always do on these occasions,) immediately after breakfast, and had already passed the sentries at the Spanish lines ere we made up our minds whither to bend our steps. We at last decided that the expedition should on that day extend to the “Long Stables”—a name given by the English to a solitary venta situated in the very depths of the Cork wood, on the road between Alge-

siras and Ymena, and about fourteen miles from the Rock.

As entertainment for man and horse, in the shape of barley for the quadrupeds, and eggs and bacon, a "gaspachio," or an "olio," for the bipeds, are always procurable here, together with lots of "aguardiente" and "vino," both "seco" and "dulce," it is frequently made a halting place for parties from the garrison, who may be lionizing in the Cork wood. The proper name of the place in Spanish is the "Venta del Agualcahijo," and being the general resting-place of the numerous smugglers who ply between the coast and the mountains, is provided with a long range of stabling for their mules and horses, from whence it derives the name by which it is generally known in the garrison.

The "Champs Elysées" of Gibraltar—viz. the beach—where all the idleness, fashion, and beauty of the "Plaza" so frequently take their evening ride or drive, was, on the morning in question, in a very unfavourable state for the

impatience of ourselves and of our gallant little steeds; for the tide being up, had completely covered the hard and firm space of wet sand along which we had so often *breathed* our nags, and the waves worked up to the margin of the sand-hills, along the base of whose soft and moving surface we were fain to creep at a snail's pace, our horses at every step sinking above the fetlock. This, however, gave us ample opportunities of contemplating all the beauties of nature which were spread out in such profusion before us.

Leaving the ruins of Fort St. Filipe on our left, and after some of the party had taken advantage to light their cigars by the slow match, in the shape of a piece of burning rope, held by the poor one-legged beggar who is invariably, be it hot or cold, wet or dry, to be found at this spot, we painfully toiled along through the deep sand, diverging occasionally from our course to avoid the distended lines with which the fishermen were drawing in to the shore their heavily laden nets, some of

whose glittering and scaly captives were already in large heaps, quivering and sparkling in the morning sun, in the last agonies of approaching dissolution.

Our stranger-friend, who beheld for the first time the scene before him, was much struck by its beauties, on which he was still descanting when we arrived at that part of the shore from whence diverges the very excellent road leading to San Roque. Nor was I sorry when the flower-enamelled* turf of the Spanish race-course enabled us to indulge our little spirited Andalusians in a half-mile gallop, till we reached the village of "Campamento," which we were fain to traverse at a more sober pace, to avoid, if possible, the insults awaiting us from the noisy curs with which this place is infested, and which appear to know by instinct the very sound of an Englishman's horse's hoofs.

* At this time of the year, the plains near Gibraltar present a most peculiar appearance; from being so completely covered with a dark blue flower, they have a most "heavenly" look.

It had been our original intention to have followed the “lower road,” along the seaside to the Guadranque, or “first river,” but the bad state of the beach induced us to change our plan of operations and proceed by that of San Roque.

If at Campamiento we had been annoyed by the unruly curs; at San Roque we were no less so by the clamours of the many idle young urchins lounging about at the entrance of the town, and who, addressing us as “Johnny,” were very officious in offering their services to hold our horses, should we feel desirous of refreshing ourselves at the neighbouring wine-house; we, however, not requiring their assistance, at last made our escape from them.

“Johnny” is, in this part of the country, the national appellation of an Englishman by the lower orders of Spaniards, when unacquainted with your own particular denomination. For some cause which I have never yet been able to learn, I always go at San Roque by the name of “Mr. Plantain;” and on this

occasion it afforded lots of amusement and abundant scope for the wit of our party to bear me so called. Amongst other cogent reasons alleged by them for the "soubriquet" was, that the young imps concluded immediately, from my mahogany countenance, that I was an old Indian, and therefore gave me what was, in their opinion, the most appropriate cognomen to designate such. However, it amused me as much as the rest, and we were still cracking our jokes on the subject, when, leaving the garden-covered hills of the Almendral behind us, with the orange-groves at its base, and emerging from amidst the hedges of tall, sugar-cane-like reeds, aloes, and prickly pear, through which winded our now rugged path, we surmounted the palmitto-crowned ascent on the opposite side of the valley, and came in sight of the Pine wood and the magnificent view displayed beyond it; the eye taking in at one glance the dark extent of the boundless cork forest, the white spires

of the convent, and the Moorish tower of the Almoraíma peering through the dark masses of its foliage, whilst the turreted heights of Castellar, the far mountains of Gaucin, and the still more faintly-seen outline of those of Ronda, form the background of a picture, which, though I have so often admired, I look on every time I behold it with fresh emotions of delight.

But the sun was already high in the heavens, and his scorching beams warned us to continue our "camino," as we were still seven good miles from the "Long Stables," and on the road were to be seen many equally beautiful points of view.

About a mile or two after leaving the "Pinales," passing a little ventorillo, near the banks of a clear rivulet, (by the bye, the last place of "refreshment" to be met with,) you enter the precincts of the eternal forest of the "Bosco de los Chaparros," a scene worthy of the adventures of Gil Blas, and one which

has no doubt witnessed many an occurrence similar to those so well related in the pages of the French author.

After penetrating the "brown horrors" of the wood for a couple of miles, the path ascends a rapid acclivity, and then runs along the side of a steep hill, crowned with flowery shrubs, and terminating a deep valley called the "Sota," or marsh, thickly wooded with noble oaks, and running from east to west through the whole forest, until it terminates at the Guadranque river.

From an alleged resemblance to a similar locality described in one of the Waverley novels, this is called (in the garrison,) the "Pass of Aberfoil," if indeed so beautiful a spot can exist in the inhospitable regions of the North. The beauty of the landscape is greatly enhanced by the luxuriance of the vegetation in the valley below, which, amply supplied with water, shews what nature can do in this genial climate. I said that it was thickly clothed with magnificent oaks, but

having a totally different appearance from the same noble tree in our parks and forests at home. Here, as seen from above, the whole "Sota" presents the appearance of one mass of uninterrupted verdure; the trees being embowered and united overhead by the greatest variety of leaves and creepers, which, revelling in the richness of the soil, spread abroad in every direction their clinging tendrils, and particularly the wild vine, form overhead a canopy totally impervious to the rays of the noonday sun.

With all its beauties, the "Sota" is the great enemy of the sporting characters of the garrison, and many a run of the "Calpe hounds" have I seen spoiled by the, in many places, impassable nature of its dark and deep morasses.

Leaving it with reluctance behind, we emerged from the "Pass of Aberfoil," and cantering gaily, in "single files," along the narrow and often broken pathway,—with a flying "Vaya usted con Dios" to the passing

carbonero or contrabandista, who was either urging forward his heavily-laden "bourros," or indolently smoking his "papelito,"* on the sure-footed mule,—we soon broke "covert," and emerged into the small cultivated plain, which, like an islet in the broad ocean, is everywhere surrounded by dark foliage, and commanded at its further extremity by the place we were in quest of—the "Venta del Agualcabijo."

I have already said, that it receives the name of "Long Stables," from the extensive accommodation of that nature which it affords to the cattle of the numerous contrabandistas, who are its usual temporary guests.

I understand it is a fac-simile of every other Spanish house of entertainment of the same class in the south of Spain; and if so, "mine hosts of Andalusia," in their internal arrangements, certainly pay more attention to con-

* A cigar made of tobacco rolled up in paper, so called in contradistinction to the "purito," or regular cigar, made of tobacco alone.

venience than to elegance, comfort, or cleanliness.

Galloping up the slight acclivity on which the venta stands, and without dismounting, we entered its capacious porch, and found ourselves *installed* at once in stable, parlour, and kitchen.

On the left, as you enter, is a space, with a manger running along on each side until it disappears in the dim perspective of distant darkness, and where fifty or sixty horses or mules might with ease be accommodated; whilst on the right-hand side is the “comedor,” or eating apartment, with a huge fragment of the trunk of a cork-tree placed in the midst of the room, and doing duty for a table, round which are ranged low stools in lieu of chairs. In the far corner of this elegant “*salle à manger*” is an immense fire-place, like those so frequently seen in old English mansions, with a sort of projecting roof, under which, on each side of the fire, are benches for such as desire heat, in spite of smoke, whose frequent

escape from below is manifest by the black and sooty appearance of the rude and massive rafters overhead.

Our first proceeding on entering, was, each to ride direct to the post intended to be occupied by our respective horses, and after loosening the girths and unbridling them, (for here no ready hostler is at hand to perform these little offices,) to call in Stentorian tones for the "mozo," or garçon. However, neither mine host Estefano nor the mozo made his appearance, and our summons was at last answered by—I cannot say, either the fair, the clean, or the pretty Juana—but by the young lady answering to that appellation, and who here performed the office of cook and scullion, no chambermaid being luckily required at an inn where the only beds consisted in the "capa" (cloak) of the traveller, which, spread on the hard mud floor, with his saddle for a pillow, serves to rest his weary frame.

Juana informed us that her master Estefano had been very ill with ague, had gone to Ymena

for change of air, that the mozo was absent on some errand, her mistress busily employed in preparing “a comer” for some caballeros, and that she would herself bring the “paja y cebada,” or, as she pronounced it in her Andalusian accent, “cebāā,”* the straw and barley for our panting steeds.

After seeing this properly executed, (there is nothing shews the old traveller so much as taking care of his horse,) having installed our party in the above-mentioned comedor, and duly saluted, *en passant*, the “caballeros,” who were in the shape of three swarthy contrabandistas, inhaling the fumes of their “papelitos,” I proceeded to the sanctum, where mine hostess the “ama”† was exercising the mysteries of her vocation.

The reader may perhaps feel inquisitive to ascertain what business I could possibly have

* The *patois* spoken in Andalusia is proverbial, and is called the “Lengua Cortada,” or “clipped tongue,” from an universal practice of dispensing with the last syllable of the word.

† The mistress, or hostess.

with a lady then deeply engaged in that branch of study so elaborately elucidated by Mrs. Glass; but be it known to him, that the worthy “ama” of the *Venta del Agualcahijo* and myself were great allies, and I went to use my influence in trying to persuade her to give us a most undeniable specimen of Spanish cookery, and not to be sparing in the use either of “acho” (garlic) or oil in the dishes I bespoke, as there was with us “un Inglez nuevo,” (a new Englishman,) whom I wished to impress with a favourable opinion of the culinary art in Spain.

“No tenga usted Cuidad,” replied she; and begging her to expedite her movements as much as possible, I rejoined the party in the “comedor,” which was now increased by a couple of bandit-looking characters, armed with “escopeta” y “cuchillo,” (gun and knife,) but whose broad brass badges marked them as gamekeepers of the Marquis of Moscoso, the lord of Castellar, and owner of the surrounding hills and forests.

In the meantime, the dinner of the "contrabandistas" was put on the corkwood block: it consisted of a savoury mess of garbanzos and lard, fried in oil, placed in a huge wooden bowl, and of which our new acquaintances courteously invited both ourselves and the gamekeepers to partake; we accordingly drew the stools and pieces of cork (which were acting as supernumeraries) towards the primitive table, and were soon engaged in a repast which would have afforded a capital subject for a painter. One or two wooden spoons were forthcoming, but those to whose lot they did not fall appeared no way taken aback; a ready substitute being found in the fingers and a slice of bread.*

We called for "vino," our friends for "aguardiente."† By the time the "olio" was con-

* This general custom of making use of their fingers amongst the lower orders of Andalusia may be a remains of Moorish habits; the Orientals never employing knife or fork at their meals.

† A strong spirit, impregnated with aniseed, and which, when mixed with water, assumes the appearance of milk.

cluded, our dinner made its appearance, in the shape of abundance of fried eggs and bacon, swimming in oceans of oil, and backed by a "gaspachio," than which, our hostess assured us, we could not have a more national dish to present to the "caballero nuevo," who, however reluctantly, was obliged to partake of everything on the table, as we assured him that by not doing so he would give mortal offence.

In the course of conversation, one of the gamekeepers happening to mention that he had brought in a "corso," it was immediately produced, and turned out to be a fine roe deer, for which one of my companions immediately struck a bargain for a couple of dollars, and, swearing us to secrecy, strapped it on in front of his saddle, in order to take it back to the garrison as the produce of his own rifle.

How long we might have kept up this jovial party is uncertain, had I not reminded our "compañeros" that, if we intended to

visit the convent on our way back, we had no time to lose.

We accordingly paid the reckoning, and giving our Spanish friends the whole stock of "puritos" we had with us, and a hearty shake of the hand, mounted our steeds, and soon found ourselves at the gate of the Almoraïma, or Convent of the Cork wood.

The old Padre was much disappointed when he heard that we had already dined at the "Long Stables;" however, after he had taken us round the chapel, cells, etc., he brought us to the refectory, where, on a clean table-cloth, was displayed some dried figs and raisins, together with a couple of bottles of wine, which he pronounced to be "muy particolar," and which, to the sorrow of some of the party, we were induced to try.

We made the best of our way back, and reached the gates barely in time to avoid being shut out for the night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ramble amongst the scenes beyond Algesiras—Fort San Felipe—Its present dismantled state—Carteia—Its antiquity—Remains of the Amphitheatre—The Tharshish of Solomon—Occupied by the Carthaginians'—and Romans—Ancient coins—Gothic watch-tower—The Guadranque—Derivation of the name of Algesiras—The Isla Verde—Modern town—Balconies and iron bars—Spanish ladies—The Siesta—Town of Algesiras—The Campo Santo—The aqueduct—The Baranco—Mountain stream—Variety of plants—The Molino de San Bernardo—The Miller's family—Cigars—Return to Algesiras—Artillery of the eyes from the balconies—Female partiality to strangers—The Andalusian maid.

Gibraltar, May 15, 1838.

ALGESIRAS is the most considerable town between this and Cadiz, and, when the tide is low, a trip there affords a pleasant ride of nine

or ten miles along the beach,* in the course of which several interesting objects are passed. First, about two miles from the Bayside Barrier we come to the ruins of Fort San Felipe, which, during the siege, did such execution on the garrison. I believe it was reduced to its present state by us, with the consent of the Spanish government, lest it should afford a point of occupation to the French. Within twenty-four hours after the order had been given for its destruction, with such alacrity was it carried into effect, that it was, from a strong battery, reduced to its present state—a heap of ruins. The next day, a counter order arrived from Madrid, annulling the previous consent to its demolition, but the deed had been already done, and irremediably so, as of course the British government will

* The distance across by water is about five miles; matches have at different times, and with various success, been made by a boat's crew, to pull across, against a man riding along the beach, from Gibraltar to Algesiras.

never again suffer its re-construction, under the very guns of our rocky fortress.

A couple of miles from Fort San Felipe, still continuing along the beach, brings you to a small fishing village, which generally goes in the garrison by the name of Carteia, although the site of that ancient city is on a hill a little further forward, and to which a road leads, over a Moorish bridge, crossing a rivulet at a spot commonly called the Orange-grove. Diverging a little from the sea-shore as you ascend, you come to what was once the amphitheatre, the remains of which are distinctly to be traced, though much of the materials have been removed, to build the neighbouring farm-houses of Rocadillo.

The origin of Carteia is lost in the mist of ages; its foundation is attributed to the Phoenicians, who frequented these shores for commercial purposes, and to carry on the tunny fisheries. It is also supposed to have been the Tharshish of Scripture, from whence, nearly 3000 years ago, the navies of Solomon

brought "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks."* The descendants of the apes are still to be found; the ivory probably came across the Straits from Africa; the gold and silver have become scarce commodities; but the peacocks have all flitted away; and, after such a lapse of time, some change may naturally be looked for in most families.

Carteia was subsequently occupied by the Carthaginians, from whom it was wrested during, I believe, the second Punic war, by the Romans, who established here a colony, chiefly composed of the illicit offspring of the legionary soldiers by Bœotian women. Numerous Roman coins are constantly found here by the peasants, particularly after heavy falls of rain, though they are always called—as everything else is in Spain which bears the least stamp of antiquity—Moorish; and many is the copper piece of "moneta mora" I have purchased from the sun-burnt peasants of Rocabillo.

* 1 Kings, chap. x. 22.

Near the latter place is another piece of antiquity, in the shape of a massive square tower, several of which appear at intervals on the high ground near the sea, the whole way along the shore to Tarifa; they are supposed to have formerly been used as watch-towers by the Goths, previously to the invasion of Spain by Taric and his Moors, and still, unsubdued by the hand of Time, keep watch as revolving centuries pass over them.

At the distance of five miles from the garrison, you come to the Guadranque, or "Rio Primero," the first river, which it is necessary to cross in a ferry, and, on reaching the opposite bank, enter at once those extensive plains between the former and the "second," or Palmoni river, which in days of yore were the scenes of so many bloody contests between the Christians and Moors, in the numerous sieges sustained from both parties by the old town of Algesiras, and in which our own countrymen, imbued with the prevalent enthusiasm then

in vogue against the crescent, often bore a share.

The two rivers lie a couple of miles apart ; and, after ferrying across the second, a further ride of three miles brings you to the good town of Algesiras, so called from the Arabic, El Ghezirah—the island, the first Moorish settlement being on the “Isla Verde,” near the present town, whose construction is of a very recent date, the remains of the old Moorish city being a little more to the southward.

This accounts for the appearance of Algesiras differing from what we read of, in the descriptions given of Malaga, Grenada, etc., where the narrow streets and high-terraced houses are so characteristic of their Moorish origin. Still, in the broad and modern thoroughfares of Algesiras there is a foreign appearance, which at first cannot be accounted for until the eye fixes on the iron grated windows of the lower stories, and the overhanging balconies and jalousies of those above.

Algesiras is a large town, but if visited during the early part of the day, from the streets being at that hour completely deserted, has the appearance of being wholly depopulated. Even the balconies want the bright flowers which adorn them at a later hour; as the Spanish señoritas never go to exercise their fine limbs at the public walk of the Alameida, or their sparkling eyes at the "ventana," (window,) till both have been refreshed by the after-dinner siesta—the meal taking place at two, and the slumbers continuing for a couple of hours after its conclusion. Then the Spanish belle, mantilla'd and befanned, issues forth in all her splendour, and dazzles the inadvertent spectator by the lightning flashes of her "Moorish eye."

The town is situated on the side of a hill; its streets are mostly broad and clean. It contains a good barrack, a public walk, a fine square, in which is a fountain and the principal church, two good "fondas," (inns,) numerous "cafés," and, lastly, what is meat and

drink, existence and raiment, to the Spaniard, a “plaza de toros,” or arena for the bull-fights.

Nobody appearing astir in the city, we resolved to leave it for the present, and reconnoitre towards the hills, as Lieutenant Lacy wished to get a sketch of the aqueduct crossing the hollow near the town ; and leaving the latter on our left, and skirting the “campo santo,”* or burial-ground, we soon passed under one of its noble arches, close to the orange-groves, which it overlooks, and made for a yawning ravine, which indented the face of the long line of sierras arising before us at the distance of about three miles to the westward.

Nothing can be more picturesque and romantic than the scenery presented by these openings in the rocky and abrupt sierras. In Spain, wherever water is found, there is no

* The Spaniards, in the burial of their dead, use a peculiarity which I have nowhere else observed; the coffin not being deposited in the earth, but in cells constructed in the thickness of the wall which surrounds the cemetery.

lack of vegetation, and these “barancos” have generally each its tributary stream, over whose banks wave in boundless luxuriance the most beautiful shrubs, plants, and flowers, many of which, in our less favoured climate, are only to be found as inmates of the garden or hothouse : nor was the present an exception to the general rule. On entering the mouth of the gorge, the rushing sound of waters assailed our ears. Making our way through the cork and ilex trees, we soon discovered that it proceeded from a brook rolling its clear waters over shiny pebbles, and amidst huge fragments of rock, from whose interstices sprang up the gum cistus, the rhododendron, the bay-tree, and snowy laurestine, under the shade of which, some of the most beautiful specimens of bulbous plants, and in particular a great variety of the bright-coloured iris, enamelled the green carpet beneath, and agreeably broke its universally shaded tone ; whilst, in the very bed of the torrent, on every little sandy knoll, and as if in defiance of its waters

in their most angry mood, arose graceful clumps of the pink-flowered oleander.

Such were the banks of the stream along whose devious course we guided our sure-footed little Andalusians, over the rough and rock-strewn goat-path, which at last brought us in sight of a water-mill, at all times a pretty object in a landscape, but here, nestled amidst this fairy wilderness, it looked like an enchanted bower, the retired abode of content and happiness: nor did the appearance of the inmates belie these prognostics. The fat old miller, his portly consort, and their blooming daughter, all the pictures of health, hastened out to see the unusual sight of three strange "caballeros" in this lonely glen; and whilst the former, with the frank cordiality of a Spanish peasant, bade us welcome to the "Molino de San Bernardo," his wife and the "Maid of the Mill" were bustling about to get us wine and other refreshments to add to their mid-day meal, which they were just about to partake of when interrupted by our ar-

rival, and which we joined in with pleasure; we afterwards completely won the heart of the good old "molinero," by giving him a stock of Gibraltar cigars, which in Spain, owing to the duty on tobacco, are always considered rarities, and appreciated accordingly.*

We were much pleased by the intelligence he afforded us, that, further up the ravine, were often to be met with a stray roe-deer or wild boar; and as he assured us that, at a few hours' notice, we could always procure a sufficient quantity of beaters to rouse the game, we took our leave, promising in a short time to return, and have a couple of days' sport.

On our way back to Algesiras, Lieutenant Lacy found a point of view calculated for his sketch; and by the time he had completed it

* We generally took care to provide ourselves with the coarse, cheap cigars, manufactured at Gibraltar; but some of our country friends knew right well the difference of flavour between these and the milder Havannahs.

and we had reached the town, the hour of the siesta was over: whilst our horses were eating a feed of straw and barley, we strolled through the streets, and were amply repaid by the many pretty faces and figures *taking exercise* at the open windows or balconies overlooking them. Nor did we find that our glances were either taken amiss or unreturned. Women are the same all the world over,— always partial to new and foreign faces; and on the same principle that the fair English-woman smiles on the moustachioed and be-whiskered Frenchman or Pole, so does the smooth face of the British soldier often find favour in the bright eyes of Spain's dark-eyed maidens.

CHAPTER XXV.

Trip to the opposite coast of Africa—Martine—A messenger despatched to Tetuan—The "Namaz"—A Moorish beauty—Crowded quarters—Rioters in the Camp—Summary justice.

A PARTY composed of several individuals, of which the author was one, after getting clean bills of health, embarked at the Waterport Gate, and soon found themselves on board a fine Latine craft, called the "Emily;" and with a fair breeze from the north-west, got out of the bay at a little after ten, A.M., and boldly steered across Calpe's Straits,

"Surveyed the steepy shore
Where Europe and Afric on each other gaze!"

and swiftly approached the latter coast.

During the passage we were much amused by old Hadge Mahomet, a Moorish merchant in our company, who was possessed of most extensive information and a fund of anecdote, which he retailed in capital English.

After a quick and pleasant passage of five hours, during which we had run about forty miles, we came to an anchor at the mouth of the river Martine.

It was five P.M. before we got ashore on the muddy banks of the river, a little above the fort, at some buildings dignified with the name of the Custom House of Martine. Old Hadge amused us much, as we were pulling up the river, by relating that, about four years previously, an Austrian frigate had anchored off the fort, which mounts eight guns, and, after firing a great number of shots, went away without doing any further damage than killing an unfortunate donkey. It appears that the frigate afterwards sailed further down the coast, and landed at Al Arish three hundred men, who made a speedy retreat to their boats on the appearance

of a body of Arabs: here their shot broke a pitcher, which an old woman was carrying on her head from the well. In short, old Hadge appeared to hold the whole race in the most utter contempt. As we pulled up the river, we observed numerous flocks of wild fowl, and a large fish jumping out of the water fell into the boat, and was instantly despatched by the old Moor, who taking out his clasp-knife, stuck it without compunction in the back of the head.

At last, we were safely landed on “Afric’s burning shores;” and let them deny it who can, but there *is* truly magic in a name: under the opposite pillar of Hercules, we had met with the waving palm, the prickly cactus, and stately aloe plant—and although we there could behold whole ranges of snowy sierras—still all this wild and tropical scenery had not the same effect on our imaginations as at the present moment, when we found ourselves *boná fide* on the land of monsters and savages, of boundless deserts and still unknown tracts.

The costume of the inhabitants also tended to increase the effect of the scene; and as we saw approaching the stately turbaned Moor or swarthy Bedouin enveloped in his hooded “haick,” we might easily fancy ourselves in the midst of Lybian deserts, instead of being in view of our own flag, and almost within hail of thousands of fellow-countrymen.

May 19th.—“Guad” is the Moorish or Arabic for river, or valley, I am not quite sure which: thence the names Guadelquivir, Guadiana, and those of many other rivers in Spain. We landed safely on the muddy banks of the Guad-é-Martine, and made our way to the Custom-house, which, like the Seraïs in India, is an isolated building, with a square court-yard in the middle; and in this and everything else, the turbaned and bearded natives, their strong guttural pronunciation, etc., I was forcibly reminded of old times spent in Hindostan. Martine is situated about four miles from Tetuan, from which it is separated by a vast plain; and through it flow the sleepy waters

of the Guad-é-Martine. As it is necessary to obtain the Bashaw's permission for proceeding to the city, and we landed late, I easily fore-saw that we should have to take up our quarters for the night at the Custom-house.

Our first care was to inspect the state of the provisions. Old Hadge promised us a fine stew of the fish providence had sent in our way; so that with the fragments of the lunch, we were in no immediate danger of starvation. We therefore, to pass the time until the return of the messenger who had been despatched to Hash-Hash, the pasha, amused ourselves by firing at a mark. The men of the guard joined us in this pastime with their long firelocks, which could not, however, come near the rifle of one of my companions.

At last the hour of sunset arrived, and on going to the terraced roof of the house, India was again brought to my recollection, by seeing the *nāmāz*, or evening prayer, performed with all the ceremony observed by the pious in the

East; but here the head was turned in *that* direction, owing to the situation of Mecca, towards which the prostrate suppliant is always supposed to look.

As usual in Mahomedan countries, not a woman was to be seen; the only animal of the gentler sex I could get a peep at was a decrepit old hag, more like a mummy than a human creature, who had been bringing water in an earthen jar, and whose virtue ran not the slightest risk by her charms being exposed to our infidel gaze. The inhabitants of the building appeared to consist only of the guard, which was occasionally relieved from Tetuan, and was composed of very fine-looking fellows, whose natural good appearance was much set off by their graceful dress: their arms were a short yatagan, or sword, and a firelock of extraordinary dimensions, upwards of six feet long. One of the soldiers was seated in the porch of the gateway, looking wretchedly ill: he applied to me for medicine; and on ascertaining

his complaint, by means of old Hodge. I prescribed a couple of grains of calomel and a dose of salts; which I have no doubt produced the desired cure.

At last, our Moorish fellow-traveler produced his stewed fish, which was really very good, and, with the assistance of a few bottles of wine we had brought ashore with us, we made an excellent supper. Old Hodge could not be prevailed upon to touch the juice of the grape, and he is one of the very few I have seen with in Barbary who observed in this the law of the Prophet; but he had performed two pilgrimages to Mecca, and had a reputation for piety to maintain. After supper, we thought of turning in: although I had not expected a sleeping bed, I did not look forward to be thrust into a room about twelve feet square, with a dozen other people as bedfellows. For we all occupied the same bed—viz., the floor, which was certainly matted, but nothing further. Here the whole of our party, (with the ex-

ception of Hadge, who would have considered himself polluted by sleeping with infidels,) together with some Jewish traders from Gibraltar, were huddled together, like sheep in a pen ; but I had often had a worse bed than a clean mat, with a boat-cloak, and a carpet-bag for a pillow, and could have slept very well but for the riotous conduct of two young scapegraces of the party, who, not content with keeping us awake by singing and other noises, at last blew out the lights, and began to pelt the Jews with boots or whatever else came to hand. At last my ire was fully roused, and finding remonstrance of no avail, I sent the lamp at one fellow's head, some brass dishes and a bowl full of milk at another, and at last, after no small difficulty, succeeded in restoring order about one o'clock in the morning. But in thus dealing out justice in the dark in so small and crowded a space, I fear her blows did not all fall on the heads of the culprits, for after sending my missiles, I heard several groans,

that sounded much more Jewish than the suppressed tittering which was faintly audible in one corner of the room. However, I had accomplished my object, and we were enabled to have a few hours' sleep till daylight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

March to Tetuan—Distant appearance of the town—Extensive plain—Costume of the Moorish women—Their unprepossessing appearance—Arrival at Mr. Bendurlack's—Breakfast there—His house—Moorish arches—Jewish costume—Mine host's lovely daughters—Magnificent dresses of Esther and Seemah.

Sunday, 20th May, 1838.

I ROUSED the party at daybreak, and as the messenger from the Bashaw, authorizing our *entrée* to Tetuan, had arrived during the night, we made the best arrangements we could for our march of about four miles across the plain separating us from the city, which we could distinctly behold on the brow of the first hill, in appearance more like the white

tents of an encampment than anything else. In fact, all the Moorish houses, from being completely whitewashed, give one, at a distance, this idea, and when many are congregated together the deception is still more complete. The morning was cloudy and overcast, which added, perhaps, to the grandeur of the scene as we advanced up the level plain, with the stupendous hills (although only the spurs of Mount Atlas) on our left, Tetuan in front, and the less lofty, but no less celebrated, Mount Abila, (the brother column of Calpe,) on our right.

Although we had given directions for horses to be sent, none had arrived, even for our baggage; we therefore set out on foot, leaving the latter in charge of old Hadge, who had still some business to transact at the Custom-house, and who promised to forward it.

Nothing particular attracted our attention during this rather uninteresting march across a level, though fertile plain, except, perhaps,

the costume of the peasants, who were tilling the ground, and whose swarthy complexions and scanty dress put me much in mind of a similar class of people in India. This relates merely to the men; as to the few women we saw in the country, their appearance afforded a striking contrast to the graceful dress and attitudes of the dark, though beautiful, Hindoo girls. They were muffled, almost smothered, in the folds of the white cloths with which they were covered from head to foot, and which so completely concealed both face and figure, that only two small openings were left for the eyes. If to this be added, that their head-pieces were crowned with straw hats of the most extravagant dimensions, it is easy to fancy them to be anything but prepossessing figures; the cloth, particularly, which was stretched tightly over the face, gave to that part the appearance of death's head—and altogether, creatures more like what we imagine ghools, or spectres, to be, I never beheld.

On entering the town, we were assailed by the porters at the gate, for a present, and being told it was customary, gave the rascals a dollar. We wended our way up one crooked lane and down another, till at last, entering a more bustling and populous quarter, which was pointed out to us as that appropriated to the Jews, we were finally introduced to the Hebrew hostellerie, kept by that respectable individual, Mr. Bendurlack; he had apparently had notice of our arrival at Martine, as we found a capital breakfast laid out ready for us, to which, after our early and long walk, we did ample justice.

I will now attempt to describe the localities of Mr. Bendurlack's establishment.

The house was built in the same manner as the old Spanish, or rather Moorish, ones in Andalusia, thus [A] A, being the "patio," or court, in the centre, whose roof was the sky, and the floor composed of handsome glazed tiles of different colours, disposed in a variety of shapes and figures; a verandah

ran round the four sides of the square, which appeared to be the usual residence of the members of the family; the principal rooms were on the first story, and likewise opening on a verandah, which also overlooked the court below, thus completely illustrating the jealous disposition of the disciples of Mohammed, as not one of the apartments had any opening towards the street. The doors were richly carved, and placed in arches shaped like an ace of spades—a form so completely oriental, that there is no mistaking its origin; these, when they opened on the verandah, were further ornamented with curtains of rich crimson silk. So much for the locality,—and now for its inhabitants.

Bendurlack was a bustling old fellow, with “Jew” written in every lineament of his sharp countenance, which was anything but dignified; he was clad, like his brethren, whom we so often see at Gibraltar, in a kind of blue frock, with a red sash, short loose drawers, and slippers, with a black scullcap

on his head. His better half, who appeared to have all the management of the domestic affairs, was a stately old lady, and must have been a very handsome woman in her day. The daughters,—but here description fails me to do justice to these lovely girls,—the *fairest dark* specimens of beauty I ever beheld.

I found the two sisters, seated on cushions, busy at embroidery, or rather brocade work, in the lower verandah. I expected to have seen a couple of demi-savages, who would have run away and hid themselves as soon as we shewed ourselves. How much was I, therefore, surprised to find these Hebrew daughters of the old publican, Bendurlack, with manners that would not have disgraced an English drawing-room!

“ They walk’d in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meet in their aspect and their eyes ;
Thus mellow’d to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

“One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair’d the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softens lightly o’er their face,
Where thoughts, serenely sweet, express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o’er those brows,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent;
The smiles that win, the tint that glows,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
And hearts, whose love is innocent!”

Hebrew Melodies.

Such were those charming sisters, and we do Byron’s beautiful lines portray them. They both spoke Spanish fluently, and in five minutes we were all as much at home as acquainted for as many years. Their dress, particularly the turban and tiara of pearls and jewels, which they wore on their heads, were magnificent, and forcibly recalled the scriptural pictures of the Italian school. The dress was low, and, as far as the waist, covered with the richest gold brocade; over this they wore a sort of *jelic*, or jacket, of white clo-

richly embroidered, and ending with loose sleeves. From the waist downwards the dress presented nothing peculiar: petticoats (they were green) are all much alike.—

"But what was shocking.
Their small white feet had slippers, but no stocking."

I at first thought this was a holiday costume, and, perhaps, assumed on account of the arrival of strangers, but I found afterwards that all the young women here dressed in the same style, carrying their beauty in the jewels and pearls about them. The names of these beautiful sisters were Esber and Seemah. I could not help complimenting them on their appearance, and requested a great favour, to be allowed to attempt to take their pictures, to which they immediately acceded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Visit to the Vice-Consul—Hash-Hash, the Bashaw—His extortions—His gluttony—A renegade—Appearance of the town—Jewish quarters—The sons and daughters of Israel—A question for Lavater—A Moorish marriage procession—The feast at Bendurlack's—Visits in the Jewish quarter—Furniture of the houses—Elegance of manner—Terraced roofs—The synagogue—Difficulties made to our starting—A Moorish interior.

May 20th.

PROCEEDED to the English Vice-Consul, Mr. Butler, to make arrangements about our departure in a couple of days, and also to get the escort of a soldier during our stay here, which I heard was indispensably necessary for our safety, even in going about the town,

such irreclaimable savages are these barbarians, in every sense of the word.

I met with every civility from the Vice-Consul, and from his description of the place did not envy him his situation, which is only worth about 150*l.* a year, on which he had a large grown-up family to support, was the only Christian in the place, and for months together never saw an European face. He introduced his son, a fine lad of nineteen or twenty, but who, from the complete solitude in which he was brought up, laboured under every disadvantage.

Mr. Butler immediately sent to the Bashaw, Hash-Hash, for a soldier to accompany us in our rambles, and confirmed what I had before heard of the little safety of venturing out without being thus escorted.

Whilst his interpreter went on this errand, he related to me a few particulars of the worthy representative of the Emperor of Morocco, at Tetuan. He mentioned him as a most extortionate old knave, who expected

considerable presents from strangers, even for an interview. However, as one of the party had been commissioned to make him a handsome gift, and had promised to give us the benefit of being present when it was offered, we all expected to have a sight of His Excellency Hash-Hash gratis; and by all accounts he is worth seeing, being of such an enormous bulk that he cannot enter a common-sized door. To keep up this mass of flesh, he feeds most voraciously. I do not exactly remember the number of fowls he is said to devour daily, but it was something incredible.

After a short time, the interpreter returned with a soldier of the Emperor, of whom everybody stands in the greatest awe. In appearance he was like anything but a Moor, being of a fair complexion and light blue eyes, with a venerable white beard. He was armed with a long matchlock and sword, beside a tough thorn-stick, of which I soon learned the use. I was glad to find that he understood Spanish, and he afterwards confessed himself to be a rene-

gade from Minorca, which he left very young. Under his auspices, we all sallied out through the town. If I had been struck, in the morning, with its resemblance to an Indian city, the impression only became stronger the more I saw of it. The bazaars, the turbaned inhabitants, the dogs, the filth, and, above all, a few camels, with their long arched necks and ambling gait, all recalled most strongly old associations.

The Jews have a separate part of the town allotted to them, and walled in from the rest, and into this they are locked every evening, though it is certainly the most bustling part of the city, and evidently the emporium of trade; but, go where you please, the same characters always mark these sons of Israel, and are so forcibly written on their external lineaments, that whether with the skull-cap, embroidered vest, and sash of Barbary, or with old clothes' bags on their shoulders, in Monmouth Street, there is no mistaking them. In their prying and busy countenances

are written the innermost thoughts of their souls—gain and filthy lucre. It is this, perhaps, which gives them that meanness of appearance, of which they are never divested.

But the Jewish women! Was ever such a contrast! They of *their* race are certainly the ladies of the creation. The fine bust, regular features, and, above all, the full large black eye, mark them out as models for the painter and the statuary. It would be a question for Lavater to reconcile this incongruity in appearance between the two sexes, and to decide whether mental occupation can so affect the physical form as to cause such a remarkable difference.

After going through most of the town, we struck into the country, and visited some gardens in the neighbourhood, which were very prettily laid out; we also went to some natural caves in the rock, on which stands the town, but they appeared as nothing after those of Gibraltar. As we were about to re-enter the city, we were overtaken by a bridal proces-

sion, with all its accompaniments of drums, tom-toms, bag-pipes, etc.; and these last so much resembled in sound their Caledonian brethren, that a Scotchman of our party so far forgot himself as to run close up to the procession and commence a Highland fling. He was, however, soon brought back to the rear by our *Mentor*, who assured us that the gentry before us, many of whom were armed with long firelocks, (all loaded with ball,) would be sure or may be sooner, direct them against no godly persons, than follow up the ~~procession~~ they were then practising, of discharging them in the air. This hint was as cogent as composed, sufficient to keep us behind.

With our stately old guard we followed the procession, at a respectful distance till we entered the town, and saw deposited at the door of the bridegroom the large box, carried on men's shoulders, while we saw only the reluctant bride from her parents' home to that of her expectant lord. All this was carried on amidst a dreadful uproar, and noise.

many were performing the war-dance, which consists in discharging guns, (loaded with ball,) whilst whirling round in the most violent manner, so that it is rather a matter of danger to a spectator.

By the time we returned from our excursion in the environs it was the dinner hour, and we were astonished at the liberal display on the table of Bendurlack, our worthy host, who, considering we only paid him a dollar (four shillings) per head, for board and lodging, (the former consisting of breakfast, dinner, coffee, and supper, with wine *ad libitum*,) did wonders in the feast he had prepared for us. Fish, flesh, and fowl, with every delicacy of the season, were in ample abundance, together with some capital pastry, which I had reason to know had been prepared by the fair hands of his beautiful daughters, and which we did not therefore the less appreciate.

After dinner, and taking a few glasses of the sweet Jewish wine, which I must confess was not very palatable, we went out with our

host to visit the houses of some of the rich brethren of the tribe, he probably not being sorry to give us a few specimens of their opulence. As I before said, there is a quarter of the town walled in, and exclusively appropriated to the children of Israel, so that we had not far to go in order to satisfy our curiosity. After winding through a few of the narrow and filthy streets, we entered a low door, and Bendurlack ushered us up stairs. It was the residence of a rich Hebrew, who was then absent, speculating in South America. His lady, however, did the honours in a style of which a duchess might not have been ashamed ; she spoke Spanish fluently, as nearly all the Barbary Jews do, told us to consider the house as our own, (the Spanish compliment,) offered us refreshments, and introduced us to her daughters, three beautiful young women, dressed, if possible, in a more costly and magnificent manner than our pretty friends at the posada. The furniture was peculiar ; the rooms were all matted in very handsome style :

whilst the Moorish doorways, connecting the different apartments, were hung with rich silk curtains, generally of a dark crimson colour.

After taking us through the house, we adjourned to the terraced roof, which commanded a fine view of the town. As it was now evening, and one of the loveliest May sunsets that can be imagined, the surrounding terraces began to be crowded with the fair inhabitants of their respective habitations; for as yet not a man had made his appearance, daylight was too precious for *them* to waste a moment in anything but traffic! And certainly a finer assemblage of women I never beheld. They did not, moreover, appear to be particularly shy, and a good many wavings of handkerchiefs and kissing of hands were soon passed between us,—passed, never to be repeated.

We visited in this manner several houses, and at every one experienced the same civility from their hospitable inmates. We then adjourned to the synagogue; and, although they

were not officiating at the time, we had an opportunity of admiring the richness of ornament and elaborate workmanship of which it was composed ; in these, however, more gaudiness than good taste certainly prevailed.

I had already sent a note to the Consul, expressing a wish to have horses next morning; when he sent back word to say, the Bashaw could not procure them under a day or two. Suspecting some villany, I went immediately to Mr. Butler, told him we were determined to go, and that, as British officers, if any opposition were made to our departure, the whole business should go before _____. This rather alarmed the poor man ; he took his hat, and went himself to the Bashaw, who, after a great deal of difficulty, was induced to give an order for horses to carry us on the following morning. The fact is, the old scoundrel expected we should have applied to attend one of his levées, where the usual fee for seeing his fat, bloated carcass, is a doubloon ; but we had not enough of them to

spare for that purpose, and I was determined not to submit to an imposition.

Having gained my point, we went with young Butler, who the preceding evening had promised to endeavour to get us admission into the interior of a Moorish house, in which he was successful. We entered a doorway leading into a “patio,” like those in Andalusia, round which ran the verandahs of the building; but this “patio,” or yard, was beautifully paved with coloured tiles, and in the middle played a clear fountain, which gave an air of coolness and freshness to the place. We then went through the different apartments, which were not fitted out with anything like the richness of those of the Jews; neither was the principal ornament of the latter to be found here—I mean, the ladies, who, previously to our arrival, had been carefully stowed away out of sight. The only sign of a female we could perceive, was a Senegal negro girl, engaged in some domestic employment below, one of the slaves of the

house, whom the master, perhaps, thought looked too *darkly* on us to excite his jealousy.

I have hitherto said nothing of the mosques, and, in fact, have very little to say on the subject, as it is next to impossible for a Christian to enter them, the penalty being either death, or the instant adoption of the Mohammedan creed: as to their outward appearance, they have nothing to distinguish them, and in the narrow streets in which they are situated, you cannot even see the minarets; offering a strong contrast to the beautiful and light architecture of the Mahomedan places of worship in India.

Next morning, after many delays, I at last fairly got the baggage and horses from the door, and directed them to wait for us at the gates of the city, as I thought we should get through the narrow lanes better on foot, and without being so much impeded by the crowd.

We had now leisure to survey the cattle we had to depend on, in a march of forty miles, over roads which I easily foresaw would be

none of the best. Our cavalcade consisted, in the first place, of our escort—the Spanish renegade above mentioned, and another soldier of the Emperor of Morocco, under whose charge we were considered perfectly safe, as the soldiers are held in the greatest terror throughout the country. They were both mounted on powerful Barbary horses, raised on enormous saddles, or rather pads, covered with red cloth, armed with a very long gun and a scimitar, and were, altogether, fine representatives of the Moorish soldiery. I cannot omit mentioning two peculiarities I observed—their bridles and spurs: the former consist of a circle of iron, in which the lower jaw of the horse is inserted, and must be extremely severe; the latter are spikes, four inches long, so that if a rider happens to lose his temper, he may put his horse to death by a severe application of these formidable weapons.

Another Mahomedan of the party was a young merchant, who had come over from Gibraltar with us, and who, together with all

his venture—and a most enormous package it was—was carried on a large mule, which, however powerful, I never thought, with that load, could have gone over forty miles of ground.

" Little mention is made in history of Tetuan; it was, however, known to the Romans by the name of Teteuanum. On falling into the possession of the Goths, it is said to have received the appellation of Tetteguin, meaning "one-eyed," from the circumstance of a woman in that predicament being at the head of the government, who was in the habit of repairing every week to the town, in order to collect tribute. It was subsequently attacked by the Portuguese, abandoned by its inhabitants, and remained in a state of desolation for nearly a century.

In 1399, an expedition was sent against Tetuan by Henry III., of Castile, when the town was sacked, and its inhabitants carried away into slavery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bad cattle—Camels and caravans—The Ain-é-Sdeed, or new fountain—The halt—Horses completely done up—Arrive at Tangiers—Bribe the porter—Go to Benoliel's—Mahomed Sheriffe—A Jewish marriage—The lady of the closed eyes—The bride-groom rather nervous—Moorish maids—A late supper.

22nd May, 1838.

IT was a beautiful sunshiny morning, when our caravan put itself in motion from under the walls of Tetuan, and we were all in the highest spirits; all except the cavalry, and they looked very sore and sorry, not without cause, for on making a start, I never saw such a collection of cripples, but we were assured that as they got warm they

would go better ; we were obliged to take this for granted, and limped in the best way we could through the rough path, winding amidst the tall canes which waved over the gardens surrounding the town.

We soon got into a more open country, richly clothed with crops of barley ; and as we slowly followed each other along the fertile valley, a high range, called the Huadras Hills. rose on our right, whilst far to the left might be seen the distant tops of the Atlas, and I often could not refrain from pulling up for a few minutes to admire the beauty of the scenery, so different from the ideas we always associate with the very name of Africa, its boundless deserts of sand, and barren plains ; here, on the contrary, all was verdure, with the appearance of the greatest fertility. But one feature in the landscape was strongly characteristic, and, in itself, sufficient to remind us we were no longer on European ground—ever and anon a camel was to be seen grazing in the fields, or slowly wending its way along the path with its

turbaned or haïck-covered* rider on its back. At one place, in which the road was very narrow and ran along the steep banks of a torrent, we were put to considerable inconvenience by meeting with a long string of these animals, which we were informed were on their way from Fez to Tetuan.

It was now about ten or eleven o'clock, and although we had passed through a cultivated country,—with the exception of a few huts far up a ravine,—I had not observed a sign of habitation. We next entered a more hilly tract, covered with underwood, principally composed of a pretty tree of a very dark and thick foliage, somewhat resembling the olive. We scrambled over the most abominable road to the top of a densely-wooded ridge, and shortly after commencing our descent on the other side, we were about mid-day rejoiced at the sight of our halting-place, under a shady

* The haïck is a coarse woollen garment, like a smock-frock, with a cowl like a friar's, which either covers the head, or is thrown back on the shoulders.

tree, near the source of a brook, over which was a rude and dilapidated building, dignified by the name of the Ain-é-Sdeed, or new fountain.

The animals were soon freed from their burdens, and turned adrift to graze, the provisions produced, and we all sat down in the most sociable manner to one of the pleasantest pic-nics I ever witnessed. The Moorish merchant and our guards likewise drew forth their stores, consisting of dried figs, raisins, and cakes; but although thus frugally provided, they did not disdain our more substantial fare; and certainly old Bendurlack had treated us very well. After a short time the scruples of our Mahomedan friends vanished, and—may the name of the Prophet be praised!—they were busily engaged in pledging us dogs of Christians in the sparkling juice of the grape; in fact every one appeared to enjoy himself so much, that there seemed to be no symptoms of departure; and I afterwards learned the reasons why

our trusty guides were so reluctant to quit their temporary bivouac.

At last we fairly got under weigh, and after getting over a considerable woody descent, emerged into a beautiful open plain or rather, very broad valley, but which extended its rich pasture and waving barley-fields as far as the eye could reach towards the westward. Along this level and rich plain we travelled till about five in the evening when our escort came to a stand, informing us we should not be able to reach Tangiers that night, and expressing a wish to sleep at a small village, about two miles off the road.

Young Butler, however, said that this was their usual manœuvre to get a night's quarters on the villagers, from whom they extort rice, fowls, etc.; he added that we should be obliged to sleep on the floor, amidst swarms of vermin, and strongly recommended us to push on, which we accordingly did, leaving the soldiers behind; however, as they were responsible for

our safety, which they would have to answer for with their heads, they soon followed us.

We got on as quickly as the tired state of our animals would admit of, for they began to be sadly knocked up, and with just cause. We were now in sight of Tangiers ; darkness was fast approaching, at which time the gates were locked, and we had every prospect of spending the night "al fresco," outside the walls. Young Butler was here again of the greatest use ; he volunteered to gallop ahead, (which the superior horse he was mounted on enabled him to do,) and get the Consul to request the gates might be left open until our arrival. Shortly after he left us, the horse of one of my companions fell down, and appeared determined to give up the ghost. We however managed to raise him on his legs, and, what with pulling and shoving, succeeded at last in getting him on. I never beheld poor animals in such a jaded state ; nor was it to be wondered at, for I afterwards learned that most of them had come from Tan-

giers the day before, and from the time we had left Tetuan in the morning had eaten nothing save what they picked up during the halts at "the new fountain." It was now past nine, and we reached the gates just as, losing all patience, the surly doorkeepers were about to close them for the night.

A dollar to the grumbling old Cerberus set all to rights, and our whole caravan entered a kind of court, where we were obliged to wait until permission had been obtained from the governor for us to proceed. This soon arrived, and as our advanced guard had already warned Mr. Benoliel, the keeper of the principal Jewish fonda, of our arrival, he had people on the look-out, who, after threading a labyrinth of narrow and intricate lanes, at last brought us to our desired place of rest, and not before we were in need of it. Our first care on dismounting was to order a good supper, but this did not appear as soon as we expected, and our host, to divert our impatience, informed us that a Jewish marriage

was then just about to be celebrated, which we might see, if we were so inclined.

As this was too good an opportunity to be neglected, we, being placed under the guidance of a Moor, who spoke a little broken English and Spanish, immediately proceeded to the scene of action: this was at the bride's house, and as we approached it we found the narrow streets, or rather lanes, so much crowded with Jews as to be almost impassable. However, Mahomed Sheriffe, for so was our guide denominated, soon formed a road for us, by shoving, elbowing, and jostling the Jews right and left, not one of them daring to say a word to him;—such is the awe in which these poor wretches hold their Moorish masters.

At last we reached the door, and entered a long narrow room, very much crowded with Jews of both sexes; off this, in a smaller apartment, might be seen the veiled figure of the bride, surrounded by her female friends and relations. Presently two or three venerable-looking old fellows entered, with long

white beards, whom we concluded were the officiating priests, or rabbis; they first placed a table against the wall in the larger room, and on it set a chair; then, going into the apartment where the bride was seated, they laid hold of her, carried her from her friends, and seating her in the chair on the table, raised the veil, and discovered to us the pleasing, though not handsome, features of a young woman of three or four and twenty. She was very richly dressed, much in the same manner as I have described the Jewesses of Tetuan, and with a profusion of jewels.

They next put a kind of crown on her head, and then began to pray most vehemently, but to what tune of course we could not make out, being joined every now and then in chorus by all present. During the whole of this *tomasah*, the interesting damsel sat with her eyes closed, and her features and person perfectly immovable, though, from the heaving of her breast, it was evident she took some interest in the scene. After a great deal of these

sort of theatricals, the old gentlemen lifted her out of her conspicuous situation, and, two of them supporting her by each arm, they put themselves into column of march for the bridegroom's abode.

As soon as we got into the street, there was again an awful crush, and the peculiarity of their dresses, and the whole scene, witnessed by the light of a great number of torches, was very brilliant and striking. With the assistance of Mahomed Sheriffe we got forward, and succeeded in reaching the happy man's abode a short time before the procession. But however happy he might feel, never did a man appear in such a stew as this new victim to woman's sway ; he looked much more as if he were going into the company of the hangman, than that of a fine girl, and, as we shook hands to congratulate him, I felt by his cold clammy grasp that his face did not belie his feelings. He was, however, very civil, and pointed out to us the best place from whence we could see the remaining part of the ceremony.

In a short time, the lady “of the closed eyes” arrived, was again exalted on a table, and, after a good deal of palavering, was safely deposited, with a number of old women, in the bridal chamber; the curtain was then drawn, and the brilliant assembly dispersed in peace. Whilst all this was going on, I kept a sharp look out at the terraced roofs of the houses bordering the street through which the procession passed, and now and then had a transient view of a Moorish maid, shrouded in her white clothing, and coming to take a peep at one whose greater degree of freedom she no doubt envied, though belonging to a tribe so debased as the Yahoodies, or the Jews, are universally considered to be by all good followers of the Prophet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Gardens of the Consuls—Mr. Drummond Hay—Society at Tangiers—Number of Consuls of different European powers—Visit to a mineral source and the remains of Bobana—Fresh water turtle—Gallop along the beach—Old bridge—Mr. T——. —His travels across the Atlas to Tafilat—His numerous adventures—The mahogany corpse—The two wild giants.

May 23, 1838.

THIS morning, with one of my fellow-travellers, I took a long walk, in the course of which we entered some beautiful gardens outside the town, which we were informed belonged to the consuls of the different nations residing at Tangiers. They resort to these refreshing abodes in the evening during the hot weather, and, under the shade of every

kind of foliage of the temperate climes and the tropics, hold their sociable little reunions.

We afterwards went to pay our respects to the British consul, Mr. Drummond Hay. He received us with the greatest politeness, and said he would do everything in his power to assist our views in getting to Ceuta overland, but feared it would be impracticable. We were ushered into a well-stored library, in which he had collections of nearly every kind which a *virtuoso* and literary man could wish for.

Having followed our host into the drawing-room, we were introduced to Mrs. Hay and her daughter; the house and the *tout ensemble*, with all its English comforts, had an almost magical effect, placed, as it was, in the midst of a set of barbarians, in this out of the way part of the world. On my remarking that "life" in Tangiers must be of a very dull and monotonous nature, I was assured that it was quite the reverse; that the nine different consuls residing here had all families, at whose

houses they alternately met without form, and generally managed to get up a pleasant *soirée*, if not a dance ; and that before our departure from the place they would no doubt have an opportunity of giving us a specimen of one of their *family* meetings.

After giving us all the information we required, Mr. Hay concluded by requesting the company of the whole party to dinner the next day, and we took our leave, very much pleased with what we had seen of him and his family.

We had engaged Mr. Mahomed Sheriffe to act as our guide and cicerone ; and never did a greater rascal personate a *valet de place*. He was always drunk, always noisy, and never ready for anything. We, however, sent him for horses for the party to lionize, and see some things which Mr. Hay had recommended us to visit.

We were soon mounted, badly enough, to be sure ; and, as Mr. Sheriffe disliked walking, he had laid an embargo on a donkey for his

own private use; and we all proceeded, in the first instance, to the castle, which occupies an eminence overlooking the town, and is now in a state of complete dilapidation. From thence, we took our way for a short distance along the summit of the cliff's overlooking the straits, to a mineral source, which was not unlike any other spring; however, we were amply repaid for our ascent by one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld, which I will not attempt to describe, but shall only say, that it comprehended Tarifa, the whole of the coast of Spain as far as Gibraltar, and the bay itself of Tangiers, with a high range of hills in the background.

We next proceeded to what is called the Roman remains of a fountain, called Bobana, which is nothing more than a little masonry and brickwork over a very stagnant-looking pool, situated in a thicket in the neighbouring hills. As we rode along the stream, we saw great numbers of fresh-water turtles (or turtle-doves) basking on the banks and on the

stones in the bed of the streamlet. We were now rather tired of antiquity-hunting, and determined on having a good gallop, for which purpose we regained the beach, and all set off as hard as our horses could carry us for a couple of miles, Mr. Sheriffe on his donkey being very soon distanced. We then pulled up, and I had dismounted for the purpose of taking a sketch of an old bridge.* when our guide came running up quite breathless, on foot, without his turban, and scarcely able to speak, from excessive agitation and fatigue.

As soon as he could find utterance, he began to abuse us most unmercifully for leaving his protecting wing, and thus exposing ourselves to the stray shot of some charitable Bedouin: in which case he, the said Mr. Mahomed Sheriffe, would have forfeited his head, which appeared to be his chief cause of distress. I.

* This bridge, which appeared to be neither of Moorish nor of Roman construction, is probably a relic of the English occupation of Tangiers during the reign of Charles the Second.

however, with difficulty managed to pacify him, and we returned quietly home.

Mr. T—— joined our party after dinner, and as he had been many years in Barbary, had crossed the Atlas, and proceeded as far as Taflet on the borders of the Great Desert, we got a good deal of amusing information from him, not unmixed with the marvellous. He said that, although to within a few days' march of the desert the country is a complete garden, it has at times been subject to dreadful famines, one of which he was an eye-witness to. He added, that happening to go into a deserted village with one of his fellow-travellers, he entered a hut, and in the dark passage stumbled against something, which he kicked as far as the threshold of the door; this turned out to be the body of a child, not in a state of putrefaction, but, as Mr. T—— said, something like a piece of hollow *mahogany!* to which state it had unquestionably been reduced by starvation; “though,” added the great traveller, “I can assure you, gentlemen,

it is a common thing for the bodies of the Moors to assume this appearance after death, undoubtedly from the abstemious manner in which they live."

He mentioned a curious custom of the Bedouins, who are in the habit of ploughing and sowing a piece of ground, which they never again visit until the harvest time, when they return from probably hundreds of miles, and every man reaps where he hath sown. Another narrative of his was given, as far as I can recollect, in these words :—

"We were travelling along these immense plains, the grass up to our horses' girths, but without any signs of inhabitants or habitations ; indeed, we had not met a soul the whole day, when about three in the afternoon we saw in the distance a plough with two bullocks, and also two immense beings in the shape of men, but we could not believe them to be such from their size and uncouth appearance. However, we were obliged to pass near them, when they stopped and looked at us,

only making an extraordinary noise. I cannot say how big they were, but they were giants. My son in London has a sketch of these two extraordinary creatures, but what they were, or from whence they came, I could never learn."

CHAPTER XXX.

A trip to Cape Spartel—The Cave of Ashkhur—Millstones—Bedouins—Murder of an English boat's crew—Filthy habits of the people—The soko—Variety of costumes—Women of Tangiers—Plainness of those of the lower order—Bedouins—The Haick camels—Articles for sale in the soko.

May 24, 1838.

EARLY next morning we were on horseback, and steering for the celebrated Cape Spartel, under the protection of one of the emperor's soldiers, and the guidance of Mr. Mahomed Sheriffe. It was a long and tedious march before we got a glimpse of the sea from the heights of Spartel, and passing on our way the small village of Mediona, which was, moreover, the sepulchral abode of a Moorish saint, we soon reached the object of our trip, the

Cave of Ashkhur, from which, from time im-memorial, the millstones have been dug which supply the whole of this part of the coast.

At first, on descending, we were in utter darkness, only guided by the noise of the pickaxes and hammers of the workmen below ; by degrees, however, our eyes became accus-tomed to the gloom, and we distinguished the dusky and almost naked forms of the subter-ranean inhabitants of this dreary abode, busily employed in their vocation of hewing out from the mass of granite, the implements for the grinding of that by which life is sustained.

I took a sketch of the entrance of the cave, in which figured conspicuously the persons of several Bedouins, whose forbidding appearance said nothing in their favour, but who were deterred by the presence of our guard from offering us any insult or personal violence, to either of which they no doubt did not lack inclination. It was upon this very shore, and but a few miles from this spot, that part of a boat's crew of an English vessel was murdered

only a few years before. One of the sufferers was an officer of the commissariat, on his way to Corfu. In short, the inhabitants of this part of the coast are notoriously the completest set of barbarians that can be imagined, whose most meritorious action is considered the death of a Kaffir (Christian.)

There was one characteristic of these Bedouins which I could not represent in my sketch—viz., the abominable smell which exuded from their dirty carcases and filthy clothing, if that can be called clothing which is merely a woollen “haïck,” or “jellick,” and which appeared never to have been removed from the backs of the wearers from the time it was first used as a covering.

We arrived from Cape Spartel just in time to see the “soko,” or market, which is held once a week, on a large open space without the walls of the town, and it was a sight well worth witnessing, from the number of people assembled, and the diversity of dress and costume they exhibited.

Here was to be seen a Moor of the town, with his gaudy robes, offering a striking contrast to the dark and half-naked Bedouin who haughtily led along his camel, perhaps his sole estate, with the air and step of an eastern monarch ; a Jew, in his humble scull-cap and modest costume, came in strong relief with one of the emperor's soldiers, who were all held in the greatest awe by the populace, and appeared aware of their consequence. But the picture would not be complete, were I to omit a few shrouded female figures gliding through the crowd, but looking less ghostly than those of Tetuan, from the want of the cloth drawn tightly over the face, which gives to the latter such a ghastly, not to say ghostly, appearance.

Women also from the country, rather less careful of concealing their charms, and overshadowed by the enormous straw hat, squatted behind their heaps of grain or fruit, and sadly disappointed the beholder, if, under their straw *roof* and linen folds, he expected any

thing but the coarsest features. Natives from the Great Desert of Zarah, with their negro features, so strongly marked by the flat nose, low forehead, thick lips, and curly hair, were not wanting to complete the background. The females of this latter class were the only ones (the Jewesses excepted) whose faces were completely uncovered, and certainly they ran no risk in exposing them to the vulgar gaze.

The whole appearance of the crowd gave the spectator anything but a favourable opinion of the cleanliness of the Barbaresque race; in fact, the lower orders, and particularly the Bedouins, seem to be filthy in the extreme; and is shewn more from the nature of the dress, and most unequivocally from the effect a near approach has on the olfactory system. The "haick" is mostly the only covering of a Bedouin; this is a coarse woollen garment, with brown stripes, made like a smock frock, with a friar's hood, which is either drawn over the head, or falls back on

the shoulders, leaving to view the bare shaved crown, or, if the owner be a very particular person, the latter is, perhaps, decorated with a piece of dirty rag, wrapped round turban-wise. These people come generally from the northern borders of the Great Desert; their riches consist in their camels, which carry the loads of dates and wheat to the soko of Tangiers.

It is, however, difficult to distinguish the country-people of this neighbourhood from the Bedouin; the latter is, perhaps, darker, and has, if possible, a more savage and forbidding aspect. These gentry, with their numerous camels, occupied one part of the market; the cattle reminding me, as "the ship of the desert" never fails to do, of many a scene witnessed in the East. Numerous horses and asses (the former invariably fastened by rope round the pastern of the fore-leg, and attached to a peg driven in the ground) shewed that the articles brought to the market were from a considerable distance.

The principal thing displayed for sale was grain; there might also be seen vegetables, fruit, coarse woollen cloths, pottery,—and if I remember right, salt was conspicuous,—fowls, eggs, etc., in abundance.

Though not directly molested or insulted, the looks which were directed to us sufficiently shewed the estimation we were held in as Christians ; and many a good Mahomedan present would no doubt have considered it as the highest gratification to have sent after us the contents of his long firelock, or made us acquainted with the *temper* of his dagger.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dinner at Mr. Hay's—Ampelusian wine—Tug—Ladies' society—Interesting conversation—Culty of reaching Ceuta overland—Her M^s birth-day, and loyal toasts—Conversazione—Dutch Consul's—Embark on board the *Breeze* springs up—Beautiful run along the Africa—Anchor at Ceuta—Prospect of qu—De Sylben—Let out of quarantine—A—Doubtful characters—Suspicions confirmed little Fisico—Visit to the Governor—His ch—The Hacho—English barracks—Carlinoe—in a state of perpetual siege—Intended visit Moorish camp—Approach the Moorish po—Interview with the Alcalde—Visit the *soko*—Return to Ceuta—Embark for Gibraltar.

May 24, 1851

After visiting the *soko* we returned to Mr. Benoliel's hotel, to adonize for the dinner which we were to partake of at Mr. Hay's, to whom we repaired about five, found a

party assembled in his very snug dining-room, and sat down to a capital dinner, and very good wine of our host's own growth and manufacture, and to which he had given the classical name of *Ampelusian*, the old nomenclature bestowed on this part of the country by the Greeks, in consequence of the then excellence of its wines. The Ampelusian of Mr. Hay is a pleasant light white wine, something like Sauterne, and the red was a very good substitute for port, both excellent in their way. Then, by way of something out of the common, we had with the fish some *tunny*, for the fisheries of which all this part of the coast was celebrated in days of yore; nor must I omit mentioning, under the head of rarities, (at least, to an inhabitant of a garrison town,) what was almost as scarce as tunny—viz., pleasant female society, in Mrs. Hay and her daughter, the former an extremely ladylike person, the latter a pretty brunette, almost as much so as many of our Jewish houris.

The conversation with Mr. Hay was most interesting: Ampelusian wines, Roman antiquities, discoveries in the interior of Africa, etc.; during which I sounded him on the practicability of our reaching Morocco, which he did not represent to be so easy as I had imagined; however, he promised to do his utmost to facilitate the attempt, if I persisted in making it at any future period. We were also very anxious to get to Ceuta overland, but this he represented as totally impracticable, from the wild habits of the people inhabiting the mountainous district between Tangiers and that place, so much so, that this part of the country had never been visited by an European ever since Hercules separated Mount Abyla from Calpe, and with one foot on each contemplated the result of his labours, as the waters of the present straits flowed between his extended legs.

In the meantime, we were getting through the important business of dinner, and, after the removal of the cloth, as this was our

gracious Queen's birthday, her health was drunk with as much ceremony here, on "Afric's burning shore," as it could have been at St. James's. After sitting a short time over the Ampelusian, when it got dark we all went to witness some fireworks and a balloon, which had been got ready for the occasion; they, however, proved a failure, and, as Mr. Hay had promised to give us a specimen of Tangiers society, and as there was that evening a *conversazione* at the Dutch Consul's, we accompanied him there, and were agreeably surprised in finding a very pleasant party assembled, consisting of the Consuls and their families, of nine different nations. Unless, in this tower of Babel, some established idiom had been fixed on, it would have been worse than the confusion of languages of old, and consequently French was regulated as the common medium of intercourse and communication.

Round games, whist, chess, and talking, were the order of the night, which passed off

very pleasantly, and we retired at a late hour, much pleased with what we had seen of Tangiers, and with the intention of embarking next morning for Ceuta, in the Algesiras mail-boat, which the Spanish Consul had very kindly put at our disposal.

May 25th.—We were all in motion before nine o'clock on the following morning, and embarked on board a Latine craft, called the “Galgo,”—greyhound, for Ceuta; but before we got clear of the bay the wind died off, and we had nothing but the pleasant alternative of getting out the sweeps, and endeavouring to make as much way as we could with their assistance. We toiled on thus till we got round Cape Malavada, when a fine freshening breeze sprang up from the westward, and we were soon running before it along the high and romantic shores of the Barbary coast.

These Latine vessels, or “misticos” and “felleucas,” as they are generally termed, are fine boats, and probably run closer on a wind

than any other craft. They are decked, and the Galgo had a crew of four men, besides the *padron* (captain.)

We had a capital cold dinner, after which we gazed at the rocks on our right, and at the receding waters, as we skimmed along their surface, until a siesta removed me, at least for a while, from the cares of this world, and I was awakened by our coming to anchor, about four o'clock, before Ceuta. We now learned, to our inexpressible horror, that having come from an African port, we should be obliged to perform a quarantine of four days. I, however, determined on endeavouring to evade this disagreeable part of the business, and sending my card on shore, with a short note to De Sylben, (my former Gibraltar friend, to whom I gave a gallop along the sands,) I soon had the pleasure of seeing him come alongside, and of hearing that, as he was aid-de-camp to the governor, he would do his utmost to get the quarantine done away in our favour; and till we heard the result

of his intercession, I amused myself with dining with the crew on beef stewed in wine and garlic, which I did not find bad of taste; but my fellow travellers had the better taste to prefer smoking patiently their cigars.

* * * * *

The shades of evening gradually overspread the bay, and we began to give up in despair all hopes of landing, or even avoiding quarantine; in the latter event we had made up our minds to weigh anchor next morning and make a start for Gibraltar. I had been ready coiled myself down in the hold, while the rest of the party were wrapped up in their boat-cloaks on deck, puffing a last cigar before they shut in their dead-lights for the night, when a boat ranged alongside, and an old acquaintance, De Sylben, was the next moment on deck, with the welcome intelligence that the quarantine had been done away in our favour, and that we were at liberty to land immediately, which, as might be supposed, we lost no time in doing.

mpired, under our friend's auspices, to the best inn the place afforded, called "La Fonda de Rosalia." De Sylben said he was going to a "baile," or ball, that evening, where they would be very glad to see us, and accordingly, having made some sort of a toilette, we sallied out, and soon found ourselves in the midst of guitars, señoritas, and red pantalooned and epauletted caballeros, whirling in all the mazes of the waltz.

* * * * *

We remained a couple of hours at the *soirée*, and then returned with De Sylben to our hotel.

May 26th.—During the night, we were nearly devoured by mosquitoes, which in the morning had disabled so completely one of my companions, that he was unable to accompany us in our visit to the governor's, where we were taken by De Sylben. We met with great civility from him; and on expressing a wish to visit the place, he sent his aid-de-camp with us to see every part of the fortifications.

He first took us to the *hacho*, or signal-post, which occupies the highest part of the hill and near which is the telegraph, from whence we could distinctly see my house and our barracks on Europa flats, at Gibraltar. John Bell has here, as elsewhere, left marks of his folly and profusion, by building the only decent barracks in the place. This was done during the war, whilst two English regiments occupied Ceuta. They are now used as a prison for a hundred Carlists, who looked miserable enough and with reason, as the poor devils had little or nothing to eat; nor could they well expect it, when the troops of the garrison never taste animal food, but live entirely on rice, beans etc., besides being about nine months in arrears of their pay. In fact, in the Spanish army this is considered almost a punishment station and may well be so, as the duties are very harassing, the soldiers have bad food, and are always in arrears of pay; besides being during the whole of their stay here, completely imprisoned, as, in consequence of the

Moors keeping constantly a force round the place, it may be considered as in a perpetual state of siege, and the Spaniards cannot venture beyond their own lines.

We went round all the barracks, hospital, etc., of which we made a complete inspection. In the evening I met the governor, and thanking him for his civility, requested he would allow us to pass next morning the Spanish lines, and visit the Moorish camp. He said we might please ourselves, but that he would recommend us not to try the experiment, as the chances were against our ever coming back again.

Nevertheless, next morning at sunrise saw us issuing from the Spanish lines, and making our approaches towards the Moorish pickets, we were soon ordered to come to a standstill; and as they had uncommonly long rusty firelocks, and seemed, moreover, very ready to use them, we thought it best to obey. I had, however, picked up a few words of Arabic, and one of our antagonists happening to speak a

little Spanish, by the help of half-a-dollar, induced him to take a message to the commandant of the Moors, saying we were English officers, (we had taken care to put on red jackets,) and should feel obliged by allowing us to visit what they call the seragli; this is merely an old ruined fort, about a mile and a half distant, and the head-quarters of the Moorish camp. He came back in about an hour, saying the alcalde would be down himself; and accordingly we saw, on the summit of a neighbouring hill, a horseman surrounded by Moors, one of whom was despatched for us.

On approaching, we made our salaam, telling the English and Moors had always been brothers, that I had come to pay his highness a visit, and begged his acceptance of a small pocket compass. He looked at the article and did not seem half pleased, as he said he was not a sailor, but told us we might go to the castle, whither we followed him, and found a most miserable place. He got there

and received us in state, seated on a bank of cushions. I hinted to one of my companions, that as the old fellow did not appear overpleased with the compass, it would be as well if he gave him a very handsome silk knot he had on, which he presented with so much grace, that the old savage was quite overcome, and ordered for us some cake and a kind of cheese, which we did justice to after our walk; and our friendship was further cemented, by finding out that it was a small old Hadge, our Tetuan acquaintance. He... turned to Ceuta, to the accompaniment of our Spanish friends, who said they were anxious to see us again; got on board the steamer at one o'clock, and at four hours owing to the wind, delighted with our trip until we exceeded all our expectations.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A bull-fight at Algesiras—"Novillos"—"Chulos"—
A smutty "Picador"—The "Bandarilleros"—The
Matador—Death—Female humanity in Spain.

Gibraltar, June 4, 1838.

I WILL here venture to describe a bull-fight at Algesiras, the first amusement of the kind I ever witnessed, and which at the same time was not a bull-fight: this will require some explanation. The bulls exhibited were merely "novillos," or youngsters, and intended more for practice in the arena than anything else; in consideration of which, out of five or six the spectators were contented with the death of one only; for some blood on these occasions *must* be spilt, or else the audience, particularly the ladies, are not satisfied. The

place for the bull-fight is exactly like one of the amphitheatres seen in Italy, with this difference,—that it is constructed of wood, and, when filled, presented an enlivening spectacle.

About five o'clock, three or four men, handsomely dressed in short jackets, breeches, and white stockings, entered the arena, each carrying in his hand a flowing scarf, of the most brilliant colours : these persons are called the "Chulos." A large door was immediately thrown open, and in bounded a fine young bull, about two years old, with all the activity of an antelope. He stopped for a minute in the centre of the arena, as if stupefied with the unexpected sight and noise ;—for thunders of applause rang from every side. It was, however, but a momentary stop ; he made a rush at one of the gentlemen in the breeches,—who shook his scarf in the bull's face, jumped out of the way, and another took his place ; and it was truly astonishing to see the activity with which they evaded the fury of the brute ;—running before him, whilst the scarf kept streaming behind, at which the

enraged animal made ineffectual charges, till his adversary gained the palisades, up which he would either leap like a cat, or get behind small partitions put there for the purpose.

This continued for some time, when the folding doors were again thrown open, and then, oh! ye gods, what a sight appeared! As this was not a real bull-fight, it was made a burlesque of, and the usual "Picador," mounted horseman with the spear, was represented by a black fellow, in a cocked hat and a harlequin's dress, and mounted on a horse which that of Don Quixote was a Bucephalus. After a good deal of pushing and flogging, Blacky and his charger were at last got into the centre of the arena.

The bull appeared astonished at the sight, made one charge, then stopped short, and began again to pursue his pedestrian antagonist. In the meantime, Quashy shewed an undaunted countenance; he tried by every means to turn his charger towards the bull, but with no avail. The object was evidently the death-

the horse, and the overthrow of old Quashy: to effect this, the footmen, when pursued, ran behind the Rosinante, but still the bull did not like his appearance, and kept aloof. At last he pursued one of his enemies very near the knight, continued his course, and we all thought would have tumbled both over; but Blacky shewed great pluck, and received him on the point of his spear, which entered his shoulder, and the bull immediately turned off, and galloped to another part of the arena, the blood gushing from the wound.

This exploit of Blacky's was followed by shouts of applause, loud and long, and a second charge of the bull had the same result. He still continuing to provoke the beast by the exclamations of "Ouf! Tore! Tore! Ouf!" On a third attempt the spear missed him; his horns were fixed in the horse's shoulder, and both he and rider rolled over. Had it been an old bull, he would have had great fun with his fallen antagonist; but the present one was young and impetuous.

and appeared content with the overthrow of his foe. The black knight limped out of the lists, sadly covered with dust; and the horse, not being fortunate enough to be killed outright, was with much difficulty got on his legs, and, covered with blood and dirt, led away for some future occasion.

Now begins the most barbarous part of the work. Whilst the horse was being removed the "bandarillos" were introduced: these are pieces of stick, about a yard long, adorned with paper, cut in fantastic shapes, and armed at one end with a barbed point, ending like a fish hook, or harpoon. One of these being held in each hand, the Bandillero advances towards the bull, and provokes him to charge; he allows him to come up quite close to him, and when the animal's head is lowered, in the act of rushing forward, he leans over the horns, and plants the two harpoons, if I may so call them, in each side of the neck, and with surprising agility jumps aside.

The bull, roaring with pain and fury, t

bandarillos still hanging in his neck, rushes in every direction about the arena, till, at another charge, he receives one or two more, and is at last reduced to a state of frenzy, and bristling with darts. The finale now approaches : the "Matador," with a long sword in one hand, and a flag in the other, goes before him, and is instantly charged; he allows the "Toro" to gore the flag, steps nimbly aside, and plunges the sword up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades. The blood gushes out in torrents, the bull makes two or three steps forward, looks round for a moment, staggers, and falls. A knife is immediately driven into his spinal marrow, a little behind the horns, and the poor animal is relieved from its tortures.

All this takes place amidst the most deafening shouts, and the waving of handkerchiefs of the ladies, particularly when blood is drawn. I never before could imagine how the Furies should be personified by women ; but after witnessing a bull-fight, I can do so. It is no

doubt a most barbarous amusement, though extremely exciting; but that women, whom we are taught to believe of a gentle nature, should delight in such a bloody diversion passes all belief.

The following account of a "Bull-fight," written immediately after the occurrence took place, and whilst all the particulars were fresh in my memory, I find thus recorded in my journal:—

June 12th, 1838. Went yesterday with Lieutenant Lacy to witness the "Toros" at Algesiras: on arriving at the fonda, found it already occupied by several people of the garrison, officers, civilians, and scorpions, and after duly putting up our horses, ordering some "comida" (dinner) at two o'clock, we sallied out to look about us.

Algesiras being all alive on this "dia de fiesta," on meeting again at the hour appointed for dinner, each had some little anecdote to relate of his morning's adventures; either an account

of a forenoon call on a Spanish señora and her family—a visit to the “Iglesia” during the performance of high mass—an encounter there with some señorita, “muy guapā y preciosa”*—or the skilful transmission to her of a hastily-written *billet-doux*. Such were the common subjects of conversation whilst we sipped our “manganilla;” but one of the adventures then recounted was so much out of the common way, that I must give it in the words of the narrator, an officer of high rank and distinction.

“Well, gentlemen,” said he, in his own peculiar nasal tone of voice, “though I cannot boast of having made any assignations.—entrusted sweet-scented ‘cartitas’ (notes) to wrinkled old dueñas, or had handfuls of roses showered over me from a certain ‘balcon,’—still I’ll answer for it, that I’ve seen a sight that none of you ever witnessed.”

“What can it be?” was the universal query. The old gentleman took another .;

* “Handsome” and “precious”—terms often employed, in Spain, in commending female beauty.

of mansanilla, and then, with the greatest gravity, replied,—“ Why I've seen a child's body converted into a bee-hive, ay, and lots of honey in it, too.”

The call for particulars was now universal.
“ Well,” said the colonel, “ as I was returning with T——, from the aqueduct, we passed the Campo-Santo, (cemetery,) and just stepped in to see what was going on there; we found parts of the walls in a very crumbling state, some portions had even very recently fallen down, and disclosed sights which I will choose some other time than the present to detail. However, coffins were scattered about in every direction, the lids of some had either been wrenched off, or were crushed in by the fall of the stones and masonry, and shewed objects which might have turned a delicate stomach—decomposition and corruption in every stage from the dried and parchment-covered skele-

* The circumstance of the coffins containing the dead being inserted into cavities left in the thickness of the walls of the “ Campo Santos” has already been alluded to.

ton, to——. Youngster, take a glass of brandy, 't will keep your dinner in its proper place." This was said "par parenthèse," to a green ensign, who shewed evident symptoms of preparing to give the said dinner the benefit of an immediate change of quarters.

"Well," continued he, "amongst this pretty collection of natural curiosities, one in particular attracted our attention: this was, the contents of a small, uncovered coffin, in which lay a child, the cavity of the chest exposed, and tenanted by an industrious colony of bees; the comb was rapidly progressing, and I suppose, according to the adage of the poet, they were adding sweets to the sweet, if not a perfume to the violet: and now," continued he, "if any of you young gentlemen mean to write a book, this will not be a bad story to insert, as being characteristic of Spanish energy and respect for the departed."

In the heat of his description, the old colonel appeared to have forgotten that he had promised with the expressed intention of abstain-

ing from "particulars;" but he entered so deeply into details, that an omission of the greater portion of his description has been considered necessary. Some of the party who were not blessed with the veteran's strength of stomach were glad to get into the open air; and as the time was fast approaching for the commencement of the "Toros," we soon found ourselves carried along in the stream of human beings hastening towards the scene of this barbarous, cruel, and cowardly amusement—barbarous, as suited only to a people in a state of demi-civilization, and a worthy accompaniment of the Inquisition, torture, and auto da fé, which latter diversions are, at present, thank God! out of vogue; cruel and cowardly, in the strongest sense of the word, as the following plain and unvarnished relation of the Toros will abundantly testify.

The building is of wood, of a circular form, the rows of seats extending from the arena upwards, one above the other, on the principle of the Roman amphitheatre, the upper boxes,

or "palkos," being alone covered in. The diameter of the arena, which is of smooth sand, may be sixty or seventy yards; it is surrounded by strong palisades, through which, at intervals, are cut passages, and intended as places of refuge for the Chulos when closely pressed.

The ceremony commenced about four, P.M., by a flourish of trumpets, when

"The lists are op'd, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round:
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found.
Here dona, grandees, but chiefly dames abound.
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by love's sad archery.

"Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-pois'd lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists, advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers feately prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout, and ladies' lovely glance,
The prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

"In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds ; but not before
The ground with cautious tread is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed.
He aims a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
Alas! too oft condemn'd by him to bear and bleed."

The above account, from Childe Harold, is correct as far as goes the description of the lists and entrance of the Picadors, but certainly the "Childe" must have had a very poetical ken to discover in the poor Rosinantes, which always figure on these occasions, anything approaching to milk-white, crested, gallant steeds ; he besides appears to make a slight error in taking for "Matadores" what are evidently intended for the Chulos and Bandilleros—the former being, moreover, armed with a formidable toledo, and coming to most unpleasantly close quarters with the bull, instead of "aiming the dart," and "fighting aloof."

However, on the occasion here alluded to, af-

the said flourish of trumpets, entered first the Picadors, three in number, dressed in the gaudiest *majo* costume of Andalusia, extremely low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, jackets belazoned with gold and silver, their legs protected by a casing of cork, their bodies screwed into high demi-pique saddles, and mounted on horses that would not have passed muster for an English kennel ; next followed the foot—the Matador, the Bandilleros, and the Chulos—all richly and tastefully dressed ; their nether persons in knee breeches and stockings, whilst in their hands waved brilliant and many-coloured scarfs.

After advancing opposite the box occupied by the municipal authorities, whom they gracefully saluted, another shrill blast sent them right-about to their respective stations.

The gate was then thrown open, and in rushed a noble black bull, who, on reaching the centre of the arena, stopped short, and wildly looked at the novel scene around him. One of the Chulos speedily roused him from

his contemplations, by waving a scarf before the face of the now furious animal, who made a dart at his tormentor; the latter nimbly evaded the charge, got behind an opening of the palisades, and was succeeded by a second man, who, after attracting the bull's attention, fled towards one of the horsemen, whom the "Toro" immediately charged, but was bravely received on the point of the spear,* which, entering the fleshy part of the shoulder, obliged him to turn off, and vent his spleen on the Chulos, who, as before, when hard pressed, dexterously slipped through, or nimbly bounded over, the palisades.

The second Picador now came to the scratch, but was not equally fortunate in turning his antagonist, who, in spite of the wound he re-

* The head of the spear is about two inches in length, and cannot enter further: the bull is therefore principally repelled and turned in his charge by the strength of arm and dexterity of the Picador, whose safety, or rather that of the poor horse under him, depends on the skill and vigour with which he uses this comparatively harmless weapon.

ceived by the spear entering the fleshy part of his neck, succeeded this time in getting his horns under the horse, and rolling over both steed and rider. All the Chulos now ran forward to prevent further mischief, and soon turned the bull's attention from his fallen foes. The man was extricated unhurt, but the horse had received a fearful gash in the shoulder, from which the blood was profusely gushing. They thought it a mortal wound, and led him about for a short time, probably expecting he would drop, but as he shewed no symptom of any intention of so doing, he was conducted out of the arena, the wound crammed with tow, and in this state he was brought back and mounted as if nothing had occurred. It may be necessary to remark, that in order to bring the horses to stand the furious charge of the bull, they are partially blinded and made insensible of their danger, by having a bandage fastened over the right eye.

It was now the turn of the third Picador to exhibit his prowess. The combat was short,

but deadly. The poor Rosinante on which was mounted received the bull's horn full in the chest, into which it penetrated to the root; and the Picador, encumbered with cork leggings, had scarcely time to dismount ere the poor brute staggered, fell, and, after one or two convulsive kicks, breathed his last. The air ringing in the meantime with short applause, which, even on the part of the women, appeared to increase in proportion to the effusion of blood.

This part of the ceremony over, the remaining Picadors retired; and now commenced the second act of cruelty in this barous entertainment.

The bandarillos were now brought into play; they consist of small barbed darts, or points, covered with cut paper. Armed with one of these in each hand, the Bandillero awaits the charge of the bull; and when the latter, in his mad approach to his antagonist, has already impaled his horns to toss him aloft, the darts, so dangerously planted in his neck, the

nimbly on one side, and the maddened animal goes the empty air.

Stung with agony, and furious at his disappointment, he savagely bellows, tears up the ground with his fore paws, and madly rushes after the other Bandilleros, from whom he meets with a similar reception, whilst showers of small darts are poured on him from all quarters by the spectators; and, in a state verging on desperation, he rushes about, bristled like the "fretful porcupine," with a forest of pigmy arrows sticking in his skin.

Cruelty might have now been imagined as carried to its utmost verge; but Spanish ingenuity would by this supposition be much wronged. Darts furnished with fireworks were now stuck into the poor brute, and ignited, and he stood for a moment in the midst of flames and explosions, bellowing with all the fury of rage and suffering; for suffer he must have done, as the *smell* of the burning hair and flesh was very perceptible.

However, fear had evidently no part in the

composition of the noble animal ; on a second attempt to plant the fireworks, owing to a furious charge on his tormentors, one of the loaded bandarillos fell to the ground, and, whilst in the very act of exploding, was charged by the bull with all the energy of despair and trampled under foot. He then vented his rage on the lifeless body of the horse, which still lay in the arena, and at last, it being considered that his sufferings and tortures had afforded a sufficient degree of amusement to his fair and humane audience, he was considerably destined to receive the “coup de grace.”

For this laudable purpose the “Matador” approached, bearing a scarlet scarf in his left hand, whilst the right was armed with a long straight sword. The bull, as usual, made a furious charge ; this the Matador coolly stood to receive, but did so on the flag depending from his arm, which entangling itself round the bull’s head, allowed his antagonist to make one step aside, and then to plunge his sword up to

the hilt between the shoulder blades of the baffled animal. It was dexterously done; the bull appeared suddenly paralyzed; for a minute the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils, when quietly doubling up his legs, as if aware of the uselessness of any further resistance, he lay down, rolled over on his side, and the sharp stroke of a short knife planted behind the horns into the spinal marrow, immediately put an end to the poor creature's protracted sufferings. A couple of mules were next fastened to him, which dragging their reeking victim, galloped out of the gates of the arena, amidst thunders of applause, the deafening strokes of "poros,"* and the waving of handkerchiefs from small white hands, which at that moment I should have felt more disposed to believe appertained to the infernal furies, superintending some demoniac rite, than belonging to lovely and "gentle" woman.

* The "poro" is a long stick with a knob at one end; the invariable appendage of a "majo" at the "toros;" with this he manifests his approbation by violently thumping the boards under foot.

With little variety in the system of torture, three or four bulls were thus successively斗ed to death; and lastly, for the amusement of the rabble, a “novillo,” or young bull, was turned into the arena, and, after being rendered ably savage by having bandarillos stuck over his body, and tossing some of them who, bold in his youth and inexperienced, ventured into the arena,—the amusement of the day was concluded, and I left the “ring.” Fully impressed with the conviction that such a pastime is a disgrace to any people who claim the slightest claim to civilization, and that a Spaniard displaying such a taste for blood, the Inca from Cortez and Pizarro, the ruthless “dors” of the unoffending races of the world, the gallant followers of Monte Christo and the more gentle subjects of the Inca.

At the annual fair at Ronda, which is held yearly about the latter end of March, which is greatly resorted to by the English tourists from Gibraltar, besides the regular “toros,” in

are generally killed great numbers of horses, there are burlesque bull-fights ; women and buffoons mounted on donkeys being sent into the arena to encounter "novillos," who, although they have their horns tipped, give a good many severe tosses to their foes, to the great delight and amusement of the audience.

The following anecdote may serve to elucidate the feeling of humanity which pervades the breasts of the better orders of Spaniards and Portuguese. A gentleman of the latter nation, a friend of mine, and occupying a high official situation at Gibraltar, happened to be in the same "palco" with myself at the above bull-fight. On my expressing to him the horror I felt at seeing the poor horses thus mercilessly butchered, he merely shrugged up his shoulders, saying—"Ah ! mon cher, qu'importe ? Ce ne sont que des rosses, qui content tout au plus une 'once !'" *

Cruelty purchased thus for a doubloon, was,

* A doubloon, or sixteen dollars, is called an "onza."

in this **caballero's** estimation, a decided bargain!

Were there anything manly in the sport, were common “fair play” given to the different parties engaged, it might, perhaps, be excusable. For instance, were the picador, armed with a sharp spear and mounted on a spirited horse, to encounter *alone* the furious bull, it would undoubtedly be a sportsmanlike thing to slay him in a deadly tilt. But, when every chance is in favour of the biped, every disadvantage against the bull, and when the horses, as well as the latter, are brought in to a certain, and often cruel death, these shambles scenes are an amusement only worthy of butchers, and, as I before said, a disgrace to civilized society.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Algeciras and Los Barrios—Spanish acquaintance and manners—An unusual beauty—Compliments and professions—Words an unsubstantial repast—Poverty—Bridge at Los Barrios—The cura and church—The sierras above Los Barrios—Fine view—Carrying double—A novel hunt.

Gibraltar, June 13, 1838.

WE went early to Algesiras, to make some morning calls, having managed, somehow or other, to pick up a few acquaintances there; amongst others, the brother-in-law of my friend's first partner at the San Roque masked ball, a Captain A——, the secretary of the Governor of Algesiras, and a gentlemanly fellow, who speaks French fluently, and has on many occasions been very civil to me.

Amongst other Spanish friends here, are the ladies of Colonel ——'s family; the "hija," the fair V——, is a very fine girl, of a style of beauty rather unusual in Andalusia, having the raven locks of the daughters of the south, with the most melting dark blue eyes; she, however, accounts for this peculiarity, by tracing her descent from a family originally coming from the mountains of the north of the Peninsula.

The lessons I received at Grenada have initiated me into the mysteries of Spanish society, which, with perhaps a little more profusion of compliments and professions, is much the same as in the rest of the civilized world. Talk the language; praise Spain and the Spaniards; tell the women they are "brujas" and "echiseras;"* bow gracefully to them; never venture to shake hands or offer an arm to a lady, except in ascending or descending a flight of steps; you cannot go wrong,—and

* Witches and enchantresses.

on taking up your hat, and making the usual farewell salutation of—"Que ustedes lo pasen bien,"* the lady of the mansion will undoubtedly tell you that her house, and everything it contains, are at your service.

Never were people more profuse in their offers and professions than are the Spaniards; but their liberality rests here; for, whether it be not the custom of the country, or is attributable to poverty, from all my acquaintances I have never had anything more substantial than words; except, by the bye, in the case of old Colonel Mauri, at Grenada, and the officers of the regiment at Ceuta. Yes, there is another instance, in which a sort of liberality is exercised, which is unknown to us: if a Spaniard accompanies a stranger to any place of public amusement, he will insist on franking him in, and feels offended if you persist in refusing his offer. I believe, however, that their (what we call) parsimony, as

* "That you may pass it well"—the *it*, probably, relating to your time.

far as hospitality is concerned, arises principally from want of means; money, if you may judge from their style of living, being an extremely scarce article amongst them. The only expense, in which even the more wealthy appear to indulge, are their servants and equipages. Their houses are scarcely furnished; they do not entertain; and I understand (for, not having ever had my feet under Spanish mahogany, I am unable to speak from experience,) that in their family meals they are frugal to a degree at which an Englishman's stomach would be very apt to rebel; and it is therefore, perhaps, just as well that it is never in danger of being subjected to the ordeal.

But now a word or two about "Los Barrios," to which, after "womanizing" at Algeciras, we proceeded on our trusty steeds. Los Barrios lies about five miles to the north-west of the bay, up a broad and fertile valley, watered by the Parmoni river, which is crossed about a mile from the town over a bridge, partly destroyed by the inhabitants in 1808, on the

approach of a division of the French army, at that time laying siege to Cadiz.

We put up our horses at a "venta," and strolled out to look at the lions; but it was the still hour of the siesta, and not even a dog was to be seen in the streets.* However, at the risk of disturbing the "cura"† from a pleasant dream, we inquired at our "hostellerie" where was his residence, and called there with the less scruple, as he was the brother-in-law of one of our Algesiras friends; and on making ourselves known as such, he shewed us every politeness; but to our inquiry if there were anything "curioso que ver,"—anything worthy to be seen,—at "Los Barrios," he replied, that the church was the only object by the sight of which a stranger

* There is, I believe, a Spanish "refran," or saying, which means that none but Englishmen and dogs are to be met with at this ungodly hour.

† The "cura," or curate of a village, is generally the man from whom a stranger is most likely to obtain any required information; and I have often met with men of considerable intelligence amongst this class.

could be gratified ; and sending for the keys, immediately initiated us into all its mysteries, which consisted of a few indifferent scriptural paintings, some silver candlesticks and plate, and a chest full of the silk dresses worn by the priests on certain gala days, and which were rich and gorgeous in the extreme. We soon completed our survey, and taking leave of the good priest, mounted our horses, and by a short cut across the country to the first ferry, got fairly amongst the sierras, from which we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves, but from the heights of which we obtained some beautiful *coups d'œil*. From one spot in particular, the most elevated on the high ridge along which we had scrambled the eye, sweeping round the horizon, encountered the following objects. To the east lay San Roque, its white walls glittering in the afternoon sun ; a little more to the southward the "Rock" frowned over the still and blue water of the bay ; next came Ceuta, backed by the far Atlas ; when, returning to Europe, Cabrit

Point, Sandy Bay, Algesiras, and Los Barrios, successively met the astonished sight; which, to the northward, took in Gaucin and the Ronda Hills, Castellar being concealed by an intervening ridge.

Our path over the sierras was like that through life,—it consisted of many devious wanderings, and numberless ups and downs, till at last we safely arrived on better known ground, reached and crossed over the ferry of the first river, and soon found ourselves on the hard, damp, and smooth beach.

But we were doomed to encounter another adventure ere we entered the gates of our rocky stronghold. Jogging quietly along the margin of the sea, we presently overtook an old woman, who appeared to be wearily wending her way in the same direction with ourselves.

“Buenos dias, tia!”* cried I; “you seem

* “Tia” means “my aunt,” and is a familiar address, an aged woman, who replies in the same spirit, by calling you “hijo,” or her son.

and, taking me at my word, the old lady
the next minute very comfortably estal-
behind me, *stride-legs*, and apparently
at home. I was, I must confess, rather
aback; we had just been joined by th
four officers of the garrison, who we
greatly amused at my discomfiture ; ho-
I laid the flattering unction to my soul,
by quickening the pace, I could easily g
of my new friend. I therefore commen-
jog-trot, which I gradually quickened, w
any signs of the old lady relinquishin-
hold, and at last asked her if she did no-
her position *rather* uncomfortable, w
either stirrups or saddle ?

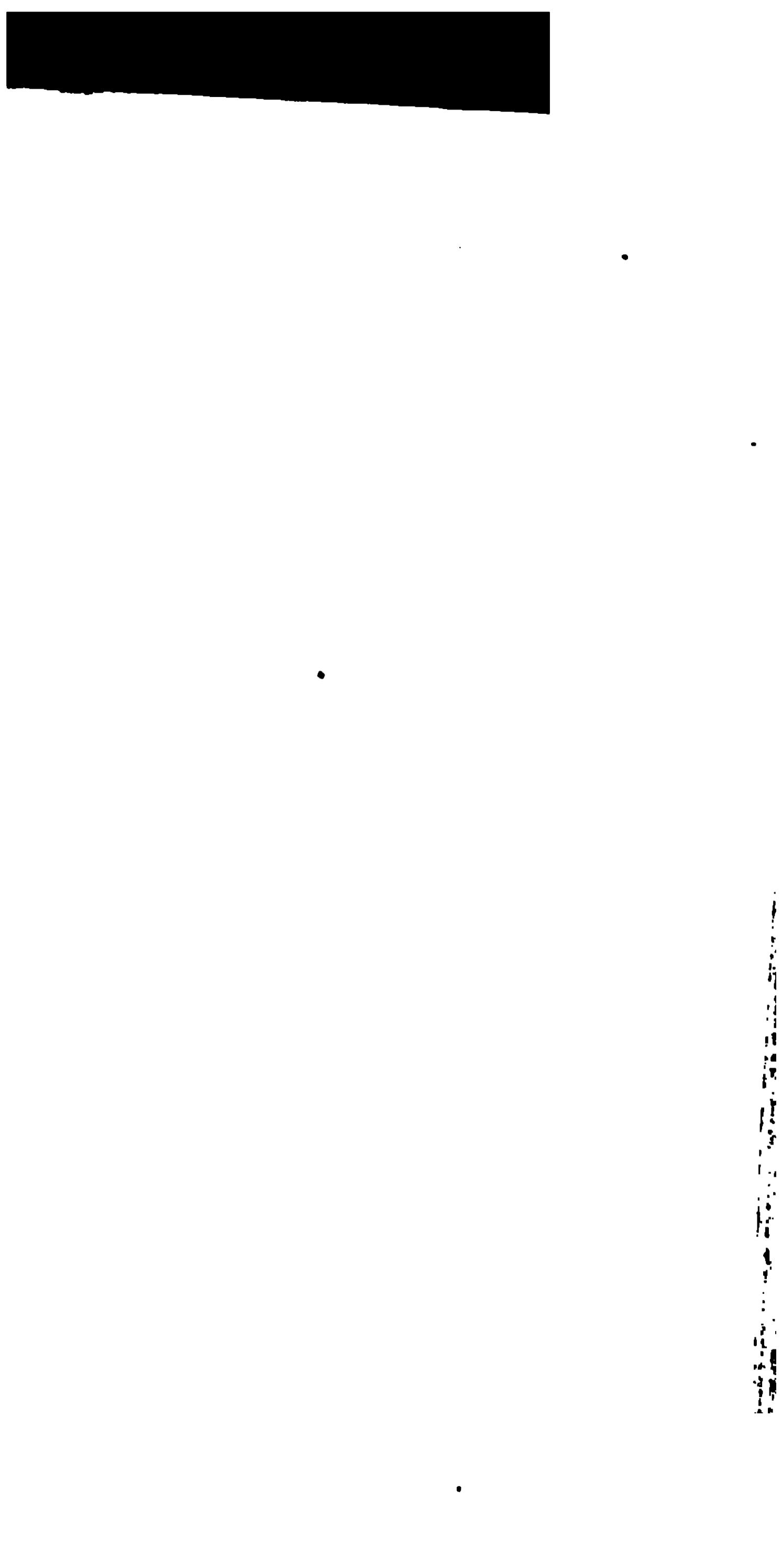
“ No, hijo, no; que hermosura !” (N
son, no; how delightful!) was her rep-
she grappled me more tightly round the
I next tried a canter; the rest of the]

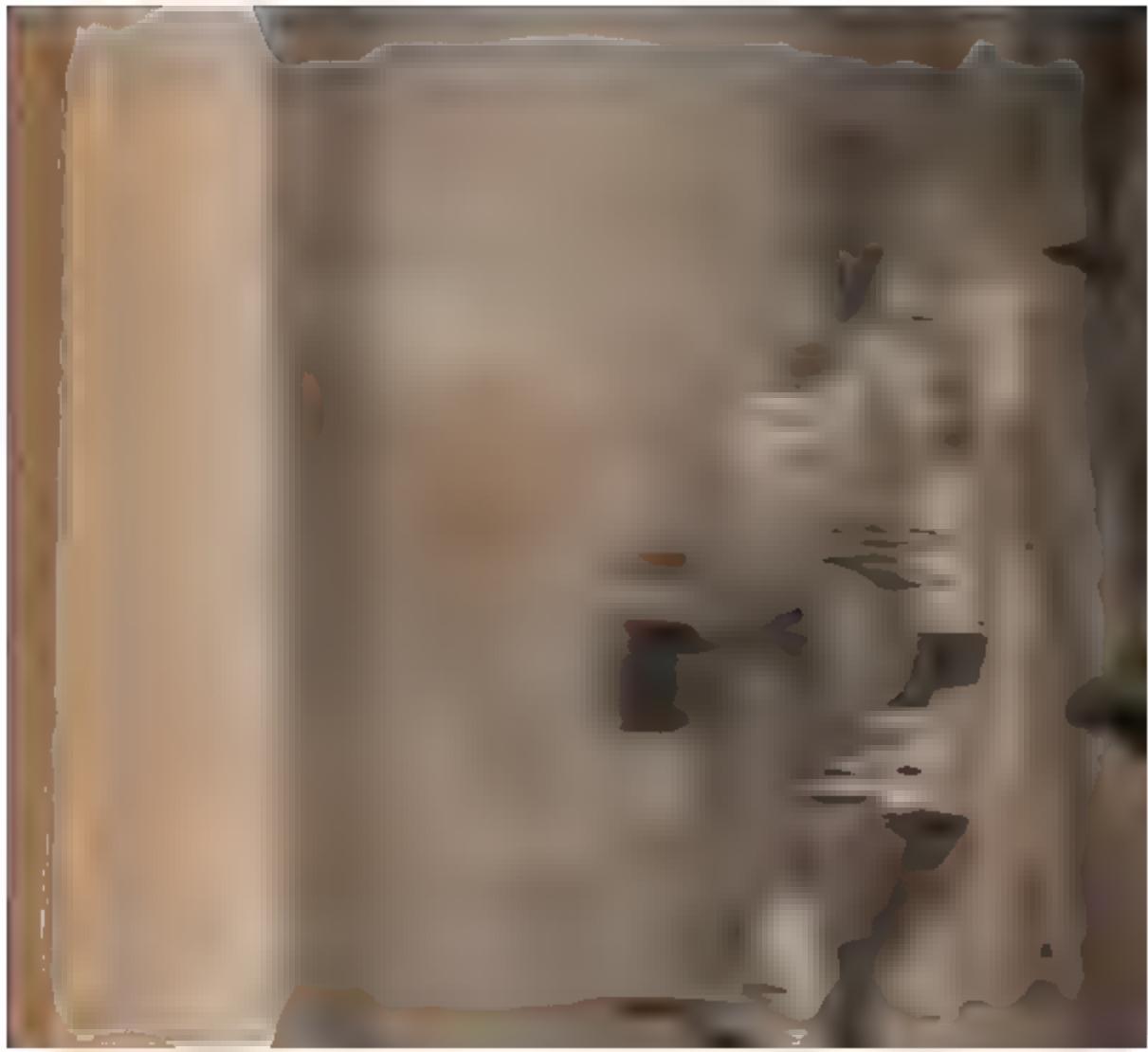
seeing in what a predicament I had placed myself, were in ecstasies of laughter; at last one of them came behind me, touched up my horse with his hunting whip; he went off full score—they *tally-ho'd*, shouted, cracked their whips, and behold me now,—pursued along the shore like a beast of the chase, with this incubus sticking firmly to me, and whenever she could muster breath to utter the exclamation, saying,—“Ai! que hermosura!”

Continuing at this pace, we at last came in view of a party, in which I could discern a couple of ladies of the garrison: the sight rendered me desperate; I turned my horse off to the left, succeeded in pulling him up, and told my Centaur-like companion that I was sorry I could carry her no further, and asked her where on earth she had become so perfect in the accomplishment of riding double? She with the greatest *insouciance* dismounted, took her clothes, thanked me for the lift, and said she had been too long accustomed to the thing, whilst riding behind the contraband-

distas, to feel any apprehensions on horseback, even without a saddle. My companions had by this time approached, and I could not help joining in their laugh at this ludicrous adventure. We soon passed the fair equestrians above alluded to; but I have not yet learned, nor do I much care, if they observed, or not, this exquisite specimen of horsemanship of my respected "tia."

END OF VOL. I.





**EXCURSIONS
LONG THE SHORES
OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN.**

BY
LT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER,
46TH REGIMENT:

AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

ETC.

**IN TWO VOLUMES
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Gibraltar, 22nd August, 1838.

As we rode along, on an excursion to the convent of the Cork Wood, we found the myrtle in full bloom, and the tall stalks of

the aloe covered with their bright yellow blossoms. The wild vines spreading their twining tendrils amidst the branches of the trees in the Cork Wood methought looked greener than ever. Every oak was the abode, if not of harmony, at least of noise; and the concert kept up amidst the foliage by the numerous grass, or rather *tree-hoppers*, was quite deafening. We had started early in the morning, of which we enjoyed all the delightful freshness, and no less so a good breakfast, provided for us on our arrival at the Almoraima, by the worthy Padre. After our repast, I took out the newspaper, with which I always provide myself when I pay him a visit, and translated to him, from beginning to end, all that related to the disturbances in Spain, in which the old gentleman takes a great interest.

Since the abolition of the monastic orders in this country, the convent has been converted into an abode for the numerous charcoal makers, who carry on their vocation amongst the neighbouring sierras, and whose

families now occupy the cells formerly tenanted by "cowled monks and sandalled friars."

During the day, as the men are all employed in the woods, none save women (excepting the old Padre,) are to be seen within these holy walls, which might then be almost mistaken for a nunnery. Amongst these ladies, I had a great ally in an old crone of the name of Martha, whom I used to call my "novia," or bride; and, whilst she has been sitting, with spectacles on nose, knitting the coarse woollen work of the country, I have often, for an hour together, listened to her long *yarns*, the offspring of a garrulous old age. On these occasions, she usually took up a position at the end of one of the long galleries, from whence branched out the different cells, and always had an audience, consisting of the wives or daughters of the carboneros; on the present occasion, as I had come fully prepared with drawing materials, I took a sketch of the group assembled around

old Martha, whilst listening to one of her numberless stories.*

The party consisted of my old “*novia*” and three rather pretty girls; one of whom, however, squinted most abominably; I therefore took the liberty of putting *her* countenance “*en profile*.” However, on seeing this, the swivel-eyed Marequita was very indignant, saying, that whilst I had given *whole* faces to her companions I had only allowed *half* a one for her share.

The Irish peasants are proverbially quick in their repartees, but I think they are surpassed by the “*sal Andaluz*”† of the lower orders of Spaniards. I was quizzing the oblique-visioned maiden, on her prospect of being speedily united in holy matrimony to a young carbonero,—“Poor girl!—povere-cita!” said I, “how I pity you!”

* For the story here alluded to, vide “Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands,” vol. i. page 81.

† “Andalusian salt,” an expressive mode of naming the pithy and witty idiom of this part of Spain.

"Y, porque?" (wherefore?) asked she.

"Because, having a black husband, all your children will be Mulattoes."

"No tenga usted cuidad," replied she; "que ante de casarse se limpiara bien la cara."

By the time I had finished the sketch, my companion returned with a very good drawing of the convent, and had, moreover, shot a bird, exactly resembling, though much larger than the Indian "fly-catcher." It is here called the "ave garucco."



In my many wanderings, I chanced, on a time—no matter when, where, or how—to stumble, unexpected, unawares, and unseen, into a mansion, the inmates, furniture, and appointments of which puzzled me exceedingly. Being at the time an airy spirit, I was able to make my observations and conjectures without being heeded. They were as follows; and, at the moment, I was sadly puzzled to know into what company or what part of the world I had strayed, in this fit of animal magnetism.

In the first place, in the centre of the apartment, on a table of oak, (none of the brightest) were some plates, fruit, bottles, etc., the evident symptoms of a dessert. On a couch near the table, lay, in a dozing attitude and dozing mood, a young man, who, although in the prime of life, shewed symptoms on his bronzed face and features, of exposure to wind and weather, sun and storm. On his head was a Calmuc cap of black lamb-skin, such as is worn in Persia, a broad red sash, like that of the Andalusian smuggler, kept up loose trowsers, from the bottom of which, peered shoes evidently not of European build, as was manifest by their tinsel ornaments and turned-up points. On his breast, lay an open book, in which might be seen traced a number of lines and characters, that to my unlearned vision savoured strongly of magic, but so young and handsome he *could* not be a magician! Still less could I make out his country, and I was fairly posed; I looked around for further information. The next object which met my view made me fancy I had

got into a nest of pirates. This was a tall and dark person, with black whiskers, long, thin, and grizzled locks—apparently between the age of thirty and forty; a red Greek skull-cap, set on one side of his head, an open shirt, and loose muslin drawers, added to his ruffianly appearance, and I set him down as a sea-robb^{er} of the most ruthless description; still his occupation did not tally with that calling. He had sundry sheets of foolscap before him, on which he was scribbling away with great activity; but I must confess, that although I peeped over the gentleman's shoulder, the characters did not appear to me to be very legible.

I was, in short, fairly puzzled, and sought by examining the localities to get some clue to the mystery, and find on what spot of earth I had dropped. The fruits were figs, the prickly pear, water-melon, and dried dates; I, therefore, set down the site as tropical, and was further confirmed in this supposition, by seeing a porous earthen vessel, such as is only made use of in hot climates, to contain

water. But then, again, there were glass windows to the room, and a fire-place, which was tastefully decorated with coloured paper, cut into fifty fantastic shapes, and surmounted with flowers made of the same material.

The walls were hung with pictures and ornaments, but of so promiscuous a nature that I could gather nothing from this source. Here, might be seen a sea-piece or snow-storm; there, a glowing sky, with date-trees, and camels, and elephants. Over one door was extended an eagle's wing, beneath which hung conspicuous a shooting-bag of leopard's-skin and a fishing-basket. Another side of the room was decorated with foils and masks, boxing-gloves, and a couple of Moorish swords; whilst, suspended from the antlers of a deer, hung a hunting-whip, and one of true English build. But the more I looked the more I was puzzled. The trades or occupations of these good people must, thinks I, be as numerous as the articles of which their dress and furniture are composed,—here a fowling-piece, there a sword; then innumerable drawing-

boards, a couple of easels, fragments of rock and shells, hunting-knives, lots of books, and Heaven knows what besides, smelling as strongly of the poacher, or jockey, or sportsman, as of the artist or man of letters. I at last came to the conclusion it was some Jew pawn-broker's shop; but unwilling to say anything positively without having just grounds to go on, I took another and a closer peep over the shoulder of the gentleman in the Greek skull-cap, to see if his writing could give me any clue to solve a mystery, which was beginning to weigh like a night-mare on my mind. I was obliged to go cautiously to work, not liking exactly the expression of his countenance in the event of his detecting me in the act, and it was not without considerable difficulty I began to decipher a most abominable scrawl.

I was startled by his turning round suddenly at this moment, and exclaiming—"Who the devil are you?"



On the 17th instant, being at the time on the Landport Guard, I heard sundry rumours that half the regiment had fallen down St. Michael's Cave, in trying to extricate the other half; that there was no end of killed and wounded, and Heaven knows what besides! I was, however, obliged to remain the whole night in suspense, and it was not until the following morning that I heard the particulars;—but I must first give a short description of this famed cavern, as Lieutenant Lacy and myself were exploring in it for several hours, a few days before the accident in question. It is a low opening placed about half way up the western face of the rock. On entering, you descend for some distance till you reach a spacious vaulted apartment, supported by magnificent stalactites, some of them still undergoing the process of formation,—that is to say, hanging partly from the roof, like the icicles in the excavations of the Simplon, and generally having a corresponding pillar rising from the ground formed by the dripping of the water; in time, these two meet, and constitute the noble

columns which support this astonishing work of nature.

The whole of this outer apartment is well lighted from the aperture above, but going down the principal passage, and still descending, you soon get into utter darkness, and proceed thus for about seventy or eighty yards, the moisture under your feet increasing, together with the noise produced by the flitting of innumerable bats disturbed by the glare of the torches. We now reached another opening, having more the resemblance of a cathedral than anything else, the light of day being excluded here, the effect of the torches we carried was very magnificent, and which was increased by our igniting a large fire. Leaving numerous smaller passages to the right and left, (some of which likewise go very far into the rock,) we proceeded due east, along another gallery, dark as Erebus, and lined with stalactites; this soon brought us to the abrupt edge of a hole that might have been taken for the entrance to the infernal regions; and to which was only wanting a guardian Cerberus.

Our rope ladders, of which we had provided a couple, now came into play. We fastened the end to the stump of a stalactite; I stuck a candle in the folds of the handkerchief with which I had bound up my head, and plunged on my subterranean expedition. Following the guide who had accompanied us, we soon got footing on a ledge of rock, but found it necessary to fasten both ladders together to enable us to reach the landing-place below, about seventy or eighty feet from the spot we had fastened the ropes to. Here we all stood in safety in the very bowels of the earth—Lieutenant Lacy, myself, our guide, and a couple of my "Light Bobs," whom I had brought with us for assistance. Escacena, (the Spanish artist,) another of the party, preferred remaining aloft.

We now found ourselves in a second cathedral, when at first gradually descending, and at last very rapidly so, we were again brought up by an abyss, similar to the first, the bottom of which all the light of our two torches could not disclose, and as we had no more rope we

were fain to return; but it is said that these passages run to an immense depth, until, owing to the confined air, the torches will no longer burn, when of course it is impossible to advance any further. Having now given an outline of what the cave is, I shall proceed with my story.

On the 17th, a party of our non-commis-sioned officers went to explore the cavern, and in descending towards an opening in one of the branch galleries, Quarter-master-serjeant Reid slipped, and rolled down a chasm, apparently to a great depth, as his groans could scarcely be heard from above. The alarm was instantly given; Lieutenant Lacy got ropes, and, accom-pained by a number of men, went up the hill. In the meantime, the armourer-serjeant (Ho-mer) hearing what had happened, hastened to the spot, and volunteered to let himself down; — he was a very heavy man, lost his hold, and was heard falling from one ledge of rock to another. Two men of the light company then offered to descend, and succeeded after much difficulty in fastening the serjeants to

ropes, when they were drawn up in a state of insensibility: Reid with his leg broken in two places, Homer so much injured that he died during the night. I had known him from a boy, he having gone out with me to India; sincerely did I regret the poor fellow's death, and attended his funeral on the second morning after the accident. He has left a young widow and two or three children, for whom, however, we have got up a handsome subscription, which was headed by the General. On his passage home from India he was the means of saving the ship in a gale off the Cape; she unshipped her rudder, whilst the sea was running so high that not a sailor would venture over the stern, when he volunteered, and the vessel was carried safely into Table Bay. Reid cannot survive, and the idea of being the unwilling cause of Homer's death, appears to lie heavily on the poor fellow's mind.

CHAPTER II.

Funeral of the serjeant—Deaths during the epidemic—Silent procession—North front—Burial ground—Fresh water found on the Neutral Ground—Jewish cemetery—The Levante and Poniente.

Windmill Hill, Sept. 13th, 1838.

All the serjeants of the garrison, and most of the officers of the regiment, as a mark of respect, attended the funeral of poor Serjeant Homer, which took place shortly after daylight in the morning.

A custom was introduced in the garrison during the prevalence of the yellow fever, and which has continued ever since, of making funeral parties go silently along the “line

wall," and without the usual melancholy accompaniment of the dead march, which always plays on such occasions. This was first established here in order not to alarm the inhabitants, by making public the number of deaths which daily, nay, hourly, took place at the time of the epidemic. On the present occasion, our mournful procession followed the usual road, skirting along the fortifications, until it reached the Casemate barracks, when, after issuing from the gates at Landport, the muffled drums struck up the "dead march."

The scene was peculiarly solemn : a Levanter had been blowing during the night, which covered the rock with a canopy of clouds, and the dense vapour gradually descending, at last enveloped our lugubrious procession, giving us a most shadowy and unearthly appearance. By the time we had reached the burial-place on the neutral ground, the bare and perpendicular face of the rock at the "north front," and which extends to the immense height of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, was but

dimly visible; and ere the ceremony had been concluded with the usual salvo of musketry over the "soldier's sepulchre," we were all dripping with moisture. On looking into the grave, I was astonished to observe, at this dry season of the year, that water had been come at about five feet from the surface. This, though in a sandy soil, and on a level with the adjacent seas, is said to be perfectly sweet, and free from any brackish taste.

The quantity of tombstones here, bear witness to the number of inhabitants of this "last bourne of the weary;" but is no argument against the salubrity of the Rock, when it is recollect'd how dense a population it contains, and that, with the exception of two small cemeteries in the South, one of which is appropriated to the officers of the garrison, this is, and has been for years, its only place of burial. It is surrounded by a low hedge of the aloe plant, whilst scattered beyond its precincts are numerous slabs, the Hebrew characters on which denote them to belong to those of the tribe of Israel now resting in Abraham's bosom.

The Jews, who are here extremely numerous, have at present another spot appropriated to their sepulchral rites, on the upper part of the rock, immediately above Windmill Hill barracks, where, from our house, we can frequently see them performing their last duties to the dead.

The “Levanter” which I have just mentioned is one of the greatest drawbacks we have: it is a “damper” to everything, both moral and physical; and even the giant “Calpe,” mourns the event, in a shroud of clouds and vapour, which then invariably crowns his venerable head. One’s spirits are depressed, an universal dampness* pervades everything, and this unenviable state of things is only rectified by the salubrious and freshening “Poniente,” (western breeze,) which from the broad Atlantic brings us a supply of health, coolness, and comfort.

* The very clothes often seem saturated with wet; and I have entered the guard-room at the Waterport after a Levanter, when its floor had all the appearance of having been recently washed.

During the whole year the wind seldom varies from these two points of the compass, though, fortunately for us, the "Poniente" is generally in the ascendant.

CHAPTER III.

The Signal Station—Telegraphing—Serjeant Macdonald—Monkeys—The Rock Gun—Mediterranean Battery—Catalan Bay—The Hole in the Wall—The governor's cottage—Europa Flats—The Nun's Well—The Mess House—Beef-steak Cave—Jacob's Ladder—Brigade field-days on the Neutral Ground—Prince George of Cambridge—His retentive memory.

Gibraltar, 19th September, 1838.

THE three highest pinnacles of the rock are O'Hara's Tower, the Signal Station, and the Rock Gun; the former I have already mentioned, the second stands immediately above the town, and is the residence of a very respectable man, Serjeant Macdonald, of the artillery, and his family, whose whole occupation (and it is no sinecure) is to keep a look out for the vessels which come in sight, and

by preconcerted signals to announce their approach. This telegraphing is so well contrived, that often, hours before a ship makes the port, it is known whether she comes from the east or the west,—if she be steamer, packet, man-of-war, or trader.

When this worthy Argus has not his eye glued to the telescope, he employs himself in manufacturing ornaments out of that crystallized portion of the rock which is known here by the name of “congealed,” and is modelled into such a variety of articles. He told me that he seldom went down to the town, and often for days together never saw a soul except the usual tenants of that part of the rock—the numerous monkeys, of which we yesterday beheld a large flock. It is amusing to witness with what care and dexterity the females carry their young, often down what are apparently the most inaccessible parts of the cliffs. In their agility they are, however, nearly equalled by the goats, which may be seen taking astonishing springs from one crag to another, and over the most frightful chasms.

To the north of the Signal Station, and occupying an equally elevated site, overlooking the Neutral Ground, stands the "Rock Gun," which, strange to say, was dismounted during the siege, by a shot from Fort Santa Barbara, whose ruins are near the eastern beach, and at a distance of at least two thousand yards, the gun itself being fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Returning along this elevated ridge, and between O'Hara's Tower and the Signal Station, are found, descending the eastern face of the rock, the Mediterranean stairs, whose number I do not now remember, but which is very great, and leading to the "Mediterranean Battery," which commands a beautiful view of the Malaga Hills, the Neutral Ground, and of the pretty little fishing village in Catalan Bay,* lying snugly embedded at the foot of

* The village at Catalan Bay, called by the natives "La Galeta," is entirely occupied by Genoese fishermen. There is a small military post here, a sort of little independent captain's command; a snug berth for a married man, and which gives him an additional allowance of about five shillings per diem.

the most stupendous crags, which appear every instant to threaten it with annihilation.

From Mediterranean Battery, the path, scarped out of the perpendicular face of the rock, and sometimes in the shape of galleries running through any projecting parts of it, leads round to the Jews' burial-ground, overlooking Windmill Hill barracks, to which you are admitted through a wicket, at all times carefully locked; when emerging on the plateau of Windmill Hill, and continuing in a south-easterly direction, you descend through a passage, called the "Hole in the Wall," by a zigzag path, till, reaching a level road, about a hundred feet above the sea, you pass the "governor's cottage."

This is his excellency's summer residence; and being sheltered from the sun after noon by the overhanging rocks of Windmill Hill, it is said to enjoy, even at the hottest season of the year, an unusual coolness of temperature. From this spot an excellent carriage road leads round to "Europa Flats," where are some

artillery barracks, with the mess-house and officers' quarters of the regiment stationed at Windmill Hill. This is the Gibraltar classic ground: it was here stood the chapel, to which, during the siege, all the women were proceeding to offer up their prayers for the deliverance of the "Plaza," when on their return they were rudely intercepted by a party of British tars, who, at the same time that Jumper so successfully undertook his daring action, had, unperceived by the enemy, landed more to the southward. It is said that this capture contributed greatly to the surrender of the place.

During the Sunday afternoons in fine weather, large parties of "cockney scorpions" resort for pic-nics to a grotto on the side of the "Flats," known by the name of "Beef-steak Cave," from whence they point out the site of the "Capilla de la Virgen" and the holy fount, called the "Nun's Well."

Waterport Guard, 18th Oct. 1838.

The Queen Dowager arrived here in the "Hastings" last Sunday, and was received with all imaginable honours.

Yesterday, from the heights of Windmill Hill, where we were drawn up, we fired a "feu de joie" on her majesty's laying the foundation of the lighthouse, which is to be erected on the southern extremity of Europa Point.

This morning we were on parade at an early hour, to present arms to her majesty on her return on board. She was highly gratified, it is said, with her reception at Gibraltar.

The Queen could not have come at a more opportune moment; the weather is delightfully cool, the rock looking beautiful, and everything went off well. Her majesty visited the Cork Wood, and never had queen in the days of chivalry a more brilliant escort. A body of Spanish Lancers came as a guard of honour from Algesiras, and she was accompanied besides by nearly every officer of the garrison who could

muster a horse. She left her carriage at San Roque, and rode into the Cork Wood.

We are beginning to look out rather impatiently for the hunting, as a little rain has already fallen, and the country is beginning to appear quite verdant.

Prince George, who arrived a few days before the Queen, is to remain, it is said, for several months, to study the "art of war." His military education has been entrusted to the colonel of the thirty-third regiment, to which corps he is attached.

* * * * *

The General does not allow us to remain idle, as he gives us lots of amusement, in the shape of brigade field-days, on the Neutral Ground. Prince George invariably assists on these occasions, and, from a steady and unremitting application to his drill, promises to become an excellent officer. They say he is endowed with the wonderful memory peculiar to the royal family, and that there is not a non-commissioned officer of his regiment (the

thirty-third) whom he does not already know by name. In his manners frank, affable, and soldierlike, he is becoming every day a greater favourite in the garrison, not from the adventitious circumstance of rank, but purely from his personal qualifications.



" As the winter of 1838 was passed by the author at Gibraltar, his journal during that period furnishes nothing of interest or of novelty. Unwilling, therefore, to try the patience of his indulgent readers with the details of a monotonous garrison life, he proceeds at once, in the next chapter, to the date of an excursion to Cadiz and Seville, during the month of April, 1839.

CHAPTER IV.

The "Death"—Royal Tar—Colonel G.—Anecdotes
—The old hat and tenpenny nails—Bay of Cadiz
—Byron—Gaditana houris analyzed—Dense Population—Narrow streets—Convent of Capuchins
—Murillo—Mr. Brackenbury's collection of pictures
—Leave Cadiz—St. Lucar—Montes, the matador—
Anecdotes of him—The Guadalquivir—Its meandering nature—Sevilla—Fair of Maireno—People returning from the feria.

" Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter though ignoble praise."

Childe Harold.

ON the 25th of April, 1839, after duly seeing my name in orders for leave of absence to proceed to Spain during the period of five

weeks, for the recovery of my health, I stepped on board the forty-sixth "Death," manned by six of our lads, and shooting out of the basin of the new mole, was soon alongside the paddle-box of the Royal Tar, which, under the able command of Captain B——, was to convey Cæsar and his fortunes to the far-famed port of Cadiz, the ancient Gades of the Phœnicians, where Hercules one morning before breakfast, in a walk from his "Columns" of Calpe and Abyla, is said to have erected a temple for his own private worship.

I found the Royal Tar a fine boat, and her captain an honest fellow. Her accommodations were excellent; there were several acquaintances from the Rock, going home in her, and it was my only subject of regret that I was not to accompany them the whole way.

I was no way astonished, on ascending the deck, to find on board old Colonel G——. Every man has a right to indulge, when able, in his own fancies; that of the worthy and gallant

colonel is, to make a permanent abode of the steamer plying between Falmouth and Gibraltar; he frequently goes out in one and returns by the next, but generally has an excellent excuse for so doing. On one occasion, having forgotten his "tile," he felt quite ashamed to expose the "shocking bad hat" he wore to the criticisms of the refined Scorpions, and forthwith went home for another castor. On his return to the Rock, he commenced new coppering, or making some other repairs to his yacht, when, on going to purchase five shillings' worth of nails, he found these villainous Scorpions wished to make him pay as many reals above the established price. Unwilling to submit to such gross imposition, dire necessity again drove him to old England, where he could buy his "tenpennys" at their "real" value. However, whether it be a bad hat or a tenpenny nail which takes the old colonel across the boisterous Bay of Biscay, his presence is always hailed with pleasure by every one on board; where, by his good temper and

humour, and more especially by the liberal distribution of some excellent Cognac brandy and undeniable Scotch whisky, (a bottle of each of which he invariably carries in his coat-tail pockets,) he is, like Falstaff, not only pleasant himself, but the cause of pleasure in others. He has always, moreover, sweetmeats for the children, a snug little case filled with curacoa, noyeau, and cherry-brandy for the ladies, a tough yarn for a traveller, and good nature for all. It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that he should be a general favourite on board.

Amongst the numerous passengers was a party just returned from their travels in the Levant; and of their number a Captain C——, who intended to land at Cadiz, in order to proceed to Seville: we agreed to become, for a time, “compagnons de voyage.”

The “frowning” night had just thrown her mantle over Calpe’s rough and rugged form, as we paddled out of the bay, leaving behind, as a fleeting memento, a long, dark, and waving

line of smoke, which increased in extent, as at every fresh revolution of the paddles we appeared to draw after us this lengthening chain.

The night, though dark, was serene, the water smooth, and consequently little motion and no sea-sickness; and, about ten, after we were fairly in the straits, and clear of Cabrita Point and the rocks of Tarifa, the captain came down and threw the light of his jolly John Bull countenance on the assembled party below.

The ladies had already retired to their “silken beds,” as Moore has it, and having fortified our stomachs with a mosquito dose, to guard against even the possibility of being sea-sick during our slumbers, we soon followed their good example, and, retiring to our respective berths, slept away the intervening hours of darkness, until a brilliant sunrise found us at anchor under the walls of

“ Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea.”

Who that has pored over the magic pages of Byron—who that has heard of the Trocadero, can look on the white-terraced roofs of “fair Cadiz” without enthusiasm and admiration?

We were naturally all impatience to be ashore, expecting of course to find a city of palaces, inhabited by heroes and houris. Making due allowance for poetical *licence*, I must confess, that in the former we were not disappointed; but poetical *licentiousness* had far overrated, in our opinion, the charms of the latter.

Anxious to ascertain if the poet’s praise of the transcendent beauty of the Gaditanas—those “dark glancing-eyed” daughters of Spain—were merited, we industriously peered under every passing mantilla, surveyed with the most laudable attention every shape, scanned every foot, and investigated every face, but were at last forced to come to the sad conclusion that the reality fell far short

of the ideal we had fostered in our heated fancies.

That the women are beautiful there can be no contradicting, but that it is a beauty of the faultless description which “even a cynic must avow,” I beg leave to deny.

The dress of the mantilla and basquiña is faultless; the eyes and hair, both “dark as death,” magnificent; the gait graceful, though, perhaps, the voluptuous motion of the hips does not exactly coincide with English ideas of perfect modesty; but there is too frequently a degree of coarseness about the figure to agree with my notions of perfect symmetry, whilst the hands and feet, though small, are “dumpy,” the ankles incontestably thick, out of all proportion;—and the “fetlock” is allowed, as much as Byron’s “thorough-bred fingers,” to be a pretty sure criterion of good breeding.

The town is cleanliness itself, and, though covering a small surface of ground, is said to contain no less than 58,000 inhabitants. This

denseness of population must be attributed to each house consisting of five and six stories, which, together with the narrowness of the streets, besides enabling a great mass of people to be stowed away in a small space, tends to keep that space much cooler than it would otherwise be, by sheltering it from the burning influence of the sun.

The “Caille Ancha” is an exception to this rule, being a fine broad thoroughfare, running nearly east and west, with a wide “trottoir” for foot-passengers, and, in its whole extent, lined with shops which might rival any in London or Paris. Amongst the public buildings may be enumerated the noble Cathedral, but which for many years past has been left in an unfinished state; and the convent of Capuchin friars, which contains a few paintings by Murillo; amongst them, the last production of that celebrated artist—the “Marriage of St. Catherine.” It is said, that whilst working at this he fell from the scaf-

fold where he was painting, which ~~accident~~ eventually caused his death.

Whilst on the subject of pictures, I cannot omit mentioning the splendid gallery of Mr. Brackenbury, the British Consul-General, whose hospitality we partook of, and with whose charming family we spent a delightful evening, whilst the light sound of the guitar, accompanied by the purest Castilian accent, made us almost forget we were at the moment surrounded by our own dear countrywomen, whose forms, though accused by the poet* of being “languid, wan, and weak,” are graced by moral qualifications which exalt them infinitely above the gentler sex of every other country I have visited; and it has been my fate, in the course of a wandering life, to see not a few of “every clime” and “every hue.”

Cadiz is even more of a prison than Gibraltar; at the latter a short ride *does* take you into the country, but here an almost inter-

* Byron, “Childe Harold,” Canto I.

minable causeway of seven miles in length, has to be traversed ere you reach terra firma, and even then you have merely attained the ill-paved street of the "Isla de Leon," which, with little interruption, runs its straggling length round the extent of the bay, under the various denominations of the "Caraccas," "Chiclana," "Puerto Real," and "St. Mary's."

My companion and myself both made up our minds to be disappointed with "fair Cadiz;" and, under these circumstances, thought it would be our most advisable plan to turn our backs on its white walls—its "dark-glancing" ladies, and "soft voluptuous ways;"—therefore, by sunrise the following morning,—i. e., the 27th of April, having conveyed both bag and baggage on board the good steamer "Peninsula," we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the "Paphian city" hull down amidst the world of waves, as, coasting along the flat uninteresting coast of San Lucar, we entered the muddy waters of the Guadal-

quivir and pulled up opposite that town to take in a reinforcement of passengers.

The boat, which was small, and already crowded, was now crammed to suffocation, and became redolent of “acho” (garlic) and tobacco. Amongst the numerous persons, both male and female, whom we took up at San Lucar (which, by the bye, is noted for its wines), was the far-famed matador, Montes, who was on his way to exhibit at the “toros” in Seville.

The name of this man is as familiar in Spain as those of Spring and Cribb are in England ;—the coolness he invariably displays, and the daring feats he sometimes performs, in his deadly game, are said to be almost incredible.

He usually dispenses with the scarf, which is held before the bull to divert the attention of the furious animal whilst dealing to it the *coup de grace*, frequently substituting for its folds the light silken fillet with which the hair of the Matador is generally bound up.

On some occasions he carries courage to the brink of fool-hardiness.* He has been known to take out his pocket-handkerchief, fearlessly approach the maddened bull, and, after wiping the foam from its mouth, to plunge the sword up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades of the animal, ere it had recovered from the

* The following is an extract from a paragraph in the "Sun" of the 17th June, 1840 :—"Montes, the famous bull-fighter, lately gave at Seville a new proof of his almost incredible good fortune, and no less of mystery of this dangerous profession, and of the justice of the high reputation awarded to him in it. Trigo, one of the picadors, was so closely pressed as to have no other means of escape than throwing himself from his horse; but, in the pressure of the moment, he fell head foremost, and immediately upon the neck of the infuriated bull. At this sight the spectators were thrown into the utmost alarm, and cries were heard all around ; but at the very instant when the death of the fallen picador seemed inevitable, the generous Montes, with wonderful agility, dashed forward to save him. Seizing the furious bull by the tail, he dragged him, in despite of his vast bulk, to the centre of the arena, and there made him swing now to one side, now to the other, until the weary beast fairly bolted away, leaving Montes, calm as if nothing had happened, to be overwhelmed with applause."

apparent surprise caused by his opponent's audacity.

On another occasion, I have heard it related that awaiting the charge of a particularly fierce "toro," at the moment when the latter lowered his horns within a few inches of his body, Montes, nimbly springing over them, fixed himself on his back, turned round, stood up à *l'Astley*, and from that commanding position carried into effect the decree of death.

Like other great men, Montes appears fully aware of his importance, and as he paced the deck, with his fine figure wrapped up in the graceful folds of a capacious "capa," Napoleon himself could not have looked more majestic.

The Guadalquivir must be sadly changed from the times when "Don Juan" was wont to lave his youthful limbs in its "blue waters;" whose brightness has altered to a dingy "café au lait" hue, as it wends its sleepy way through banks as muddy, flat, and uninteresting as

those of the “silver Thames” at Blackwall or Sheerness. The eye wanders over immense plains, fertile, it is true, but unbroken by any object save large herds of cattle and brood mares, which, during the heat of the day, not having even a shrub to protect them from the powerful rays of an Andalusian sun, crowd down to the banks of the river, or enjoy the full benefit of its cooling waters by wading deep into the stream, whose character, in all its devious wanderings through these immense plains, remains unchanged until within sight of the lofty cathedral of Seville.

So intricate are its windings, and so level its banks, that the tall masts and sails of vessels proceeding in the same direction as the traveller may be frequently seen in a line with, or even far behind him, although their actual position may be a few miles a-head. The effect, also, of beholding these large masses of white canvas gliding, as it were, over the green plains, whilst the hulls remain concealed from the view, is curious in the extreme.

The distance from the mouth of the Guadaluquivir to where “proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued,” is about sixty miles, and the sun was rapidly declining in his noon-day course when our dirty and smoky little “Peninsula” ran along side a jetty, and put us ashore near the gardens of the Alameda at a few minutes’ walk from the town.

We had been recommended by Mr. Brackenbury to the house of a Mr. Naish, in the “Plazuela de la Constitution,” whither, accompanied by a couple of sturdy gallegos, carrying our portmanteaus, we immediately proceeded, and soon found ourselves installed in our new quarters.

One of the reasons which had induced us to quit Cadiz at so short a notice, was the hope of arriving at Seville in time to see the fair of Maïreno, the most celebrated of this part of Spain, not even excepting the far-famed one at Ronda.

But alas! we found that we had arrived the *day after the fair*. We were, however, recommended by our host to proceed towards

the gates of the city, where we might see, if not the "feria" itself, at least most of those who had tended to enliven it by their presence, on their return after its termination.

Performing, therefore, a hasty ablution, to wash off the soot and smoke from our dingy countenances, we lost no time in proceeding as directed, and were soon amply repaid for our trouble.

A short distance from the entrance of the city, and lining one of the principal roads leading to it, stood rows of chairs, on which were seated all those whose means or inclinations had prevented them from proceeding to the more active scene of amusement. We were soon installed on a couple of these, and the sight which presented itself was varied and novel to a degree. A living stream, extending as far as eye could reach, continued to flow unremittingly past before our wondering eyes.

The return from St. Bartholomew fair is a joke to this: *there* you see crowds of people,

it is true, but in the same unaltered characters and costumes; *here* they were varied in every diversity which the tasteful and gaudy dress of Andalusia can admit of.

Vehicles of all descriptions, from the cumbersome machine resembling Noah's ark or my lord mayor's state coach, and drawn by four long-tailed horses or superannuated mules, to the dashing buggy, with harness, and even the horse docked "a l'Anglais," passed in motley confusion before us. Equestrians and pedestrians, people on foot or on horseback, on muleback or in bullock wagons, poured through thick and fast. Here a sturdy weather-beaten son of the sierras, with his rough "semara," or sheepskin jacket, his long knife stuck in his "faja," and rusty carbine depending from the saddle, offered a strong contrast to the gay "majo," who, in all the pride of the beautiful Andalusian costume, was proudly curveting his pampered steed, anxious, maybe, to display his graceful horsemanship before the eyes of some admiring and

mantilla'd "querida"^{*} amongst the fair spectators of the gay scene.

But it would be useless to attempt a description of all the groups which passed, as it were in review, before us; suffice it to say, that we remained feasting our eyes until darkness threw indistinctness over the scene, and then returned, much gratified by what we had witnessed, to repose after the fatigues of this busy day.

* Mistress, sweetheart.

CHAPTER V.

Seville—A cathedral—Plaza de los Toros—Origin of the bull-fight—The audience—Practical jokes—Disgusting butchery—The Perros—View of the Cathedral and Giralda—Las Delicias—The Salon—Variety of equipages—Pilgrimage to the cathedral of Seville—The Lonja—The Alcazar—Patio de las Doncellas—The gardens—Antonio Baillie—The Plaza—Tobacco manufactory—The Cigarreras—Palace of Medina Cœli—Antiquities—Anecdote of Baillie.

“ Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
No ha visto a meravilla.”

“ He who 's not seen Seville bright,
Has not seen a wondrous sight.”

28th April, 1839.

SUCH is the Spanish “ refran” celebrating this beautiful city, the Hispalis of the Ro-

mans, which had the honour to give two or three emperors to the mistress of the globe; and although calling it a wonder of the world may be stretching its merits rather too far, it is undoubtedly well worthy of the traveller's inspection.

The morning after our arrival we proceeded to the cathedral, but so completely astounded were we with the gloomy grandeur of this noble edifice that I will reserve a description of it for another occasion, merely remarking, that as a place of worship I consider it stands unrivalled in the world. I have beheld the Gothic piles of Westminster, Canterbury, and Notre Dame, wondered at the cupolaed domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's,* admired the light minar'd mosque of Aurungzebe, and trod the gloomy abodes of Hindoo supersti-

* Since writing the above, the author has added to his list the magnificent mosques of Solymanieh and St. Sophia, at Constantinople, as likewise the celebrated Temple of Solomon, in the Holy City of Jerusalem;—but still his opinion remains unchanged.

tion, those eternal caves of Ellora ;—but never before did I feel that solemn religious awe I experienced on my first and every subsequent visit to the “cathedral of Seville.”

We had, however, other things to see, and though we had loitered full an hour under its fretted Gothic arches, the time appeared but as an instant, and tearing ourselves reluctantly away, we proceeded to a scene of rather different character—viz., the “Plaza de los Toros,” or the place of the bull-fights.

Some have supposed this diversion to have originated with the Moors; nothing, in my opinion, can be more erroneous than such an idea. In the first place, the Mohammedans of every country, although, God knows, frequently sanguinary enough with respect to their fellow-creatures, are proverbially humane towards the inferior animals. Their creed strictly enjoins this, and no part of the tenets of the “faithful” is more rigidly enforced or more scrupulously observed. Secondly, the very shape of the “Plaza,” so completely a model

of the old amphitheatre, the cells in which the bulls are confined, and which so strongly resemble the “vomitorios” for the wild beasts, still to be seen in the latter edifices;—all proclaim the bull-fight to have a Roman and not a Moorish origin. The same may be remarked of the *capa*, or cloak of the modern Spaniard,—with every show of probability, we may trace its descent from the “toga” worn of old by their Iberian ancestors.

The “Plaza de los Toros” at Seville must have been formerly a fine edifice, as, although built in rather a flimsy manner, it is of great extent, and the upper seats were at one time protected by a covered gallery in their whole extent, until it was partly demolished by a violent hurricane, which took place some forty or fifty years ago. The diameter of the arena we measured, and found to be eighty-three yards; this is surrounded by a strong wooden paling, between which and the lower seats runs a narrow lane, the place of refuge

for the “chulos”* when hard pressed. Beyond this commence rows of benches, which, placed one above the other, are occupied by the lower order of people, answering to the pit of our theatres, and extend upwards, until they reach the *palcos*, or boxes, appropriated to the accommodation of the better classes.

We inspected the cells where the bulls, which had been driven in the preceding night, were confined, and from whence they issue into the arena. Our curiosity also extended to the stables, where—although several hours before the time of the exhibition—stood, ready

* It may not be out of place to repeat here that the “chulos” are the men on foot, who, with scarfs in their hands, run to draw off the bull’s attention and to irritate him. The “picador” is the horseman, who, with lance in rest, receives the charge of the infuriated animal. And, lastly, the “matador” is the person who, plunging a sword between the shoulder-blades of the “toro,” puts an end to the tragedy. This is considered by far the most dangerous office, as the matador, in order to give the *coup de grace* by leaning over the bull’s neck, is obliged to place his body in fearful contiguity with his antagonist’s horns.

caponioned, and with immense demi-pique saddles on their backs, some twenty quadrupeds, which a near inspection might enable a connoisseur to pronounce as belonging to the genus of the horse. Don Quixote's charger was a Pegasus to these sorry jades; nor was this to be wondered at, when informed that the usual price given for these unfortunate victims of cruelty was from a doubloon to twenty dollars.

More attention is paid in their selection of the bulls, of which there are several races; but that most esteemed for its courage and ferocity, comes from the Sierras to the north of Seville, and for one of these is frequently given so large a sum as 150 dollars.

I had registered a vow never more to be bold a bull-fight, after witnessing the one at Algesiras, but Captain C—— being anxious to see this *funcion*, and having heard that the whole business at Seville was conducted on a larger and more splendid scale than in any other town in Spain, I resolved to ac-

company him, and, until the appointed hour of half past four, when the amusements, or rather executions, were to commence, we returned to our quarters, and attacked an early dinner.

The appointed time saw us duly installed in a *palco*, where, during the half hour which intervened before the appearance of the "forest monarch," we had leisure to scan the people and the scene around us, presenting to the eye the varied, brilliant, and motley groups, which characterize every large Andalusian asseinblage. It was not without regret, that in the boxes, among the higher orders, we scarcely observed a single mantilla; with as much success would you have sought amidst the fashionable audience of a London or Paris theatre, for specimens of the picturesque, in dress or appearance. Amongst the ladies, bonnets, shawls, and all the et ceteras of an English toilette, were universally found, whilst the gentlemen appeared fresh from Stultz or Buckmaster.

Far different, however, was the appearance of

the denizens of the lower benches. Here Andalusia appeared in all her gaudy and Gil Blasie colours,—the broad-brimmed pointed hat, the embroidered jacket, silver buttoned calzones, the faja and bottinas, intermingled with mantillas and fans, proclaimed us in the land where—

“The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix’d on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts
oppress’d.”

Whilst, also, the silence of good breeding prevailed in the “upper house,”—the “Sal Andaluz” gave full vent to all its pungency from the benches of the “commons,” and intermingled with the waving of handkerchiefs and the thumping of “poros,”* might occasionally be heard a sally of coarse wit, which set all those within hearing, and many who were far beyond it, into roars of laughter. Any

* The “poro” is a long straight stick, with a knob at the end. The “majo” is generally provided with one of these, when attending at the “toros,” and by thumping against the floor with the thick end, expresses either his applause or impatience.

person in whom they noticed a peculiarity of dress or appearance was sure to be a butt and mark for their witty observations, which were uttered amidst shouts of applause.

An old gentleman with spectacles appeared to attract the attention of the crowd;—pointed out to their notice by some wag, in an instant the universal cry ran round of—“Mira usted a los anteojos! Se quite usted los anteojos!” “Look at the spectacles! Off with the spectacles!” And the poor old gentlemen got at last so much annoyed that he took the offending glasses off his nose, and indignantly put them into his pocket!

Neither was there any want of practical jokes amongst these merry children of the south, and occasionally a “sombrero” might be seen flying about amidst a cross fire of orange-peels, nuts, and crabs’ claws.* All this fun was carried on amidst the most per-

* A species of small crawfish, which is carried about ready boiled, and greedily devoured by the lower orders here.

fect good-humour; but as the time appointed for the commencement of the ceremony approached, the impatience of the audience was manifested by increasing clamours, which at last ended in one universal shout, and as the hands of our watches marked the half hour, all the actors who were to take a part in the ensuing tragedy, horsemen and pedestrians, ushered in by the sound of trumpets, entered the arena, and advanced in front of the "palco," occupied by the municipal authorities. However, as I have already described the ceremonial observed, in my account of the Algesiras bull-fight, I shall only say, that after witnessing a repetition of the same bloody and cruel scene, during which eight bulls and thirteen horses met their death, we retired with the most unmitigated feelings of disgust.*

* On the present occasion Montes shewed his usual presence of mind and skill, in putting to death two of the most furious bulls. A novice in the matador's art also made his first *début* on this occasion,

On the present occasion, I observed two or three additional things, which I did not witness at Algesiras. After the picadors, chulos, etc., had been drawn up opposite the municipal authorities, the key of the cells containing the bulls, encircled with a garland of flowers, was thrown from his box by the Alcalde, and dexterously caught ere it reached the ground, which I understand entitles the "catcher" to the reward of a dounloon.

The dresses and appointments of the picadors and chulos were rich and gaudy in the extreme; some of the bulls were magnificent animals, possessing great activity and spirit; one in particular was so savage, that he killed, on his own account, no less than four horses, and with such rapidity that the astonished picadors had scarcely time to put themselves on their guard.

but his nerve failed him, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to slay the bull, he was obliged to retire in the most mortifying manner, amidst the shouts and hisses of the whole audience, who most unmercifully taunted him with his cowardice.

Another refinement of Spanish cruelty was likewise on this occasion displayed,—one of the bulls on entering the gate, instead of turning sharp round to the left and attacking the opposing picador, rushed into the centre of the arena, and commenced, in a furious manner, tearing up the ground with his fore feet. This was pronounced to be a sign of cowardice, nor did the event refute the opinion expressed against him. He proved such a “capon” that he would not face the horsemen, although insulted by them in the grossest manner, and the audience became so enraged that the cry was immediately “A los perros! a los perros!” —“To the dogs! to the dogs!”

Accordingly, the next moment, no less than sixteen of the largest and most ferocious mastiffs I ever beheld, rushed in, and although one or two were tossed in the attempt, they fastened like so many leeches on his head and neck, and fairly dragged the bellowing animal to the ground. A man then approached with an instrument and hamstrung

the poor beast, who, when so far disabled, was—— finally put to death by a knife being driven—— into the spinal marrow behind the horns—— But so disgusting was the scene, that Captair—— C——, although an old soldier, was quite overcome; his face became of an ashy whiteness, and I began to fear we should have a “scene,” which, however, I am glad to say, did not take place, and he retired as much determined as myself never again to witness a bull-fight.

Whilst all this butchery was going forward, amidst the deafening and fiend-like yells of these troops of cannibals, full in our view arose in peaceful majesty, and with the rich glow of the setting sun gilding its venerable walls, the noble pile of the cathedral, with its fretted arches and tall giralda;*—nothing could pre-

* This is a square Moorish tower attached to the cathedral, which reaches the height, it is said, of 140 yards; tradition attributes its construction (perhaps for an observatory) to Guever, the Moorish inventor of the science of Algebra.

sent a greater contrast,—it was the quiet contemplative symbol of religion sorrowfully smiling on the pomps and vanities of this wicked world! And yet, could those very walls be endowed with utterance, how many tales would they not disclose of pride and priestcraft, of intolerance, hypocrisy, and inquisitorial tortures? all, all concealed under the humble and pious garb of a religion the tenets of which inculcate peace and forgiveness!

After leaving the “toros,” we in the cool of the evening strolled towards the Alameda—the gardens extending along the banks of the Guadalquivir, known by the name of “Las Delicias;”—and well, from their beauty, do they deserve the appellation. The most fashionable promenade is called the “Salon,” being a square open space, paved with broad flags, surrounded on all sides by lofty trees, fragrant shrubs, and flowers; it is the favoured spot where concentrate of an evening all the beauty and fashion of the good town of Seville.

As we took up our station at the entrance of the gardens, opposite one of the stands for

the sale of lemonade and “*agua fria*,”* we had a good opportunity of reconnoitring the different equipages which, successively drawing up, deposited their varied cargoes at the gates of the promenade. First, a ponderous old vehicle, covered with carved-work of faded gilt ornaments, and drawn by a couple of venerable-looking mules, might be seen casting forth from its capacious body an antique dowager, who, together with the whole turn-out, made not a bad memorial of the age of Louis XIV.

Next, in a fashionable cab, following rather than drawn by a thorough-bred English horse, and with all “appliances” in perfect keeping, would dash up a finished buck, who, as he stept out and handed the ribands to a *varmint* young “tiger,” might, but for his swarthy, though handsome countenance, have been easily mistaken for the last out-and-out, tip-top importation from Bond Street or the Champs Elysées.

In short, such a variety of equipages, and

* Cool water.

a variety which combined both ancient and modern times, I never beheld. Sometimes the almost Homerian car; at others, the gilt and cumbrous vehicle still used at my lord mayor's feast; with ever and anon what must have been a recent importation from Long Acre.

* * * * *

Beggars of all classes are numerous enough in every part of Spain, and since the expulsion of their patrons, the monks, have transferred their attendance from the convents to the churches; but never do I remember witnessing such an assemblage as within and around the walls of Seville Cathedral.

"The eye is never weary of beholding, nor the mind of contemplating, this magnificent temple. Every day of my short stay in Seville, I spent many hours within its walls, besides frequently availing myself of it as a passage from one part of the city to the other. Apart from its intrinsic charms, the grateful coolness and tender twilight within made it a delicious retreat from the intolerable heat and glare of the burning streets.

“ It is an epoch in one’s life to see Seville Cathedral. Its outlines, forms, and hues, once beheld, are indelibly impressed upon the memory, remembered with a reverential love, and in after years will haunt the imagination with a vividness and reality almost startling. Has the stranger visited it at break of day, when the earliest rays of the sun played high on the columns and groined roofs, leaving all below still buried in shade; when the matin prayer and chant arose, wreathed in incense, from the suppliant few before the altar? Has he watched the light creeping down the pillars, and increasing in brilliancy, till what was before obscure became definite and distinct; till the noon-day blaze, softened, mellowed, and tinged, was diffused throughout, penetrating the darkest recesses of the building, and making the whole stand forth in its fairest proportions, a wondrous creation of art, with almost the sublimity of nature? Has he beheld the long train of priests, marching in stately procession through the aisles, with

glimmering tapers, glittering banners, and clouds of incense? Has he visited it at the hour of evening prayer, when the dying light of day accorded so well with the exercise of devotion; when the blaze from the high altar threw a more mysterious gloom around, dimly and doubtfully revealing the rest of the church; when the organ pealed, unseen from above, a chorus, as it were, of celestial music? Or, still later, when, as the shades of twilight deepened, the soaring roofs were lost to the eye, and the huge columns seemed to stretch up into boundless space; and when the tapers before some far-off shrine seemed burning at an indefinite distance? Or, in the hour of silence, solitude, and darkness, has he paced the deserted aisles, and experienced the tremendous sense of remaining alone with the Deity? Has he witnessed and felt all this? His mind must have been irresistibly and profoundly impressed, and he must have owned—

‘That in such moments there was life and food
For future years!’ ”



If to the above graphic description be added — the following list of a few celebrated pictures by Murillo, which have been omitted, I shall deem this account of Seville Cathedral complete.

The “Virgin of the Napkin” is a beautiful performance, and is said to have derived its name from having been executed, for want of other materials, on a common towel.

Another painting of Murillo particularly pointed out, is called the “St. Antonio de las tre Manos,” from the position of an arm having been altered; but indistinct traces of the original may still be discerned on the canvass, thus giving to his saintship the Briærian attribute of *three* arms.

In the Sacristia may also be seen a very beautifully-coloured clay statue of St. Jerome, of Torciano, who was burnt by the Inquisition in 1555. Apropos of the St. Antonio “de las tre Manos:” it was said to have been bequeathed, with another picture, by Murillo, on his death-bed, to a son, as the only property

he had to leave; but on which the latter secured an annuity to the amount of two dollars per diem.

After visiting the cathedral for the second time, we proceeded to a fine building in the immediate vicinity, called the "lonja," or exchange. This is a splendid edifice, formed chiefly of the red marble of Grenada, and serves at present principally to contain the archives "de las Indias," relating to the discovery and conquest of the new world.

After the cathedral, the object most worthy of notice is the "Alcazar," or Moorish palace, which, though greatly inferior to the Alhambra at Grenada, presents, nevertheless, many beautiful specimens of Moorish architecture and magnificence. Amidst its numerous "fretted" chambers, the Hall of the Ambassadors, appropriated, as the name implies, to the reception of the representatives of foreign Powers, is the most splendid, and furnishes on its walls and pillars the most elaborate specimens of Saracenic decoration.

Breaking a numerous suite of apartments, stands the "Patio de las Doncellas," where the Moorish princes, seated in state, received every seventh year the customary tribute of one hundred Spanish maidens, to swell their harem, and increase the parterre of beautiful flowers which already adorned the delightful gardens around, to this day the abode of the most fragrant perfumes and delicious coolness. The walks, overshadowed by the rose, jessamine, and orange-tree, bordered with box-wood, and paved with smooth bricks, below the surface of the adjoining soil, can at any time be converted into the beds of so many clear streams, by putting in motion the waterworks, which, in leaden pipes, run under the whole length of their extent. It was here that the damsels of the Zenanah were wont to cool the feverish heat of their Moorish blood with the refreshing juices of the sweet lime, orange, and pomegranate, whose thick foliage protected their complexion from the scorching rays of the sun, whilst their "small white

feet," without even the accustomed slipper, revelled in the clear cool stream below.

* * * * *

We had, the preceding day, picked up for a guide a very amusing and intelligent fellow, named Antonio Baillie, whom we found during our stay at Seville of the greatest use, and who diverted us much by the richness and variety of his anecdotes. His mother being an Englishwoman, he had acquired a perfect knowledge of that language, and was also familiar with French, as his father was a native of the latter country, in which Mr. Antonio had been born. During the war of 1823, having enlisted in the French service, he accompanied the army of the Duke of Angoulême, as a serjeant, to the south of Spain, but falling sick on his arrival at Seville, he was left behind,—married a Spanish woman, and has been here ever since, gaining a precarious livelihood by acting as cicerone to the different travellers who visit the place.

Amongst other things recommended to our

notice by Mr. Baillie was the “mercato,” or market-place, to which we proceeded the first thing in the morning; it was well supplied with fruit, meat, and vegetables, but presented nothing else particular. On returning to breakfast through some of the narrow by-streets, our guide pointed out to us a great number of Moorish pillars of white marble, serving as door-posts, and to support the verandahs etc. of the present buildings.

After breakfast, we proceeded to the royal manufactory of tobacco, occupying what was formerly the arsenal, and in which to this day are to be seen several heavy pieces of remarkably fine brass ordnance.

The establishment is divided into two departments, the one for the manufacture of snuff, the other for converting the weed into cigars. The former business is carried on by some four or five hundred superannuated soldiers, snuffy old fellows,—and who can here indulge this propensity to their hearts' content, as it is impossible for a stranger to

approach the huge heaps of finely pulverized tobacco, (which, on coming from the mills, are placed in rows on the floor of a large room,) without being seized with an uncontrollable fit of sneezing ; to this the inmates of the mansion appeared so much accustomed, that they took not the slightest notice of it, but to us it seemed ludicrous in the extreme.

Before it is rendered fit for the olfactories, the tobacco undergoes a variety of processes, the most important of which is the grinding it in large mills, worked by mules, and to such a state of discipline have the poor animal's been reduced, that all their movements are regulated by the sound of a bell, either to stop, to proceed, to quicken or to retard their pace.

In making the cigars, no less than between two and three thousand women are employed. We at first felt some little hesitation in venturing amongst so large a community of ladies, from what I remembered of the same class of nymphs in the Irish factories. However, here it was very different ; everything was carried

on with the greatest order and decorum ; many of the “cigarreras” were young and beautiful, and all dressed in the neatest, cleanest, and most decent attire.

But although under an excellent state of discipline, our guide informed us that mutinies sometimes take place in this “backy” harem, and but very lately an unfortunate vender of cakes and sweetmeats, who frequented with his barrow the gates of the arsenal at the time allowed for their dinner, was beset and narrowly escaped with his life from the hands of these she-devils, merely for having pronounced the words, “Quiere usted un rabanito.” There was, it appears, some curious story connected with the offensive phrase, and I was strongly tempted to try the effect of pronouncing it, as we went through the long apartment, where were seated these warlike virgins, but Baillie earnestly entreated me not to put all our necks in jeopardy, and, on this occasion, thinking prudence the better part of valour, I accordingly forbore the experiment.

Our last act of lionizing on this day was to visit the palace of the Duke of Medina Cœli, where we found some Moorish remains, consisting of arches, and Saracenic fretwork, in a very complete state of preservation. There was also a large collection of Roman antiques, busts, pedestals, and other marble fragments, which had been collected at Italica, about four miles from Seville, where is found an amphitheatre and many interesting remains, which have lately been brought to light by the excavations now carrying on.

A small garden is also attached to the palace, very tastefully laid out, and planted almost entirely with orange trees and box-wood.

I cannot help relating, whilst I remember it, an anecdote of Mr. Baillie. We were quitting the tobacco manufactory, talking of the brass pieces of ordnance lying before the building; he mentioned a stream, existing somewhere in the neighbourhood, which had the extraordinary property of converting iron into *brass*, if allowed to steep in its waters. "Come, come, Mr. Antonio!" said Captain

C——, “you may tell that to the marines, but none of your tough yarns for old travellers—the thing is impossible, unless indeed your ironical face itself has undergone the process, to enable you to tell such crammers!”

Antonio stopped short in the street, threw himself in attitude, “à la Napoleon,” looked indignation personified, and, striking his breast with his clenched fist, declared that as a man of honour he felt himself grossly insulted, and that for a less offence he had before called more than one gentleman to a severe account.

C—— also became choleric, and words were becoming so high, that it was not without considerable difficulty I restored peace, and prevented the effusion of blood, though it might have been from the nose. I have, however, since been assured that both Baillie's statements were correct; that a piece of iron, if left for some time in the abovementioned stream, *does* become coated with copper, and that our valiant guide actually did, on one occasion, call out an English traveller, for presuming to doubt some of his assertions.

CHAPTER VI.

Change of quarters—Charges to travellers—Agua y Fuego—Fair of San Lucar—Solitude—Spanish Costume—The mysterious stranger—Babel of tongues—Hindu—Russian spy—Italica—Excavations—Mosaic—Amphitheatre—The Gipsy girl—The dens of the wild beasts—A magic word—An Egyptian Bey—General Castaños—A rebuke—The steamer—Mems on Seville—San Lucar—A Ratero—Manteca Blanca—Provoking delay—Detained at Cadiz.

“Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals fall’n.”

BYRON.

May 1st, 1839.

My companion, Captain C——, taking his departure for Cadiz, I was left alone to my meditations, which, from what I had seen of his bill at Mr. Naish's, led me to the conclusion that, by going to a Spanish house, I might be just as well treated for about one

diem engaged to provide me with bed and
(wine not included,) and I had sub-
every reason to be satisfied with his treatment.

Abroad, there is a rule a traveller
never fail to observe,—viz., that of
like plague, pestilence, and famine,
countrymen, more especially those
hotels, lodgings, etc., as they are sure
you pay through the nose for the same
Old England. In Spain, the usual
a “casa de pupilos,” or *pension*, (a
best residence for the traveller who
prolong his stay beyond a day or two.)
Englishman one dollar, including every-
thing.

took, this day, a sketch of the entrance to Alameda, but was driven from my ground heavy rain, which, at this time of the year, such a water-drinking race as the Sevillanos, it be a great treat. "Agua" and "fuego"** the two prevailing sounds in the public paseades; the "agua freca" (as the vendors pronounce it) is retailed from painted casks, ingeniously fastened in wheel-barrows;—from bus-looking movable fountains, carried on man's back, and also from regular stands,—where both the purer element and lemonade may be had cooler, and of a superior quality than furnished by the itinerant trader. To an Englishman, it is quite amusing to behold the *gout* with which a Spaniard stops in the street and swallows his glass of water—the deeply-drawn breath, the aspiration of pleasure, which follow, give the idea of one of our ale-trymen enjoying a glass of potent ale or strong porter.

In my way to the Alameda, I passed by the

* Water and fire.

capa, or cloak, and *that* is probably merely retained, because it often covers a heap of poverty, and a multitude of sins.

After so recently beholding, in the beautiful olive-groves of San Lucar, the “Majo” costume in all its splendour, the contrast was indeed great between its sun-burnt and hardy wearers, and the effeminate and modernized-looking inhabitants of “proud” Seville. And two hours’ ride appeared to have transported me from the Sierra Morena to the Bois de Boulogne, or Kensington Gardens.

Friday, May 3rd. Went out early in the morning with my sketching case, and rambled as far as the suburbs of Triano, which is the abode of a great number of gipsies, who have here, as elsewhere, no very sound reputation for honesty; returned to breakfast, and spent the rest of the day sketching in the Alcazar. Came back to my solitary meal, and began to feel very sick of this sort of life; and not having been able to sleep the preceding night, from violent rheumatic pains, took a dose of laudanum in a glass of sherry negus, turned in, and

was soon in the land of dreams, experiencing all the delights so well described in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater."

Saturday, 4th. Out early, sketching at the Alcazar. After breakfast it set in a day of rain, and I was reduced to wander about the galleries overlooking the "patio." Nothing so dreary and out of character as a rainy day in Spain. Whilst occupied in moralizing over the dripping water-spouts, I observed a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in a semara,* leaning over the balustrades, and apparently engaged in a similar manner with myself. Community of thoughts and occupation generally tends to bring people together. From the stranger's complexion, which was fair, but with brilliant black eyes, I concluded he was not a Spaniard; in short, there was something so remarkable in his appearance, that it was difficult to say to what nation he might belong. He was tall, with a commanding appearance; yet, though apparently

* A sheepskin jacket with the wool outside, a costume much worn here in cold weather.

in the flower of manhood, his hair was deeply tinged with the winter of either age or sorrow, as to be nearly snow-white. Under these circumstances, I was rather puzzled as to what language I should address him in; at last, putting a bold face on the matter, I approached him with a—"Bon jour, monsieur quel triste temps!"

"Yes, sir," replied he, in the purest Persian accent; "and it is very unusual weather here at this time of the year."

"Does 'monsieur' intend to be any time at Seville?" asked I. He replied in the affirmative. We were soon on a friendly footing and from his varied information I was both amused and instructed. Still I became more than ever in the dark as to his nationality; I found he could speak English as fluently as French. I tried him on the Italian train; again he was perfectly at home. He had a Greek servant, to whom he gave his orders in Romaic. He conversed in good Castilian with "mine host;" exchanged a German salutation with an Austrian Baron, at the time an inn-

of the fonda; and, on mentioning to him my morning visit to Triano, which led to some remarks on the gipsies, and the probable place from whence they derived their origin, he expressed his belief that it was from Moultan, and said that, even to this day, they retained many Moultanee and Hindooostanee expressions, such as "pañee," (water,) "buree pañee," (the sea,) etc. He was rather startled when I replied "in Hindee," but was delighted on finding I was an Indian, and entered freely, and with depth and acuteness, on the affairs of the East, most of which part of the world he had visited.

In such varied discourse did the hours pass so swiftly away, that we were not a little surprised when Pépé, the "mozo," (and I verily believe all Spanish waiters are called Pépé,) announced the hour of dinner; after which we took a long walk together on the banks of the river. But on our return, I was as much as ever in ignorance as to who might be my new and pleasant acquaintance.

I took the first opportunity of questioning

Antonio Baillie on the subject, and his answer only tended to increase my curiosity. He said that nobody knew what nation the "mysterious Unknown" belonged to, nor what were his motives for travelling. In his passport, he went by the name of —, and as a British subject; but in consequence of a suspicion being entertained that he was a Russian spy, the police kept a sharp look out over him.

Spy or no spy, I found him a very agreeable companion; and it was agreed that, on the following day, we should visit together the ruins of Italica.

May 5.—After breakfast, the "Unknown" and myself, mounting our horses, proceeded on our expedition to the ruins of Italica. Crossing the river, and proceeding through the populous suburb of Triano, already mentioned, we went over the same extensive plain that I had traversed in going to San Lucar; but, keeping a little more to the right, a short ride brought us in sight of the Convent of San Isidrio, surrounded by tall cypress and waving

late-trees. This once richly-endowed religious establishment is, together with the small neighbouring village of Santi Ponci, I believe, the property of the Duke of Medina Cœli, at whose expense the excavations are now carried on at the latter place, which is the ancient site of the Roman Italica.

On arriving there, a great number of "præsidios," or convicts, were busily engaged in bringing to light a handsome Mosaic flooring, which was still in a very perfect state. Numerous statues, pedestals, and columns, were lying around, and no doubt, should the enterprise be prosecuted with the spirit which has characterized its commencement, many interesting relics of antiquity may be discovered.

The excavations have already been carried to a considerable extent, and descending amongst them, we could not help admiring the solid construction of those foundations, which had stood, through so many centuries, the rude shocks of time, of fire, flood, and earthquake, and the still more destructive efforts of man.

After purchasing a few coins brought to us by the country people, we went on through olive-groves to the Amphitheatre, about a mile to the north-west of Santi Ponci, and were struck by the splendid ruins which it exhibited. On one side in particular, the rows of seats were very perfect, as were likewise the dens for the wild beasts, which opened on the arena below. The eastern side of the building was, however, a heap of fragments; but even these appeared tenaciously to hold together with the durable Roman cement used in their construction.

Struck with this chaos of ruins, I could not help thinking it must have been the effect, not of slow, wasting time, but of some violent convulsion of nature; and, turning to the peasant who had guided us thither, I said,—“Diga-me hombre? Como ha sucedido eso?”—“How did this happen? Was it from an earthquake, or what?”

“Vaya,” replied he; “this was all done with good gunpowder some years ago; and I fancy I can almost remember the time. The ‘Camino Real,’ the high road, being out of

repair, some of these old walls were blown up,
and the stones turned to good account."

The murder was now out, and it had been—

"The modern Spaniard's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Moor, and Time had spared."

We sat down on a fragment of the walls,
and sadly recalling the splendour of those
times of yore, contrasted with the desolation
round us, the "Unknown" began to feel the
vein of poetry creeping through his inward
soul, and gave vent to it by reciting, with
great emphasis and effect, and to the astonish-
ment of the wondering peasant, who must
have thought him "loco," the following well-
known and beautiful lines :—

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown,
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls—
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls."

I had been too much taken up with the
scene, the verses, and the strange being who

was repeating them with so much feeling, to notice the approach of one who now formed the fourth person of our party. This was a slight female figure, beautiful in the extreme, but whose tattered garments, raven hair, (which fell in matted elf-locks over her naked shoulders,) swarthy complexion, and flashing eyes, proclaimed to be of the wandering tribe of "gitanos." From an intuitive sense of natural politeness, she stood with crossed arms, and a slight smile on her dark and handsome countenance, until my companion had ceased, and then addressed us in the usual whining tone of supplication, with—"Caballeritos, una limosita! Dios se lo págará a ustedes!"—"Gentlemen, a little charity! God will repay it to you!" The gipsy girl was so pretty, and her voice so sweet, that I involuntarily put my hand in my pocket.

"Stop!" said the "Unknown," "do you remember what I told you about the Eastern origin of these people? You shall see I am correct. Come here, my pretty child," said

he, in Moultanee, "and tell me where are the rest of your tribe?"

The girl looked astounded, replied in the same tongue, but in broken language; when, taking him by the arm, she said, in Spanish, "Come, caballero—come to one who will be able to answer you;" and she led the way down amongst the ruins, towards one of the dens formerly occupied by the wild beasts, and disclosed to us a set of beings scarcely less savage. The sombre walls of this gloomy abode were illumined by a fire, the smoke from which escaped through a deep fissure in the massy roof; whilst the flickering flames threw a blood-red glare on the bronzed features of a group of children, of two men, and a decrepit old hag, who appeared busily engaged in some culinary preparations.

On our entrance, the scowling glance of the males of the party, and a quick motion of the hand towards the folds of the "faja,"* caused, in me, at least, anything but a comfortable

* In the folds of the sash is concealed the "navaja," or formidable clasp-knife, always worn by the Spaniard.

sensation ; but their hostile intentions, if ever entertained, were immediately removed by a wave of the hand from our conductress, who leading my companion towards the sibyl, whispered something in her ear. The old crow appeared incredulous. The “Unknown” uttered one word ; but that word had the effect of magic ; she prostrated herself at his feet, and in an instant, from an object of suspicion, he became one of worship to the whole family, to whom, on taking leave, he made a handsome present, and departed with their united blessings, to the astonishment of myself, and what looked very like terror in our Spanish guide.

I was, as the phrase goes, dying with curiosity, and as soon as we mounted our horses, exclaimed—“Where, in the name of goodness, did you pick up your acquaintance and the language of these extraordinary people ?”

“ Some years ago, in Moultan,” he replied.

“ And by what means do you possess such apparent influence over them ?” But the “Unknown” had already said more than he perhaps

wished on the subject. He drily replied that he had more than once owed his life to gipsies, and had reason to know them well; but this was said in a tone which precluded all further queries on my part. The subject was never again broached, and we returned in silence to the fonda.

May 6th.—Wishing to have some sketches of Italica, I rode out the following day alone, but was soon driven back by the rain, which came down in torrents. In the evening, Mr. Antonio Baillie, whose head-quarters were at the Fonda de la Reina, paid us a visit, and amused us by the number and variety of his anecdotes. Amongst other things he mentioned the “début” lately made at Seville by an English adventurer of the name of N——, who, under the title of N—— Bey, passed himself off as the physician-general of Mehemet Ali’s forces; and on the strength of his beyship, paid his addresses to a young lady of respectability here, and was accepted; the marriage was about to take place, when a report arrived, and proved correct, of his having

already a wife in France; which event causes the physician-general to decamp forthwith. It is such vagabonds as these who throw slur over our national character, whereby other English travellers are frequently the sufferers.

Another of Baillie's stories I remember related to General Castaños, who, it appears, was very fond of amusing himself at the expense of those soldiers who from the ranks had been promoted to the grade of officers. It was his usual custom, on such occasions, to ask the poor fellow to his table, and laugh at the blunders and awkwardness to which he was generally exposed.

It so happened that a young man of good family had been obliged to enter the service as a private soldier, but by his own merit had attained the rank of serjeant, from which he was promoted to that of an officer. As usual, he was invited to dine with the General, and a brace of roasted partridges were placed before him—a bird, in the dissection of which the Spanish epicure piques himself on being very particular. The young officer, aware

of the reason of having the honour of dining in such distinguished society, prepared to play his part accordingly. He was requested to divide the game before him, when, assuming an air of awkward boorishness, he tucked up his sleeves, and with his hands, by main force, tore one of the birds to pieces, amidst the roars of laughter of all the "convives," not excepting his excellency the General. He, however, did not appear disconcerted, and assuming his knife and fork, dissected the remaining partridge with an elegance and skill which astonished all present; then taking the plate on which were the fragments of the first bird, he presented it to Castaños, saying—“General, este como soldado, y eso como oficial,”* pointing to the second specimen of his dissecting abilities. Baillie added, that the General so completely felt how well he deserved the rebuke, that he ever afterwards patronized the young man, and discontinued the inhospitable practice of asking people to

* This as a soldier, and that as an officer.

his table merely for the purpose of laughing at them.

May 7th.—Pouring with rain all day, during which I was mostly in the society of the “Unknown.” This is a most extraordinary character, and the more I see of him the more I am puzzled. He appears acquainted with everybody and everything, but apparently unknown to every one himself. Though his figure bespeaks youth,—and by his own account his age does not exceed thirty,—yet the snows of eighty winters could not have whitened his locks more completely than they are. But in his dark and searching eye there is an almost supernatural penetration and lustre, which, were I inclined to superstition, might induce me to set down its possessor as a second Melmoth; and in that character he often appears to me during the troubled rest I sometimes obtain through the medium of the great soother, “ laudanum.”

May 8th. I was occupied during this, my last day’s residence at Seville, in taking some

sketches at the Alcazar ; and as the steamer was to start the following morning for Cadiz, at three A.M., I thought the most advisable plan would be to put myself on board that evening, which I accordingly did, after taking leave of "mine host" of the Reina and his mysterious "huesped."

I had laid to my soul the flattering unction of obtaining, before morning, a few hours rest ; but no sooner had I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and taken a position for the night on one of the cabin couches, than I was assailed by such swarms of bugs that sleep was out of the question ; and, during the brief intervals, when not employed in shaking them off my clothes, I scribbled a few mems. on Seville, which I extract from the *log*, and that appear to be written under the influence of anything but good-humour, or of a resolution of pleasing and being pleased.

" Although so highly extolled by most writers, what, after all, is Seville ?—a shadow of its former grandeur, a mere body without a soul ; and all that it can boast are the

achievements of former ages. Its Cathedral and its Alcazar, its Lonja, and other public buildings, are of times now for ever gone by, and which wretched Spain will never again behold. Modern improvement has done nothing where there is, on all sides, so wide a scope for amelioration of every sort. Its fine stream is nearly obstructed by accumulated sand and mud-banks, and a few crazy boats ply with difficulty, where vessels of 500 tons burthen might be easily made to navigate, to the benefit of commerce, and the introduction of foreign manufactures, in exchange for the perabundant produce of this fertile soil—land overflowing with milk and honey, covered with olive-groves, vines, and barley-fields, producing not only all the requisites, but the superfluities of life.

Across the muddy and mud-obstructed stream, a miserable bridge of boats affords insecure footing to the traveller, who reaches it through a morass of mire and a labyrinth of deep ruts, by a road which, with common intention, might be made the finest in the world.

The streets are badly paved, worse lighted, and notoriously insecure during the dark nights of winter.

The places of public amusement are wretched; their “Plaza de Toros” a flimsy edifice, though quite good enough for the rascally purpose it is applied to, and which, I grieve to say, even Englishmen have tried to defend. But when such arguments are made use of in its favour,—as the number of diseases caught on its crowded benches, by which the hospitals are benefited, and the number of old horses *humanely* transferred from this world, through the sanguinary medium of the Toros*, its advocates must be fully aware that they are backing a bad cause.

Some of these cosmopolite authors, likewise, stick up for the apparent *morality* and decency of manners of the Sevillanos. Mr. Cooke, in his work on Spain, says, that “Vice is not to be seen in the streets, in the same disgusting forms in which it appears in most other European cities.” True!—but when, (whilst

* See Cooke's Travels in Spain.

admiring her cathedral of cathedrals, that sublime and magnificent abode of religion, where, in the dim religious light, your contemplations are soaring far beyond the things of this world,) to be assailed on one side by objects of misery, trying by revolting and disgusting exhibitions to move your compassion; whilst, on the other, the most barefaced advances are made by those who pander to every vice;—when you daily and hourly witness these occurrences in the very house of God, methinks that Seville can no longer boast of her morality.*

May 9th. After passing a night of discomfort and restlessness, what few remains the bugs had been pleased to leave of my “corporal” man were carried away early by the steamer; and, retracing the many windings of the stream, we at noon anchored off San Lucar, the swell being pronounced to be too great to enable us to cross the bar of the river.

* It is a notorious fact, that the cathedral is the birth-place of more intriguing adventures than any other place in this city, so “famous for oranges and women.”

I, on board, made the acquaintance of a party from Scotland, who had visited Seville on their return from Madeira, where they had passed the winter. It consisted of a brother and sister, an accepted suitor, a wild harem-scarem young Scotchman, (by the bye rather a rarity,) and a nondescript creature, habited in top-boots, who appeared to unite in his person the various offices of *femme-de-chambre*, groom, and valet. Not one of the party spoke a word of Spanish, and never did I see a set of people more completely giving one the idea of fish out of water.

As I saw no very great amusement in rolling about at a most furious rate in the midst of the turbid waters of the stream, which, encountered by the rising tide and increasing wind, formed a most disagreeable, short, chopping sea; and as, moreover, the “padron” said that, from the nature of the winds, tides, etc., and other mysterious influences of the elements on the floating tea-kettle which contained us, we should not be able to proceed until the following morning, I proposed a trip to San Lucar;

and we accordingly all got into a boat which had come alongside, and were soon painfully toiling to reach the jetty, which, stretching into the water, above the muddy banks, enabled passengers, at high tide, to step dry-shod on *terra firma*.

I ascertained from the man at the helm the practicability of obtaining conveyances to the town, which is situated about three miles from the landing place; and he added that, should we prefer walking, he would recommend us to keep together: "Por motivo," said he "de los rateros."

"Y hombre," asked I, "que son estos rateros?" ("What are these rat-catchers?" which is a literal translation of the term.) This was easily explained to be a set of gentry, who, though not professedly highwaymen, or "ladrones," scrupled not, if a good opportunity offered, of knocking the unwary traveller on the head with a "palo," or club, and disburdening him of any little superfluities he might possess.

On informing my Scotch friends of the pur-

port of this dialogue, so little did they approve of such rat-catching acquaintances, that they seemed disposed to "bout-ship," and encounter all the horrors of the heavy swell, in preference to the chance of meeting a "ratero." However, on representing to them the improbability of five Englishmen being in any way molested during so short an excursion, they at last agreed to proceed, on condition that we should take a couple of caleches, and keep in company. This was accordingly done, and we soon found ourselves in the rickety vehicles, jolting along the shore towards our destination.

I verily believe, that in no part of the inhabited or habitable globe, the very deserts of Arabia not excepted, is there such an extent of uninteresting country as the "flats" which border the Guadalquivir, at least the lower part of it.

The very town of San Lucar appeared to feel the inconveniences attending this perfect level; the dirty streets, the standing pools of stagnant water, the offensive drains overflow-

ing with filth, plainly bespeak it a stranger to the purifying and refreshing influence of running streams.

Even the inhabitants appeared to be affected by this marshy miasma—this heavy influence of damp and unwholesome vapours; and on passing the cloaked groups who were listlessly smoking their papellitos at the corner of the Plaza, we all began to feel and to acknowledge—the influence of “blue devils,” which we were however, determined to dispel by the aid of the celebrated “vino de San Lucar.”

Proceeding therefore to the “fonda,” we ordered a good dinner to be prepared immediately, and whilst it was getting ready, sallied out to see anything the town might present worthy of notice; but there was nought to behold—the streets deserted, the balconies unoccupied, the very windows untenanted, and we returned to the “fonda,” and sat down to a dinner, which proved bad. The San Lucar wine I had heard so highly extolled, was execrable; we called for “xerez” (sherry), it was undrinkable. Some cheese was put on the

able: well, thinks I, from the rich pastures along the banks of the river and the great number of cows, *this* at least must be good; and probably they have excellent butter, "veremos." "Mozo," cried I, "have you got my good 'manteca?'"

"Si, Señor, manteca blanca (white butter), muy particolar." The "muy particolar" stamped it as something very superior, and we accordingly ordered in a supply. It certainly looked very *white*; but still we thought it pretty good, till the lady happening to examine it, exclaimed, "My dear C——, what are you eating?"

"Why, butter to be sure!"

"It cannot be butter," replied she, "it looks for all the world like lard." In a minute we dropped both our mouths and knives; the "mozo" was summoned. "What sort of butter is this?" asked I, who was general spokesman and interpreter of the party.

"Pues, Señor, manteca de puerco, y muy particolar." (Why, Sir, *pig's butter*; and very good it is.) "*Pig's butter!*" Ye gods! then

for the last quarter of an hour we had been industriously masticating hog's lard! and I immediately made a memorandum that *white* butter in Spanish meant not butter, but fat.

We paid the reckoning, and, as much dissatisfied with San Lucar as we had been with the pig butter, got into our caleches, and were soon on board the Bætis, with an assurance from the padron that we should get under weigh during the night.

May 10th.—Having, by taking the precaution of sleeping on the table, guarded ~~a~~ much as possible against the invasion of my enemies the bugs, I obtained during the night ~~a~~ a little rest, and on awaking next morning ~~had~~ expected to have found ourselves half across the bay; but although the boat pitched a good deal, it was evident, from the absence of the well-known tremulous motion and the silence of the paddles, that it was only *marking time*; and I had the annoyance to find on getting on deck that we were still at anchor off the muddy shores of San Lucar. Moreover, the universal solitude and silence which

reigned around proclaimed that Morpheus still held his sceptre, and that not the least preparation was making for a start, although it was now a perfect calm, and the *bar* could no longer be an impediment to our progress.

As I was anxious to catch the steamer going to Gibraltar, I of course felt very much annoyed at such unaccountable inactivity, and immediately roused up the English engineer to ask him the reason of all this delay, explaining to him, at the same time, the cause of my anxiety to proceed. In the course of the conversation, he let out that our detention was owing to a large new felucca moored astern, which we were to tow to Cadiz, but whose sails, etc., were momentarily expected, from what place I forgot.

To such a barefaced imposition as this I was determined not to submit. I immediately shook the padron out of his slumbers, had a tremendous *flare up* with him, and at last, after threatening to complain to the company to which the steamer belonged, I had the satisfaction to hear the order given to

weigh anchor, and leave the felucca and her accompaniments behind.

We had on board a great many Sevillano peasants and countrymen, who probably now for the first time in their lives saw the “wide waters of the dark blue sea.” As long as we remained within the channel of the river their stomachs appeared to keep in tolerable order, but the *bar* first upset their equanimity, and the waves in the bay completed what it had begun. In a quarter of an hour, the demon of sea-sickness reigned paramount, and stalked in terror and triumph from stem to stern, when the usual scenes on such occasions took place, which, I am ashamed to say, have often afforded me no slight degree of amusement; but it is a disease proverbially known never to excite sympathy in those who do not experience its baneful effects, and as well might its unfortunate victims expect compassion, as a dismounted horseman in a hunting field, whose companions, at full-cry, if they do not ride over him, fly past with an often ill-concealed sneer at his misfortune.

We anchored under the walls of Cadiz, when, immediately proceeding ashore, I learnt, to my great annoyance, that the steamer from England had already proceeded to Gibraltar, which would unavoidably detain me for a week longer at the former place, until the arrival of the next packet.

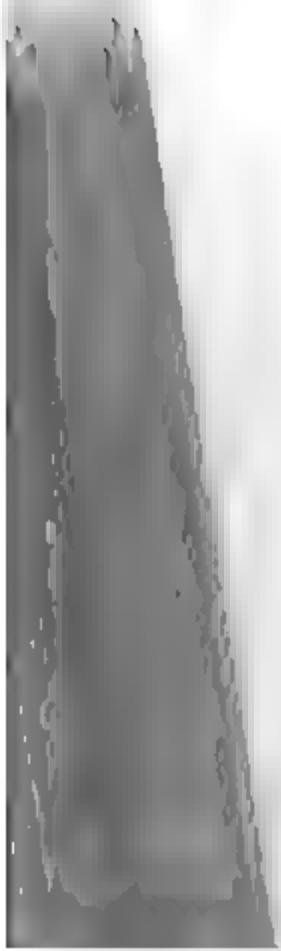
As during that week, at the end of which I returned to Gibraltar, nothing particular occurred, except my being nearly drowned by a capsize in one of the boats of her Majesty's brig "Trincomali," we will e'en say—

"Adieu, fair Cadiz!—yea, a long adieu!—
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood!
When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
A traitor only fell beneath the feud;
Here all were noble save nobility.
None hugged a conqueror's chain save fallen chivalry."

BYRON.



A CRUISE IN THE LEVANT.



CHAPTER VII.

The Mediterranean fleet—On board the “Powerful”—Historical notices of Gibraltar—“The Rock,” as seen from the sea—Influx of waters from the Atlantic—Algiers—Bona—The Skirki Rocks—Island of Gozo—Arrival at Malta—A curious cargo—The Knights of St. John—Historical notices of Malta—Costume—Public edifices—Barracks—St. Paul's Bay—Citta Vecchia—Figs—Catacombs—A nunnery.

THE spring of 1839 saw our political horizon obscurely clouded, and storms seemed to threaten us from every quarter. The still unsettled state of Canada, the question with America about the province of Maine, the Caffre war at the Cape, the threatening aspect of Nepaul and Burmah, our military operations in the north-west of India—to say

nothing of the Chartists at home—bade *fair* to give us abundance of employment in every quarter of the globe.

In this state of things, the critical aspect of affairs in the Levant called our attention to that quarter, where the grasping ambition of Mehemet Ali, so ably seconded by his enterprising son, Ibrahim Pasha, but too clearly threatened the total subversion of our old but decayed ally, the “Sublime Porte”—whilst, apparently quietly *sucking* the paw of contemplation and passiveness, the great Northern Bear, from his frozen pine-clad wilderness, was complacently viewing the convulsed state of those fair regions, where, by the gentle means of meditation, he no doubt flattered himself soon to establish his dominion, and come in for the Lion’s share of the spoil. Under these circumstances it behoved both England and France to watch narrowly the events in the East, and, about the month of June, the former deemed it advisable to strengthen her Mediterranean fleet by the addition of three liners

—the “Ganges,” Captain Reynolds; “Immacable,” Captain Harvey; and “Powerful,” Captain Napier.

On the 9th July, the two former were seen going through the gut of Gibraltar; whilst the “Powerful,” being delayed at Cork from not being able to get her full complement of men, did not make her appearance till the morning of the 12th, when she ran in and anchored in the bay. I went on board, and received a hearty welcome from “Old Charley Napier,” who kindly offered me a passage to the Levant, which offer I gladly accepted. The Mediterranean had, in former days, been an old cruising-ground of his; and as, after the lapse of so many years, he wished to have a peep at the Rock, we forthwith went ashore in his gig—I to make arrangements for the voyage, and he to reconnoitre his old haunts.

Having accomplished our respective objects, we returned on board, and I was forthwith installed in my new quarters, which consisted of two cabins, with every convenience to be had afloat; and I began to think that there

might be more unpleasant ways of travelling, than as the guest of the "skipper of a British eighty-gun ship;" and every day I passed on board the "Powerful" more fully confirmed me in this opinion. She was quite a new vessel; it was her first voyage; and, although but lately commissioned, was in the highest state of discipline; and "Old Charley" was fortunate in having a most zealous commander and capital officers—than whom, at the same time, a more gentlemanlike set of fellows did not exist, and I shall ever remember and recall with satisfaction and pleasure the time I passed in their society.

We weighed anchor next morning; but, owing to an easterly wind, which at times sank into a perfect calm, the evening was far advanced ere, clearing Europa Point, we got out of the bay. During the several tacks we were forced to make, we had full leisure to contemplate a locality so interesting by its associations, but more particularly so to every Briton, who, on viewing the *Rock*, cannot fail to remember with pride the names of Drake,

of Jumper, of Elliot—the heroes who so valiantly won, and so obstinately defended one of the noblest trophies of British enterprise. If the scene presents an object of interest to the patriot, it is pregnant with associations to the antiquary and scholar, whose eye cannot rest on any part of this classic shore without recalling events of by-gone times—and nations of the remotest antiquity, who have successively occupied this locality.

Before the Christian era, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, and the Romans, attracted by the fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, and favourable situation of the spot, in turns formed settlements on these favoured shores. Subsequently, the Goths and Saracens followed their footsteps; and, at a still later period, Calpe's proud rock was forced to submit to British enterprise and valour, and has ever since remained in our possession. From the earliest period, Gibraltar Bay has been an emporium of trade, even from the time when Hercules, having completed his task of forming a communica-

tion between the Atlantic and Mediterranean, reposed his weary frame at the foot of Mount Calpe, on the present site of the good town of Gibraltar. We read also in Scripture, that Solomon sent ships every three years, for apes and peacocks, gold and silver, to Tarshish, which is generally supposed to be the Hera-clea, founded by Hercules, and where are now to be seen, the ruins of Carteia, near Rocabillo, at the bottom of the bay, and at the mouth of the Guadranque river. Whatever may have been the case in the days of Solomon, gold and silver is now a very scarce commodity here; the monkeys on the Rock are so wild, that it is almost impossible to catch them; and as for the peacocks, they must have been all carried to Jerusalem, as not one is at present to be seen. Carteia, from being a Carthaginian settlement, fell into the hands of the Romans, —was the first colony established by them in Spain, and went by the name of Colonia Liber-tinorum, from being originally occupied by the illicit offspring of Roman soldiers and Spanish women. As in most of their foreign

settlements, the Romans have here left traces of their grandeur, which is testified by the remains of what must once have been a noble amphitheatre :—

“Oh, Amphitheatre! still thy boundary stands,
Shewing the curious where, in days of yore,
The gallant cohorts and Praetorian Bands
Were wont to revel in a scene of gore;
For Horace tells us they were right good hands
At games of strength, or chance, and many more,
And of their fav’rite pastimes—not the least
Was seeing wrestlers eaten by a beast.”—HORT.

To the westward of Carteia, and nearly opposite to Gibraltar, is Algesiras, whose name implies its Moorish origin, meaning the “Island,” from “La Isla Verde,” where the Saracen chief, Taric, is said to have landed, on his first invasion of Spain.

The day was particularly fine, even for the heavenly climate of the South of Spain, and the slight airs which had slowly wafted us into the middle of the bay gradually dying away, left us lazily floating on its deep-blue waters, thus affording time to gaze on one of the most beautiful panoramas in nature.

On the east lay the bare and rugged rock—so bare and rugged as to betray its volcanic origin—the Rock *par excellence*, “el Peñon” of Spain, bristling with batteries, and frowning defiance on the world. Connecting it with the main land, is a low sandy tongue of ground, to the eye scarcely rising above the level of the opposite seas, and out of which appears, like a leafless wood, to spring the *forestry* of masts, appertaining to the numerous small craft of every description which securely lie under shelter of the proud Calpe. This is the Neutral Ground; from whence, and running in a northerly direction, rises the Sierra Carbonera, on a spur of which, and about five miles from Gibraltar, stands the small town of San Roque, whose white walls are thrown out in powerful relief by the dark cork wood mantling the heights, crowned by the old Moorish castle of Castellar, which, though fully twenty miles distant, is distinctly seen through the clear transparent atmosphere. Further still, is just perceptible, on the side of the loftier Sierra, the village of Gaucin; whilst, in the

far far distance, and melting into ether, like the shadow of a shade, are the mountains of Ronda. Again, pursuing round the bay the silver line of sandy beach from the Neutral Ground, we have, first, the small fishing village near the site of Carteia; then comes Rocadillo; and, following the sweep of the shore, the eye rests on Algesiras, with its graceful aqueduct and back-ground of high and rocky hills, partially clad with the deep green of the cork-tree, and which run on towards and terminate the vista at Cabrita Point.

The sun had set behind this range, whose shadow was thrown across the bay, ere we succeeded in getting past Europa Point, the most southerly extremity of the rock; and then, as there was but little wind, we began to feel the influence of the current, invariably setting in from the westward, and which now lent us its friendly aid.

Many learned theories have been adduced to account for this constant influx of waters from the Atlantic into an inland sea, where so many rivers discharge themselves. Some

attribute it to the greater exhalation which takes place in the Mediterranean, whilst others suppose the existence of a submarine, or under current, in the contrary direction, and, to support their opinion, instance the fact, which I believe to be authenticated, of a Dutch vessel, sunk many years ago off Ceuta, having been *thrown* up near Tangiers.

The winds being very light, generally from the eastward, and frequently succeeded by calms;—in order to benefit by the land and sea breezes, we hugged the African shore, instead of taking the northern passage to Malta by Cape Le Gatte; and, with the lofty chain of Atlas in sight nearly every day, on the 19th we found ourselves opposite Algiers, on whose forts we could distinguish the tri-coloured flag of France. On the 20th, we were overtaken by H. M. steamer Magæra, with mails from England to Malta, under the command of Lieutenant Goldsmith, from whom we learnt, that on the 15th he had seen the “Ganges” and “Implacable” off Cape Le Gatte. This gave us hopes of reaching Malta as soon

as they; and the event subsequently proved that we were not disappointed in our expectations.

With light and variable winds, still keeping in sight of land, we made Bona on the 22nd, after passing several feluccas engaged in the coral fishery, for which this part of the coast is celebrated. Bona (the Amphrodisium of Ptolemy) is built on the site of the ancient Hippo or Hippona, surnamed Regius, from being the residence of the Numidian kings. It was here that St. Augustine died, whilst the town was besieged, A.D. 430, by Genseric the Vandal, who obtained possession of it after a siege of fourteen months. Nothing now remains of its ancient grandeur and importance,—the coral fishery constituting its whole trade.

On the morning of the 23rd, we passed the small island of Pentellaria;—the Botany Bay of the kingdom of Naples, and to which she sends all her *mauvais sujets*. The famous Skirki Rocks, commonly called the “Squirls,” and whose existence was so long doubted, we left

behind during the night. That they *do* exist is beyond all doubt; as was sufficiently proved by the catastrophe of H. M. frigate "Athenian," which struck and went to pieces on them, with the loss of half her crew. It is related, that immediately before this happened, Captain Raynsford, who commanded her, examining the chart, exclaimed—"If there be such a thing as the 'Squicks,' we are now on them!" and the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the occurrence above related took place. It is, however, a curious fact, that the whole French fleet, when pursued by Nelson, before the battle of the Nile, should have passed through the channel without seeing them.

The morning of the 24th gave us a sight of the island of Gozo, which presents a most remarkable view, as it is approached from the westward—the high cliffs in that direction assuming the most fantastic shapes and appearance, but gradually softening down, on the northern side, into a slope, which, from the summit to near the water's edge, is broken by a succession of stone walls, to support the

soil, which is laid out in terraces along the declivity. These present a most unvaried and monotonous appearance; the parched-up ground at this time of the year varying little, either in colour or aspect, from the walls which support it, and, unenlivened by anything like wood or foliage, give it a look which, but for the burning sun overhead, would be the image of cold and desolation. Coasting slowly and smoothly along this unromantic shore, we passed the narrow channel which separates Gozo from Malta, presenting the exact counterpart of the former; the same stone walls, the same brown parched-up soil between them, and the same stair-like flight of terraces.

Tired with the unvaried monotony of the scene, it was with pleasure that, about four P.M., crossing the entrance of Marsa Musceit, or Quarantine Harbour, with every stitch of canvass set, and the band playing a lively air, we passed through the narrow and deep channel which separates St. Elmo from Fort Ricasoli, and gracefully gliding into the noble port

of Lavalette, let go our anchor between the Senglea and Fort St. Angelo.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the harbour presented the most lively and interesting appearance. The declining sun inviting the people out of their houses, the ramparts were lined by the most variegated and motley groups, which, as we passed within a few yards of St. Elmo, we could distinctly observe, as they sallied out to their evening promenade. Here a set of gay, fair-haired English officers, in their white jackets, contrasted greatly with the sombre and sable forms of the shovel-hatted priests, or hooded friars; whilst the mystical *faldette* of the dusky Melitanas, in graceful appearance, only ranked second to the incomparable mantilla on the incomparable forms of the lovely daughters of Spain.

So much for our first view of the land. And the world of waters was equally animated with life: numerous yachts and pleasure-boats crossed us in every direction; the light skiffs painted in the most brilliant colours and fantastic style, covered with white cotton awn-

ings, were busily plying from the opposite sides of the harbour with their loads of passengers,—whilst fruit-boats of every size and description crowded round the ship as soon as she came to anchor.

Amongst these was one which took up a conspicuous station under the stern, and was freighted with rather a curious cargo, consisting of five or six naked urchins, one of whom was a little negro;—the whole vociferously crying out, “Heave ! sar, heave !” which I soon found was addressed to the young gentlemen of the gun-room, who were amusing themselves by throwing halfpence into the water, after which these young Tritons dived with the greatest promptitude, and generally succeeded in recovering the sinking treasure.

Whilst waiting to get pratique, we had time to admire the scene around us; and who could look on those stupendous works, carved, as it were, out of the living rock, without reflecting on the chivalrous deeds which they have witnessed under the valiant Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and without recalling

to mind the heroic names of L'Isle Adam, Lavalette, and Nicholas Cotoner—those champions of the faith and bulwarks of Christianity?

The Grand Master Lavalette laid the foundation of the city which bears his name, in 1568. The Knights at that time were divided into eight languages or nations—viz., Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, and Castile. To each language was assigned an *auberge*, or place of residence, and each had a post to defend in the event of an attack on the town. Some of the *auberges* are now converted into barracks; they are complete palaces, and make, perhaps, the finest quarters in the world.

Until this confounded pratique-boat arrives, let us take a retrospective glance at Malta. Those who remember what we are about to commit to paper need not read it; those who do not, may be glad of an opportunity of rubbing up their historical reminiscences.

The history of Malta is lost in the mist of ages. That the ancients considered it as hav-

ing once formed part of Africa, is evident from various passages we meet with in their authors; amongst others, in Lycophron's Cassandra, alluding to Ulysses, she says,

"I see him wasting in th' Ogygian Isle
The fleeting hours, and clasp the beauteous nymph,
Old Atlas' daughter, etc."

It first bore the appellation of Hyperia, when it was said to have been inhabited by a race of giants. About 1500, B.C., it fell into the possession of the Phœnicians, when it was known by the name of Ogygia. Its present name is derived from the Greeks, who became its next masters, and by whom, from the excellence of its honey, it was called Melitaion. The Carthaginians and Romans successively occupied it; when, at the division of the empire, it fell to the share of the Emperors of Constantinople.

The Vandals, A.D. 454, established themselves in Malta, but were, ten years after, expelled by the Goths, who retained the island for nearly a century, when it was re-united to the Lower Empire by Belisarius. The

Saracens were its next conquerors. Under their dominion it remained nearly two centuries, and retains to this day much of their language, manners, and customs. They were expelled in 1090 by the Normans, under Count Roger. From this period it experienced many vicissitudes—alternately belonging to France, Sicily, Arragon, and Germany, until, in 1530, on the expulsion of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem from Rhodes, it was, by Charles V., ceded to them in perpetuity, together with Gozo and the town of Tripoli, on the coast of Africa. This happened during the grand-mastership of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, who had so valiantly defended Rhodes against the overwhelming forces of Solyman the Magnificent. Up to this period, the island had changed masters no less than fourteen times.

It was in 1565, during the grand-mastership of Lavalette, that the capital of Malta sustained the memorable siege by the Turks, under Mustapha and Pioli, the generals of Solyman the Magnificent. It lasted during upwards of three months, and was carried on

with unexampled obstinacy and perseverance; but the valour of the Knights at length prevailed; and, after an unsuccessful general assault, undertaken on the 7th Sept., 1565, Mustapha was forced to raise the siege, after losing upwards of 25,000 men. But the town had been reduced to a heap of ruins, and it was resolved to construct another. The foundations were laid by its gallant defender, whose name it now bears; and La Valetta la Umilissima has since then had something added to her strength by nearly every succeeding grand master, until she attained her present nearly impregnable state. About this period, the “English language” (or order) was—owing to Henry VIII. having confiscated all the possessions held by the Knights of St. John in his dominions—finally abolished.

Although it was against the vows they formed on entering the Order of St. John to take part in warfare against any Christian power, still the Knights had frequently much difficulty in preserving their neutrality, when the different nations of Europe were engaged in hostilities,

and still more in guarding their privileges from the pretensions and encroachments of the Pope and of the Grand Inquisitor. The galleys of the Knights still continued to render good service to the civilized world by repressing the piracies of the Barbary States ; yet, as the Mahomedan power became less feared in Europe, the importance of the Order gradually decreased, until it received its death-blow, by the republican decree of the French Directory, in 1792.

Previously to this, the Emperor Paul, following up the policy of Catherine II., to extend the influence of Russia in the Mediterranean succeeded in causing himself to be elected Protector of the Order, and was, by the Grand Master Hompesch, invested with the cross of Lavalette, and the new priory of Russia was incorporated in the *ancient* language of England, under the name of the Anglo-Bavarian, with an annual revenue, in Poland of 120,000 florins, which the Protector increased to 300,000. The new *language* comprised the two dignified offices of Turcopelier and

Grand Prior of Bavaria, twenty commanderies of Knights of Justice, and four commanderies of Chaplains, or Conventual Priests.

As has been said, the decree of the French Directory took place in 1792. In June, 1798, a French squadron, under Admiral Brueys, appeared before Malta, which was shortly after joined by Buonaparte. With the plea of not being allowed to water the fleet,—on the 9th of June he declared hostilities against Malta,—landed his troops, and, through the indecision and weakness of the grand master, and the treachery of a French knight of the name of Ransigat, Lavalette, which had so often stood the brunt of war, capitulated without striking a blow.

Once in possession, the French gave way to their usual thirst of rapine and plunder; neither public nor private property was respected; the armorial bearings of the knights were torn down from the different *auberges*, the churches were sacked, and the whole order, with the dastardly grand master at their head, received a command to quit the island within three

days; the generous conquerors allowing Hompesch to take with him the following precious articles:—a part of the real cross; the hand of St. John, which had been presented to the Grand Master d'Aubusson by Bajazet; and a miraculous image of the Holy Virgin, but not before she had been duly divested of all her ornaments. Such was the inglorious end of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, once the bulwark of Christendom and the terror of the Crescent.

Little more remains to be said. Buonaparte, on quitting Malta for Egypt, left General Vaubois to defend the place with four thousand men. The same system of plunder and oppression still continued, till at last the Maltese, urged by despair, rose “en masse,” obliged the invaders to shut themselves up in Lavalette, from which they cut off all supplies, whilst an English squadron blockaded the harbour. Vaubois made a gallant defence, but, being reduced by famine to the last extremity, was forced to capitulate, after sustaining a siege of two years.

The most striking features of the place are the magnificence of the buildings, and the solidity of their construction. Being of the same material as the rock on which they rise, they convey the idea which Lamartine expresses in his "Voyage en Orient," of each house being "Sculptée vivante et debout dans le rocher vif, comme un bloc sorti de son sein;" and, although the light-coloured sandstone of which they are built is distressing to the eye-sight, it sets off to the greatest advantage what are in themselves noble edifices. You may fancy yourself in a city of palaces, and it *does* contain some which might vie with many kingly residences.

The Government House, with its spacious courts, broad staircase, immense galleries, and splendid armory, is a noble mass of building; and rendered immortal by having been, during a long series of years, the residence of the grand masters of the Order of St. John, the armour of many of whom is still preserved in a spacious hall, together with weapons offensive and defensive of every date since the Crusades; but chiefly trophies taken from their constant

adversaries, the Turks. Two of the most remarkable objects in this collection are a complete suit of armour of gigantic proportion, said to have belonged to an English knight,—yleped, if I mistake not, Sir John Bull,—and a curious piece of ordnance, in the shape of a ninepounder, made of twisted rope, and which has repeatedly seen service.

Lord Byron may well be excused in *cursing* those stairs, which verily are the curse of La-valette, at least to a stranger, until the muscles of the leg get accustomed to the new species of action which is required of them. Still they afford a resting-place to many an interesting half-naked group; and when, from sheer exhaustion, you stop to take breath, after toiling up this endless treadmill, the eye of a stranger generally has something to rest on, and his attention is diverted from the labours he has endured. Here a group of Schmitshes* are indolently reclining, perhaps having taken up their quarters for the night, as in the hot weather many of the lower orders sleep con-

* Nickname of the natives of Malta.

stantly “al fresco,” a stair their pillow and a step their bed; there, a hooded and sandalled friar, or sleek black-coated priest, is either gently descending or painfully mounting to pursue his vocation;—whilst ever and anon mystic and nun-like forms, in their dark garments and flowing “faldettes,” are gliding past,—and the lightning of the Moorish eye may be seen glancing from beneath a downcast lid and long silken lashes.

The faldette in grace only yields to the Spanish mantilla; it is an outer dress of black silk, with a hood made to cover the head, but which the wearer (we cannot say *fair*) generally manages to throw back with a coquettish cast on one side, which gives it a very pretty effect. *Barring* this slight touch of female vanity, the women, from their sad-coloured garments and demure appearance, (mind you, I only say appearance,) might be taken for the secluded inmates of a conventional residence.

The principal public edifices in Lavalette are—the church of St. John, remarkable for

the richness of its Mosaic work, and containing some fine paintings, principally by Matthias Preti, the Calabrian;—the palace of the grand master, now Government House;—the hotels of the different languages, the conservatory, the treasury, the university, the town hall, the palace of justice, the hospital, and barracks. The public library also deserves mention: in 1790 it contained sixty thousand volumes, and the number has since increased. By an old decree, every knight on his death was obliged to bequeath to the institution all the books he possessed.

To the southward of the town, and separated from it by a ditch of extraordinary depth and breadth, cut out of the sandstone rock, are the strong works of Florian, which were first commenced by the Grand Master Manuel Villena, in 1722, and have under his successors been constantly strengthened and added to, until they have arrived at their present state of perfection.

Here was quartered the 59th regiment: but the barracks are not to be compared to those

of the 47th and 77th in the town; the latter occupied the Auberge de Castile, in every respect a perfect palace. The garrison then consisted of four regiments—the 47th, 59th, 77th, and 92nd, together with the Malta Fencibles; and during the hot weather they appeared to enjoy a very quiet time of it;—only one subaltern's guard, no brigade days, and few parades; in fact, the heat at this time of the year (July) was so great as to render any sort of exertion a labour.

The thermometer in the shade was at eighty-nine degrees, and a few days previously had been as high as ninetyfive,—and one hundred and forty degrees in the sun. Still, with this tropical heat (and at times I felt it as great as at Madras) there is little disease, and I ventured out with impunity at all hours of the day. The time when it is most oppressive is during the prevalence of the south-east or Sirocco winds which generally prevail in the month of September.

The greatest luxury here during the hot weather is the abundance of ice which comes from Sicily, and is to be had in every

"café;"—if you call for a glass of water, it is iced, and the wines are brought to table in a delicious state of coolness, almost equal to what is turned out of the hands of the most experienced Indian aubdar.* The *cooling* art we found carried to perfection at the hospitable board of Sir Henry Bouverie, at Government House, whose table, to avoid the heat arising from the smoking dishes, presented nothing but a sylvan repast of fruits and flowers;—more substantial food being however handed round by the servants for those whose consciences or stomachs could not be reconciled to this Pythagorean diet.

The story of St. Paul's shipwreck† on this island is generally known, and forms the subject of most of the church paintings

* Wine-cooler by profession.

† Acts, xxviii. 1: "And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called *Melita*.

2. "And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.

3. "And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand."

here. Being desirous of witnessing the spot where it is said to have taken place, and an officer of the 77th kindly offering to cicerone me, we made an early start upon a couple of barb hacks, for St. Paul's Bay, which lies eight or ten miles westward of Lavalette. As we got into the country, if country it can be called, I was astonished at the denseness of the population, shewn by the number of habitations.

The road, frequently cut out of the sand-stone rock, ran without any change of scene between two low stone walls, separating it from the numerous enclosures, some of which shewed a faint dash of verdure, from being cultivated with the cotton plant; but the generality presented a brown burnt-up appearance, little enlivened by the small massive square buildings, the tenants of nearly every little paddock, and the home of its owner. On these the July sun shone with a vividness so intense as to be extremely distressing to the eyes, which in vain looked for any object of relief from the excessive glare.

The *only oasis* which occasionally presented

itself to the vision in this desert of stone, was a stray and stunted fig-tree, or a clump of the prickly pear-plant. The only relief from the burning sun was the shady side of the street in the different “casals”* through which the road passed; and these are so numerous that sometimes it had the appearance of running through an extensive suburb. Most of the houses in these casals are of the same massive proportions that distinguish the edifices of Lavalette, and all bear witness to the extreme piety of their inhabitants, by the great number of handsome churches which adorn them.

Nasciar, the largest casal we had come to, is on an elevation, along the brow of which ran a line of works *intended* to have been occupied for the purpose of opposing the French when they landed; but the *intention* was probably thought sufficient, and the project never carried into execution.

These heights overlook what is called the plain of Nasciar, beyond which lies St. Paul’s Bay, where “they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded,

* Villages.

if it were possible, to thrust in the ship;" but the waves, which were then in such a state of commotion as to "break the hinder part of the vessel," while the fore part "stuck fast on a rock," now shewed scarcely a ripple, which gently broke on a beach composed of fine sand and innumerable shells of the smallest description I ever beheld.

The clearness and smoothness of the water were such that we could not resist the temptation of taking a bathe; after which we visited the chapel dedicated to the Apostle, and built on the spot where he is said to have lighted the fire, into which he cast the viper that had fastened on his hand. A large and roughly-executed painting illustrates this scene, which has been adduced, by those who deny that this was the spot on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, as an argument in their favour, by averring that Malta does not contain any reptile of the snake species.

Of however little importance it may be to the present generation whether this shipwreck, which has caused numerous learned discussions,

took place at Malta, Gozo, or Pentellaria,* it is but fair to all parties to state, as far as the viper is concerned, that positively St. Patrick has not extended his Irish patronage to such a distance, as on our way here, we observed a snake lying on the road, and which had only been recently killed.

On leaving St. Paul's Bay, we struck off to our right towards Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island; and arriving there about eleven, we were not sorry to obtain shelter from the heat, at a "hostelerie," where accommodation and refreshment were promised for man and horse, which soon made their appearance in a bowl of goat's milk, bread, and figs deliciously cool and ripe; and on this hermit's fare we managed to make a capital breakfast.

Apropos of figs: as the process of bringing them to maturity, and to the perfection at which they arrive here, may not be generally known, it will perhaps not be irrelevant to mention it. This process is called "caprif-

* Some contend that the shipwreck took place in an island of the Adriatic.

cation," from the *caprificus*, or wild fig-tree, which is made use of in carrying it into effect.

The "tokar," as the wild fig-tree is called here, is infested with a numerous tribe of insects of the *guat* species, which, introducing themselves into the umbilicus of the fruit, deposit their eggs; and it having been observed that the figs which have not been thus impregnated, invariably languish, become dry and shrivelled, and fall off without ripening,—the experiment of inoculating the domestic fig was tried, and the result proved successful,—the fermentation created by the puncture of the insect being supposed the cause of the fruit ripening and attaining a larger size than it would otherwise do.

The operation is very simple, merely consisting in fastening a string of wild figs to a branch of the domestic tree, whose fruit becomes impregnated by the insects which frequent the former. There are at Malta seven or eight species of the fig-tree, but caprification is only used for two kinds. Inserting a little olive oil into the eye of the fruit, or puncturing it with

an oiled feather or straw, has also been found to answer the purpose.

The most delicious fruits are said to be grown on the island; the fig and water-melon were the only ones we had at this time of the year, an opportunity of trying. The prickly pear is very common, and when in season its fruit constitutes, I understand, the principal food of the inhabitants; but we in vain looked for the palmetto, the aloe, or the graceful date-tree so common in Andalusia. The cotton shrub and water-melon thrive in this soil; the caper plant is also common, grows abundantly on the walls of the fortifications, and it is, I believe, an exclusive privilege of the chief engineer to "cut capers" on the works.

After breakfast, we started through the good town of Citta Vecchia, or Citta Notabile, *alias* Medina, its old Arabic appellation, which it sometimes retains to the present day. Before the foundation of Lavalette, it was the capital of the island, and still contains the palace of the grand master, and a very fine cathedral, on the site, which is said to have been occupied

by the house of Publius, Prince or Protos of Melita at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck.

A grotto, or rather a cave, is shewn, where it is said the latter took up his abode during the three months he remained on the island. This contains a beautifully executed statue of the apostle, the work of Caffa, a Maltese artist. The sandstone rock composing the sides of the cave have the credit of possessing wonderful virtues in curing every disease to which frail humanity is subject; but the most astonishing circumstance of all is,—that notwithstanding the numerous chips which are constantly knocked off by those who believe in its efficacy, they are always replaced by the *growing* properties of the rock.

The most remarkable things at Citta Vecchia, and which are well worth a stranger's visit, are the catacombs. It is still a matter of conjecture at what time or for what purpose these stupendous works were executed: some attribute them to the first Christians, who are said to have formed these subterranean abodes

to escape from the persecutions to which they were then subject; others allege they were the work of the Saracens, to avoid a threatened invasion of the Turks. From their extent and the regularity of their construction, these catacombs well deserve the name which has been bestowed upon them of the "Subterranean City," and appear to have been meant for the residence of the living as well as the reception of the dead; they are cut out of the rocky soil to a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet below the surface, with which they occasionally communicate by small funnels or openings, serving to admit the fresh air.

In consequence of many persons having been lost in the intricate labyrinth of passages composing them, some of the galleries are now walled up: these are said to have run under ground to Lavalette and Boschetto, the latter three, the former six or seven miles distant. It is related, that on one occasion a schoolmaster, with some twenty or thirty of his pupils, having been induced to explore these

unknown regions, was never afterwards heard of, he and all his small fry having probably lost themselves and perished of hunger.

To avoid a similar melancholy fate, we were provided by our guide, old Jiuseppe Zarah, with numerous lights; and, as he appeared to be well acquainted with the navigation of the place, we went on with tolerable confidence, and examined a considerable portion of the excavations. There were several large chambers which he described as answering the purposes of corn and oil mills; and on each side of the long galleries which we traversed, were recesses in the shape of couches, with raised pillows (rather hard ones) for the head. In some of these recesses there appeared to be accommodation for two, besides a smaller crib, about the length of a young child. These, Jiuseppe explained as being "de bed for de man, him wife, and piccanninny;" with which explanation we were bound to remain perfectly satisfied. There appeared to be little humidity in these dreary abodes; but the air was so chilly, that after satisfying our curiosity for about

half-an-hour, we were glad to emerge again into the upper regions, where, from the intense glare of a mid-day sun, it was some time ere we could recover the use of our eyes.

On our way back to the inn, I visited what is now become rather a "rara avis" in the world—to wit, a "nunnery." It was not my fortune to behold youth and beauty immured within its walls, but through the grating I had a long conversation, in Italian, with an old lady, who had been an inmate of the place for the last thirty-three years; and, on my expressing pity at her fate, she said she was perfectly satisfied with her lot; that she had voluntarily entered the convent; and that she would consider it as the greatest misfortune which could befall her to be now turned adrift upon the wide world. I suspect we have very erroneous ideas both of the convents of the south and the harems of the east, in supposing that their inmates must necessarily lead a miserable existence from being almost in a state of captivity; whereas I have no doubt that, reconciled by custom, the usual quantum of hap-

piness allotted to us in this sublunary world is to be met with in both.

Mounting my barb, and accompanied by old Zarah, we struck off in a southerly direction, and in less than an hour reached Boschetto, an old country residence of the grand masters, and the only place in the island where trees of any size are to be met with. The valley approaching the house is a lovely spot, thickly planted with orchards, and amongst them are to be seen fine and extensive orange groves, over which proudly towers the stately ash; but what adds greatly to the beauty of the spot, is the number of fresh springs which meander through this delightful valley, diffusing around a pleasing coolness and verdure in their serpentine course. The vicinity of Boschetto furnishes the water, which, by an aqueduct of nine miles in length, supplies the town of Lavalette.

The appearance of the peasantry whom we saw in our day's excursion was not prepossessing; they are bronzed, some even to swarthiness, with a decided Moorish cast of countenance. Were this not sufficient to stamp their origin, the similarity of their language

to the Arabic would do so; and I recogni~~—~~
several words with which I had been famili~~—~~
in Barbary, as—

Elemāh	- - - -	Water.
Khoubs	- - - -	Bread.
Murrāh	- - - -	A Woman.
Rājil	- - - -	A Man, &c.

which have the same significations at Medina
as at Tetuan; and the pronunciation is ~~so~~
completely guttural, as to mark at once its
Oriental derivation.

The morning after the arrival of the “Power-
ful,” the “Ganges” and “Implacable” made
their appearance, having been delayed by ~~the~~
bad sailing of the latter ship. We remained ~~a~~
couple of days longer at Malta; and, on ~~the~~
28th of July, with a light breeze, a smooth sea,
and cloudless sky, sailed in company, to join ~~the~~
fleet at the Dardanelles, repeating, in Byron’s
words—

“ Adieu the joys of Lavalette;
Adieu sirocco, sun, and sweat,
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs,
How surely he who mounts ye swears,” &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Byron—A “ruse”—The English and French Fleets—Defection of the Turkish squadron—Admiral Lalande—French Navy—Scene at Busheeka Bay—Classical Localities—Turkish Peasantry—Costume—System of Harvesting—Banks of the Mendré—Koom Kali—Samuelé—The Governor of the Fort—A Mosque—Supper at the Governor's—A Wandering Dervish—News.

“ Slow sinks, more radiant, ere his race be run,
Behind Morea's hills, the setting sun;
Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.”

BYRON.

Such was the splendid sight presented to us, when, after a delightful run of a couple of days from Malta, a favouring breeze had wafted us to the classic shores of Greece. Byron, in some of his Oriental descriptions, is, it must be acknowledged, rather poetical, but here he does but justice, and barely justice, to the locality he describes; of this we all felt

convinced, when, after passing within view of the heights of Navarino, the scene of the “great untoward event,”—the “Powerful” smoothly held on her course under the shadows of “Morea’s hills,” behind which the bright luminary was setting in a halo of molten flame.

Silently, and in solitude, we cleft the darkening billows, for the breeze was light and favourable, the water smooth, we had long since cast off our consorts, and were straining every nerve to arrive at Busheeka Bay,—the place of general rendezvous, and, maybe, the starting-post for a race through the Dardanelles.

On the 2nd of August we were off Cape Colonna, the ancient Sunium, and in sight of the remains of the magnificent temple of Minerva. Here a strong northerly wind baffled us at the entrance of the passage of the Daro. We made little progress during the night, and in the morning had the mortification to see the “Ganges” a-head. This was the more provoking, as, in the afternoon of the same day, she was evidently running away from us either from being out of the influence of the

current, or owing to a favourable slant of wind, which amongst the islands is so uncertain, as frequently to blow at the same time in the most opposite directions. Our skipper tried a *ruse* to make up his lost ground : he signalled the "Ganges," asking Captain Reynolds to come on board to dinner. The latter was, however, too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and merely replied, "that he had rather not that day,"—before the conclusion of which, he had given us so completely the slip, as to be nearly out of sight.

The same northerly breeze continuing, which, however, produced delightfully cool weather, it was not till early on the morning of the 5th that we let go our anchor in Busheeka Bay, when the grey twilight disclosed to our astonished vision the whole of the united English and French fleets; amounting in all to seventeen sail of the line, besides frigates and other smaller craft. The "Ganges," to our no slight satisfaction, had not arrived, but made her appearance in a few hours.

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	Guns.	Men.
3. Triton—Capt. Hamelin . . .	74 ...	700
4. Generoux—Capt. Durand . . .	74 ...	700
5. Jupiter—Capt. Danyean . . .	80 ...	810
6. Hercule—Capt. Forêt . . .	100 ...	915
7. Montebello—Admiral La Susse	120 ...	1087
8. Amazone—Capt. Tronde . . .	64 ...	440
9. Belle-Poule—Capt. H. R. H. Prince de Joinville . . .	60 ...	513
10. Comete (brig)—Capt. Jurien . . .	10 ...	100
	740	6775

In addition to the above force, the Austrian squadron, consisting of six frigates and corvettes, lay at Smyrna, ready to co-operate, should circumstances have required it to act.

We had scarcely cast anchor, when we were surprised by the intelligence of the defection of the Capitan Pasha and the whole Turkish fleet, consisting of eight sail of the line and ten frigates, which had gone over to Mehemet Ali, and were then anchored within the port of Alexandria, where, united to the Egyptian navy, of eleven sail of the line and five frigates, they constituted an armament more formidable from its number than from its actual strength and state of discipline.

It was rumoured that the French Admiral, Lalande, had been much blamed by his Government for not preventing this defection, as his orders were to keep the Capitan Pasha under his surveillance. He fell in with the fleet of the latter off Mytilene, and, by his account of the interview which took place, he entertained not the least idea of Achmet Pasha's meditated desertion ; he professed that his design was to go to Candia, from which Lalande succeeded in dissuading him. However, on losing sight of the French fleet, he sailed direct for Alexandria ; on his way thither fell in with the Egyptians ; and, if it were a preconcerted plan, so profoundly secret had it been kept, that, under the impression of an immediate engagement, several of the Turkish vessels beat to quarters, when, to their surprise, the "Mahoumidieh," bearing the Admiral's flag, hoisted Egyptian colours, and went over to the enemy.

It may savour of presumption in a landsman offering an opinion on nautical matters, but I believe the general idea of the British naval

officers was that of the French fleet being in high order and a perfect state of discipline; and although I am convinced that not a single British tar, for a moment, entertained a doubt of being able to thrash Johnny Crapaud, if placed yard-arm to yard-arm, it was nevertheless thought, the job *might* be attended with some little trouble. However, the best feeling and the greatest state of cordiality subsisted between the two fleets.

Admiral Lalande was a handsome *military*-looking man, apparently between forty-five and fifty, of the most gentlemanly address and manners; and the French officers we generally found *bons enfans*;—the *brusquerie* of the sailor amalgamating well with the national *politesse*. They were frequent guests on board the "Powerful," whose skipper discovered amongst them several old antagonists during the last war, which tended, of course, to cement a greater degree of friendship between them. One was Monsieur Forêt, the Captain of the "Hercule," a noble ship, carrying a hundred guns on two decks, and in which either the "Powerful"

or “Ganges” might have found stowage. Indeed, all their vessels appeared to be the largest of their class, fully manned, and, as has already been remarked, apparently in a high state of discipline. In the event of an “untoward” blow-up with France, would it be giving our noble tars fair play to pit them against such overwhelming odds?—But John Bull is always for working the willing horse to death, and break down he must, some of these days, if he be thus unmercifully over-weighted.

The French fleet have no marines, all the sailors being trained to the firelock exercise. Formerly, in this respect, their navy was on the same footing as our own, having a distinct body of troops on board; but the officers say the plan was never found to answer, from the jealousy existing between the two bodies, and that they get on much better under the present system. As to their promotion, two-thirds is by seniority, and one-third by interest, (*par choix.*) An “enseigne de vaisseau” corresponds with our mates, but is

(what that neglected grade with us *ought* to be) considered as a commissioned officer, and to qualify him for the rank of lieutenant, must have served six years. All promotion by seniority ceases after attaining the rank of post-captain, who can no longer lay claim to climb higher by "*ancienneté*," but must get on "*par choix*." By this means they are able to have efficient commanders for their fleets, and not forced to wait till a man is in his dotage before he is available for the rank of a flag officer. A French rear-admiral may attain that grade at the age of thirty-five.

In the construction of their ships, the French take a much longer period than ourselves, and allege that the wood by that means has time to become more seasoned. I believe twenty-four years is in general allowed before a man-of-war is put off the stocks; and she is said to be $\frac{2}{3}$ ths complete when within a year of being ready to be launched. They are, *on dit*, at present constructing no less than forty-six vessels and ten or twelve steamers, besides which, they have twenty-two sail of the line

float, thirty-seven large frigates, (many of them mounting 50 or 60 guns,) and 10 corvettes. Altogether they are making every effort to increase this branch of their service, and England had better have an eye to what they are about.

But enough of the shop—of pipe-clay and tar-bucket,—let us cast an eye on the scene presented at Busheeka Bay, which shortly after our arrival was illumined by a glorious sunrise over the distant mountains of Ida, which, with a gentle breeze dispelling the cloud of smoke raised by our salute, presented to the view a most glorious spectacle. Before us was the far-famed plain of Troy, dotted with tumuli, where Ajax and Hector now rested from their labours, and Achilles had long since buried both his sorrows and wrath. To the westward lay Tenedos, its barren and sun-burnt hills gleaming under the morning rays of its favoured deity, whilst on the north—

“ Not far removed from Ilion’s famous land,
In counterview appears the Thracian strand;”

where the “broad Hellespont” swept past its castellated cliffs, and, doubling Cape Jenicher, (the ancient Sigæum,) poured its current into the *Æ*gean Sea; then, following the windings of the shore, made its way past Busheeka Bay, and caused its influence to be felt by the vessels of the fleet now swinging gracefully at anchor.

The ships themselves presented a grand and imposing sight, the tri-colour and union jack floating peaceably side by side;—the huge bodies over which they waved, with their dark and bristled flanks lazily reposing on the smooth, though rippling current, like vast leviathans of the deep. Old Agamemnon, from his stranded navy, would have stared could he have beheld what successors time was destined to produce to his amphibious galleys, but which certainly possessed the double advantage of serving for habitations both on the high seas or sandy beach;—from which we were obliged to keep at the respectful distance of nearly a mile.

However, we could also boast of a camp on the winding shore of the bay, as numerous

Greeks and Jews, from Smyrna and elsewhere, had already formed, at a short distance from the anchorage, a sort of bazaar of booths and tents, which appeared to be fast increasing in size and importance, from which were conveyed to the ships,—bread, fruit, and goods of every description, in the beautifully shaped boats peculiar to these seas; and which were mostly manned by sturdy Greeks, known by their red skull-caps, brawny limbs, and shaven countenances, save the upper lip, adorned by a short and warlike moustache. These men, mostly from Tenedos, or the neighbouring islands, presented a strong contrast to the crews of the Smyrniot boats, freighted mostly by bearded and turbaned Jews, who, stemming the current alongside, were endeavouring to tempt our rough tars by offering for sale handsome Persian carpets, cherry-stick pipes, amber mouth-pieces, spices, perfumes, and other rich productions of the gorgeous East.

These at times plying the oar, at others spreading their huge bellying sails to the light

breeze, as they trafficked from ship to ship, imparted an indescribable degree of life and animation to the scene, which was greatly enhanced by the numerous small craft, that, taking advantage of the rare occurrence of a southerly wind, were making the best of their way to the "City of the Sultan," the Imperial Stamboul.

Amongst others, a rakish-looking little Greek man-of-war schooner swept under our quarter, bravely saluting with its two six-pounders, nearly at the same moment that a vessel, with a stern raised to an immense height, and carrying Turkish colours, passed within a stone's throw of us, exhibiting to our wondering eyes a human cargo of half-naked Africans, of the most wretched aspect, and destined in all probability for the slave-market at Constantinople. But it were endless to describe the various vessels of different nations that passed us on the day of our arrival, which I suffered to elapse without setting foot on the classic ground before us, determined, however, on the morrow to make up my "lee-way,"

and little dreaming of the length of time I should have to reconnoitre the far-famed “plains of Troy.”

Before darkness overspread the scene, Busheka Bay presented a new object, and one which, in point of interest, was inferior to nothing we had witnessed during the day. As the sun descended into an ocean of molten fire—dimly visible at first, but afterwards distinctly perceptible,—in the far, far West, might be seen traced against the glowing tints of heaven, a dark form, which appeared to rise from the ocean; this was Mount Athos, discernible during the few brief instants only of an Eastern twilight, at the distance of upwards of eighty miles. Pliny’s assertion of this mountain being visible from the Asiatic coast was formerly doubted, but has of late years been corroborated by the testimony of several travellers, to the truth of whose relation I can bear witness.

A few days—with the assistance of Homer and Chevalier’s Dissertation—sufficed to give us a tolerable idea of the scenes de-

scribed in the Iliad. But how different was the aspect now displayed by the great battle-field of Hector and Achilles! The angry Scamander, who once so fiercely rolled his waters against the latter, was now quietly gliding between his sedgy banks, under the green willows of which many a jovial party of mids were to be seen busily engaged in grilling the classical trout caught in the clear stream; whilst the neighbouring marshes echoed to the sounds of sundry Egg's and Joe Manton's, much to the detriment of their long-billed inhabitants;—amongst whom powder and shot appeared to make as great havoc as the javelins of Diomed and Ajax did on their Trojan predecessors.

At least, this was the inference drawn from seeing several youngsters heavily laden with teal, snipe, and widgeon, and whom we met slowly carrying back to the fleet the sporting spoils of the day; rather an agreeable addition at supper to salt junk and hard biscuit.

These groups were constantly recurring as we traced old Scamander to his “double source,” at the foot of the “Dāgh-e-Bāl,” or Hill

of Honey, on the declivity of which stands the Turkish village of Bournabashi, where Chevalier places his Scæan gate.

After ascending the Hill of Honey, inspecting Hector's tomb, and looking down from the adjoining cliffs on the "silver Simois," meandering over its sandy bed, through the fertile plain at our feet, we resolved to follow its course to the Hellespont through all its windings.

But the cravings of hunger had first to be appeased; therefore, returning to the principal house at Bournabashi, where we had left our horses, our wants were immediately attended to with that readiness which I ever afterwards found the concomitant of Turkish hospitality. We made a hearty breakfast of wheaten bread, curds, and a capital stew of meat and the egg-plant, with large slices of water-melon, of delicious coolness and flavour; these, together with a pipe and a cup of coffee, concluded our repast; and with a "Allah is mālādīch" (good-bye) to our hospitable hosts, which was courteously returned by the exclamation of "ourola," (a pleasant

journey to you,) we mounted our sorry nags, and continued our expedition.

The peasantry of this part of Asia Minor I always found to be an honest, hospitable race of people;* their wants appear but few; they are poor, but what they possess is always willingly shared with the wandering stranger, who, if he chances to understand a

* The following anecdote will exemplify this:—At a short distance from the landing-place was a kiosk, occupied by a rich Turk, called Yusuf Aga. The caterer of one of the wardroom messes went on shore shortly after the arrival of the fleet, in order to procure poultry, sheep, &c., and seeing what he imagined to be a farmhouse, went to the Aga's, and, choosing what he wanted from his live stock, demanded the price. The Aga said they were all at the service of the English officer, but declined taking anything, saying he was not a merchant. The Englishman insisted, but was pertinaciously refused; and finding the Turk immovable, asked him how he could shew his gratitude for so handsome a present; the latter replied, that as all the Franks were bakeems (doctors), he should consider himself amply repaid, if he would give his advice as to the treatment of a child who was dangerously ill. Our friend was obliged to confess his ignorance of the healing art; but the following day brought the surgeon of the ship, under whose care, I believe, his daughter eventually recovered, whilst the old Aga's heart was gladdened, (hear it not, Allah!) by a few dozen of good sherry and prime port, which the wardroom mess unanimously voted to him.

few words of their language, and to be able to thank them for their hospitality, has an additional claim to their kindness,—far different, in this respect, from the cringing and crafty Greek, who only entertains, to see what he can make by you, and that not always according to the strictest principles of honesty.

The Turk (though not over scrupulous in the commission of a crime of any magnitude) is too proud to be capable of a *mean* action; but it is this very pride which retains him in his extreme state of ignorance, having too great an opinion of his own attainments ever to condescend to acquire those of strangers. This is carried to such a pitch, that, although in constant intercourse with the Greeks, an Osmanli will seldom know a word of that or of any language save his own.

The dress of the Greek and Turkish peasantry—that is to say, of the men, differs little. A pair of very loose pantaloons—which might more appropriately be called bags, of coarse unbleached linen, fastened at the knees and round the waist—clothe the nether man, whose equipment is completed by a loose-sleeved

jacket and broad sash, with a turban of common white or coloured stuff;—the modern refinement of the “fez”* not having yet made its way to these rustic districts, where the Turkish women, though all veiled, are much less scrupulous in concealing their features than their “ashmacked”† sisters of the towns.

The Greek women, who do not apprehend any direful effects from the exposure of their charms to the vulgar gaze, have their faces perfectly uncovered ; and, although the robes of the peasantry are of rough texture, they are clean, graceful, and becoming, frequently setting-off fine rather than pretty figures. A tendency to coarseness is the prevailing defect of the Grecian beauties ; still, these rustic nymphs, as they assemble in the evening round the village fountain, or well, each provided with a classically-shaped pitcher, present groups on which the eye can rest with pleasure, and the pencil of the artist could find

* Small red skull-cap, introduced by the late Sultan, much to the disgust of many of the true believers.

† The “ashmac” is the veil, which conceals the whole face except the eyes.

abundance of scope. Their “coiffure” is particularly becoming; the long black hair hanging loosely on the shoulders, a snow-white linen cloth covering the top of the head, and passing under the chin, whilst the neck and waist are encircled with zones, frequently of silver, and the arms decorated with bangles—amongst the poorer orders, of coloured glass.

On crossing the plain, we observed their system of harvesting, in threshing, or rather treading out, the barley, by driving horses and oxen over it. This custom, of great antiquity, is general in the East,* mentioned in Scripture, and also by Homer, who says—

“ As with autumnal harvests cover’d o’er,
And thick bestrown, is Ceres’ sacred floor,
Where, round and round, with never-wearied pain,
The *trampling steers* beat out th’ unnumber’d grain.”

Iliad, book xx.

The oxen or horses being harnessed to a sort of sledge, the bottom part of which is armed with sharp flints, are driven over the

* The Moors introduced this custom into Spain, where it has survived their dominion, and is to this day practised in several parts of Andalusia.

corn, the person who guides the cattle balancing him or her self with great dexterity, whilst rapidly drawn round in revolving circles.

After the corn is separated from the chaff and straw, it is left in heaps until removed to the granaries in the conveyances denominated by some travellers “Homerian cars,” from their fancied resemblance to those used in the time of the poet. With a little stretch of the imagination they can certainly be assimilated, the body being of wicker-work, coarsely mounted on a rude frame, and supported by wheels composed of a circular mass of timber, without spokes.

But, return we from our long digression to where, taking leave of our bearded hosts, we proceeded on our voyage of discovery;—for, at Bournabashi, save and except an old sarcophagus, serving as a trough to an antique fountain, and a few broken columns, now metamorphosed into Turkish tombstones; and each, in token of its new occupation, bearing

that symbol of the faith, the turban;—we say, excepting these relics, no signs or tokens remained of Priam's “city of palaces and halls of state;”—and well might we exclaim—

“ Shrine of the mighty!—can it be
That this is all remains of thee?”

But so it was; and, casting a melancholy glance on these faint remains of former grandeur, we wended our way through a rich plain, broken occasionally by underwood and majestic Valonia oaks, beneath whose shade were reposing large herds of cattle and brood-mares, calling to mind the times of Erithonius, the son of the “fleet-footed” Myrinne, whose tomb is supposed to have been somewhere hereabouts.

As we crossed the plain, in most parts highly cultivated, and producing Indian corn, water-melons, French beans, and many of our garden plants, we occasionally encountered groups of peasants, whose courteous salutations of “Saban is Khier oson,” or “Kalli imera

sas," (good day,) proclaimed them—in addition to what could easily be known from their appearance—either Moslems or Greeks.

A short ride brought us to the banks of the Mendré, the principal stream of the plain, now running like a silver thread through an extensive bed of sand; but whose appearance plainly indicated what it might become when swollen by the winter rains, or the melting of the snows in spring. This is the Scamander of Strabo and the Simois of Chevalier; and although Cæsar, as related, may have crossed its waters without being aware of having done so, in its placid state, this must not render us sceptical as to what is told of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, who was nearly drowned in crossing this river, which so exasperated her husband Agrippa, that he raised a heavy contribution on the inhabitants of *Ilium Recens*, as a punishment for not having a bridge, over which the Emperor's liege subjects might pass without endangering their lives.

The course of the river may be traced from afar, by the noble trees which adorn its banks,

affording a grateful shade to large flocks of goats and sheep; whilst the scene was rendered more Asiatic by our occasionally meeting with the *ship of the desert*—the ungainly camel, lazily reposing in the warm sand—a soil apparently congenial to his nature, but surrounded by too much verdure, and wanting the stately palm-tree, and that feeling of arid desolation, wherewith to fill up the Libyan wildness of a picture, and its boundless horizon of drifting sand;—which is somehow always connected with the appearance of this patient and enduring animal.

Thus my fellow-traveller and myself rode on, chasing the still flying “ silvery Simoïs;” but our progress was like that which marked the pilgrimage of the two thieves, who had been condemned to walk a certain distance with peas in their shoes—with the difference, that the suffering part in this case was not the feet, but that portion of my poor “compañero” which comes into immediate contact with the saddle; and when that saddle is known to be neither more nor less than a

wooden pack—that my friend was besides very corpulent, and unused to equestrian exercise, in which he had now indulged some six or seven hours—the poor fellow's sufferings may easily be imagined. *My* peas I had had the precaution to boil, having taken care, warned by dear-bought experience, never to travel in these outlandish countries without a good Peat, and I would strongly recommend every Eastern traveller to follow my example.

This state of things, together with the equally bad condition of our jaded nags, rendered our progress slow; and it was not till the lengthening shadows proclaimed the approach of evening, that, having fairly consigned the Mendré to the “broad Hellespont,” we entered the rather considerable town of Koom-Kali, and wandered up its vine trellis-covered street, in search of accommodation for man and horse, both by this time equally requiring it. We had not proceeded far, when, on passing a man in a black turban, who was quietly smoking his long pipe on one of the raised platforms with which the fronts of

many of the houses are adorned, we were much surprised at being addressed by the above-mentioned individual in very tolerable Italian. He inquired our wants, promised to administer to them, and forthwith sending a ragged urchin in charge of our horses, introduced us into the recesses of his *sanctum*, with the geography of which it was not very difficult to become acquainted, as one room constituted the whole mansion; wherein a small closet enacted the part of stable, and contained a half-starved pony.

We soon found out that our entertainer was a Jew, who acquired a livelihood by hawking about cloth at the neighbouring villages, himself and pack being carried by the aforesaid meagre specimen of horse-flesh, which also shared his, to all appearance, inhospitable roof.

But Samuelé appeared more concerned about our welfare than that of the poor quadruped; and seeing us tired, and imagining we were hungry, he, in the first place, spread mats on his rude wooden couch, and, secondly, proceeded with the utmost expedition to prepare

us some dinner. This was soon done, as it consisted of a few eggs, with the never-failing adjunct of water-melon; and we began to look about in quest of a resting-place for the night, as it was much too late, and my companion in too great suffering, to think of returning on board. Poor fellow! he was in a sad plight, and as he lay rolling in pain, he suddenly took it into his head to get shaved, though what shaving could have to do with saddle-sickness, I could never make out. However, Samuelé summoned a barber, and as I was assiduously engaged in making a sketch of the operation, an old gentleman came up in a green surtout coat, with a diamond crescent about his neck, and wearing an enormous "fez" most ungracefully drawn over his eyes. Our host, after making a profusion of salaams, informed us that the individual before us was "Mir Ali Khalil Beg," no less a personage than the governor of the town and fort of Koom-Kali.

The old fellow appeared greatly amused at my sketch, requested me to take his picture,

with which he was so much pleased, that he asked us to come and sup with him, and offered us quarters for the night at the castle, both which invitations we gladly accepted, as Mr. Samuelé's feast had been none of the most substantial for hungry men, and his mats were not of the most inviting description for us to pass the night on.

His Excellency, saying he would go and prepare for our reception, left us to the charge of Mr. Samuelé, with whom we sauntered through the town, admiring the philosophy with which the natives smoked their pipes and sipped their coffee, quietly seated on the wooden platforms under the shade of vine-covered trellis-work, and apparently quite unconcerned at what was going on around them.

Here and there, closely wrapped in the "ashmac" and "feridjee," might be seen noiselessly gliding past, like guilty spirits, one or two of the female population of the place; but our guide hinted to us, that if we wished not to give offence, it were as well to look another way as they passed.

We arrived at the door of a mosque, and although dying to see the interior, I had been too much accustomed to the intolerance of Mussulman tenets, both in India and the west coast of Barbary, to entertain any hope of gaining admission. Sam, with a knowing wink, said it might be done, and on trying the experiment, we found the gates of the *sanctum* readily yielded to the application of a few piastres, and with the proviso of taking off our shoes, we stood on the ground sacred to the worship of the holy Prophet; but it contained nothing to repay us for either our trouble or piastres, and we came out much disappointed. Our guide next took us to see a few antique remains,—many such forming the modern thresholds of the houses, and one or two handsome sarcophagi, which had been brought from Alexandria Troas. He proved also to be a dealer in antiquities, and I purchased from him a few copper coins of Sigæum.

In the meantime, we were overtaken in our ramble by an orderly, announcing that supper

was in readiness, and we accordingly repaired to the presence of his Excellency, who received us in a room adjoining the castle, the walls of which were thickly hung with swords, pistols, and carbines, of every shape and calibre. He was lazily resting his portly frame on a low ottoman, on which he motioned us to be seated, telling us, through the medium of Samuelé, (who was now employed in the capacity of interpreter,) that we were his welcome guests; in token of which, coffee, pipes, and narghilis* were produced, which appear as essential a mark of courtesy here as the offer of a chair would be on entering a room in Europe.

After inhaling a due quantum of the soothing aroma, a low plated stand with a tray was brought in, and carpets were ranged around, on which we took our seats, in tailor-like fashion, the attendants handing to us fine muslin napkins, fringed with gold and embroidery.

This preliminary concluded, a huge dish of boiled rice, heaped with kabobs,† made its ap-

* Water pipes.

† Small pieces of meat roasted on wooden skewers.

pearance, but without the concomitants of either knives, forks, or plates. We, however, discovered the crafty device made use of to supply their place. Small square pieces of bread were ranged beside each "convive," and with these and the fingers, the rice and kabobs are safely and expeditiously conveyed to their destination, into the general receptacle of which, each in turn dived the greasy fingers of his right hand. To this succeeded a boiled fowl, which was dexterously torn to pieces by the old warrior, who distributed a leg to one and a wing to the other. When this last was cleared away, it was replaced by sweetmeats, which were again followed by stews, pillaus, and in short a dozen dishes were successively put on the tray, which seemed all to disappear with the rapidity of magic, and were excellent in their way. As we continued, out of politeness, to eat long after we had satisfied our hunger, we deemed it fortunate when the feast came to a conclusion, without an accident either from apoplexy or surfeit.

An attendant now brought round a metal

ewer, and water was poured over the hands; the old chief took a long pull and a strong pull at some capital sherbet, after which, those present uttered the exclamation of *astietola* (long live you), which he replied to by stroking his beard and saying, *Allah razoson*, and ordering pipes and coffee, carried on the conversation in a most affable manner. He was a fine old soldier, covered with scars which he had received from the Russians; and in the imposing old Turkish dress, with the flowing robes and ample turban, would have been the beau ideal of a stately and war-like Pasha. But the present military dress introduced by the late Sultan Mahmoud, though more serviceable, has certainly not the commanding appearance of the loose Asiatic robes, handsome turbans, and venerable beards of good old Moslem times.

We had soon another opportunity of observing how much they were now relaxing in the strict observance of their more rigorous customs.

With the coffee entered some of the officers

of the garrison ; the Topshee Bashee, or commandant of artillery, the governor's two sons, and a Bimbashee, or commander of a thousand —a fat fellow, about thirty years of age, who had received not a slight dash of the tar-brush, being fully as black as my boot. After he had duly presented us to these worthies, Mir Ali Khalil Beg retired, leaving them to entertain us, which they lost no time in doing, *à la Frank*, by forthwith ordering in cups and a huge bowl of Tenedos wine. Samuelé was now invited to take a seat at the festive board, which was shortly after increased by the addition of a “kalendar,” or wandering dervish, who, wayworn and hungry, claimed the hospitality which was instantly conceded. He had journeyed from Syria, and the threadbare state of his garments proclaimed his poverty—a condition which I never before saw united with such suavity of manner and, if I may so express myself, gentlemanly demeanour. He was a youth of apparently not more than twenty, with the most regular symmetry of countenance and perfect figure, which was, however,

nearly concealed by a loose robe of coarse brown cloth, fastened round the waist with a linen sash; his head was covered by the conical white felt cap, (the usual head-dress of his order;) in his hand he bore a long staff, and appeared the very personification of a pilgrim —an epitome of Ivanhoe in his palmer's dress.

He brought news which seemed to excite intense interest, having, as he said, passed the Egyptian camp twenty-five days' march to the southward, at a spot where Ibrahim Pasha was founding a town, which was already in a considerable state of progress. After satisfying the more urgent cravings of hunger, he left us to communicate his intelligence to the Governor, and we kept up our revels till a late hour ;—the black Bimbashee getting very drunk,—the Topshee Bashee extremely noisy, and ourselves so sleepy, that we were glad, after partially undressing, to throw ourselves on the surrounding ottomans, where balmy slumber soon drowned all our cares.

CHAPTER IX.

sturbed sleep—Extraordinary uproar—Baying the moon—Dog slaughtering—Pariahs—A severe wiggling—Nigger officers—Morning pipe—The chibouk—Interior of a Turkish bath—Mysteries of the Humaum—Breakfast with the governor—A juvenile coquette—A Turkish toilette—The Turkish women—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—Slave girls—Fort of Koom Kali—The plague—A wine shop—Brilliant costume—Visit of the governor to the “Powerful”—Parson’s Parade—Grand banquet—French theatricals—The ruins of Alexandria Troas—The ladies’ bath—A surprise.

The revel was at an end, and as the black colonel rolled his unwieldly form towards the door, on the threshold of which the commandant of artillery, utterly forgetful of his

dignity, was vociferously roaring out a bacchanalian song, Samuelé, his little black eyes twinkling under the influence of the joyous juice, gave us a hic-hiccupping "Felice notte," and we gladly cast our wearied forms on the luxuriant ottomans which surrounded the room.

Having taken, as we supposed, a sufficient preventive dose against the mosquitoes, bugs, or any other crawling inmates of the mansion, we sank into the arms of "Murphy," with the full anticipation of enjoying a good night's rest; but here we reckoned without our host, for balmy sleep had scarcely sealed our eyelids, when we were disturbed by sounds sufficiently discordant to have aroused the departed from their last long home.

I have been awakened in the wilderness by the doleful cries of the hyæna; it has been my lot in the deep jungle to listen for hours to the fiend-like yells of troops of jackals; the low growl of the tiger has, before now, startled me from sleep, within the frail canvas tenement of the camp;—and on all these occasions

have experienced sensations of not the most delightful nature, but still enviable in comparison to what we endured from the abominable combination of discordant sounds which assailed our ears at the castle of Koom-Kali.

Looking from the casement, I soon ascertained the cause of all this unearthly uproar to be the assemblage of innumerable gaunt, lean, half-starved dogs, that, during the day, I had observed basking their mangy carcasses in every sunny corner and heap of cinders in the town, and that had now apparently assembled to perform their nightly orgies by "baying the moon" in the most fearful manner, at the expense of our repose and quiet.

Hour after hour passed in the vain expectation that they would howl and bark themselves out of breath; and I felt often tempted to try, at their expense, the charge of one of the old-fashioned blunderbusses which decorated the walls of the chamber, and on the ornamented stocks of which the moon, now high in the heavens, was pouring floods of light;—but I remembered the superstitious veneration in

which these obscene animals were held by the Moslems, and the thought flashed across my brain, that any interruption of their domestic felicity, through the medium of powder and shot, might perchance be visited, not on my soul, but on the unoffending "soles" of my feet, in the tangible shape of the bastinado.

I was further deterred from my evil intentions by a hint I remembered to have received in my youthful days, on the crime of dog-slaughtering. Nobody is fonder than myself of a dog, but I only reckon as such those noble animals of so much service to us in the chase, and not the filthy and obscene curs which merely act as scavengers, and conductors of madness and hydrophobia. Some years previously to this narrative, I was quartered at an inland station in India, where, in consequence of several accidents having occurred from the latter disease, an order was issued for the destruction of all the roving, half-wild, and houseless dogs, as numerous in that part of the world, as at New Asia Castle.

This was thought a fine opportunity to clear

off old scores on our friends the "pariahs,"* and accordingly, accompanied by a young brother sub., as great a scamp as myself, duly provided with our fowling-pieces, and a sufficiency of No. 3 shot, (thinking heavy metal the surest,) we early one morning took the field, and before breakfast, had succeeded in bagging each about a couple of dozen of these noxious quadrupeds. Unfortunately, in our indiscriminate slaughter, we had sent to his forefathers a venerable, gray-headed, and exceedingly mangy animal, belonging to a sepoy, whose attachment to the beast was so great, that he immediately lodged a complaint against us to the captain of his company, which went in rotation to the commanding-officer, and thence to the General, into whose presence we were next day summoned. On being asked why I had taken upon myself to destroy certain members of the canine race and, amongst others, one belonging to a sepoy, I very gravely referred the old General to his

* These curs are thus called in India.

own order of a certain date, and added, I thought I was performing a very meritorious action, in thus destroying so many germs of hydrophobia, that most dreadful of maladies. The old chief heard my story very patiently, but I shall never forget the severe "wiggling" we both received for our prank, and after frightening us out of a year's growth, we were dismissed, with the caution never again so to offend.

But to return to Koom-Kali. The diabolical sounds continued the whole night, and only ceased as the gray twilight peered into our lattices, when we at last fell into a disturbed and feverish sleep, from which we were, however, soon roused by the entrance of Mr. Samuelé into the apartment. We complained bitterly of the annoyance we had endured, on which he only shrugged up his shoulders, and said, that the "Turchi" were very fond of dogs.

"But 'dite-mi,'" said I, "how comes it, O Samuel! that they have niggers for officers amongst these 'Turchi,' for the fat Bimbashee

is as black as my boot, and has, moreover, all its polish on his shining greasy countenance?"

"È perche," said Samivel, "his mother was a slave from El Musr, (Egypt,) and being purchased by a great man, he took a liking to her, had this son, and, on his death, bequeathed to him all his property; so that he is now a "grand' uomo," although a black one."

"But," continued I, "is it not forbidden by the Prophet to drink wine? And yet these gentlemen appeared not to have any particular aversion to it."

"That," replied the Jew, who had a ready answer for everything, "is because they are soldiers; and, although not exactly according to law, this class always enjoys a few indulgences." We were here interrupted by the entrance of the old Governor, who came to have his morning pipe, and to make inquiries as to how we had passed the night; in our answer to which, we said nothing about the Ogs. The Turks are early risers; it was scarcely six o'clock, and the whole establish-

ment appeared alive;—narghilis, pipes, and coffee were introduced, we gravely took our seats on the ottoman, and smoked and sipped, and sipped and whiffed, in the most exemplary and persevering manner. I have often wondered how the Turk could possibly have killed the long hours of the day, between the rising of the sun until the setting thereof, before a knowledge had been obtained of the sublime weed, which—

“From east to west,
Soothes the Tars’ labours and the Moslems’ rest.”

True it is, that small chaplets of strung beads are often passed between the fingers by way of occupation,* but this “passe temps” cannot be compared with the soothing and time-killing pipe, whose charms are now so sedulously courted by all classes. The first

* This employment became so prevalent, even in the mosque, where the noise of the falling beads so seriously interrupted the performance of the service, that the late sultan issued an edict against their introduction into places of worship.

person who introduced the use of tobacco into the land of the Osmanli, is said to have been punished by having his nose perforated, a pipe-stick passed through the aperture, and in this state to have been paraded about Constantinople, "*in terrorem*," to all those who might have felt an inclination to indulge in so baneful a custom. Little did the poor wretch suspect how general would become a habit, for which he was paying so dearly.

In fact, the "chibouk" is the Osmanli's meat and drink, the breath of his nostrils, the food of both body and mind; the companion of his domestic happiness, as well as of his hours of business; the sharer of his toils, and his partner in danger. The beloved chibouk accompanies him into the recesses of the harem, into the council-hall and the banqueting-room; it has even a place at his saddlebow, when supporting the toils and dangers of travel and warfare. Like a favourite and favoured child, he lavishes his riches on its adornment, and his fortune is known by the costliness of his pipe, which is clothed in silk

and fine garments, and capped with an amber mouth-piece, richly ornamented, and often worth large sums.

The tobacco used here is of a pleasant and mild flavour, very light coloured, and cut into long thin stripes; much of it is cultivated on the spot, but that most in request is brought from Syria, and sold in drums, or large cylindrical boxes, at an exceedingly reasonable rate. I bought some of the best at Constantinople for, I think, about three piastres the *oke*.

Dr. Clarke mentions that, in his time, fifteen piastres were equal to a pound sterling, but the currency has of late become so much deteriorated, that it now takes one hundred piastres to be equivalent to that sum. The piastre is, therefore, now worth forty paras, or about twopence half-penny, and the weight of the *oke*, if I remember right, is two pounds and a quarter. After our coffee and chibouks, his excellency asked us, if we would like to take a bath, to which I gladly assented, being particularly desirous of witnessing this department of Turkish œconomy. We accordingly got

under weigh, convoyed by Samuelé, who had silently established himself as our chaperon and cicerone in this Turkish community.

Proceeding up a narrow lane, we came to a low door, and on entering found ourselves in a spacious room, along the walls of which were raised platforms, where, languidly reclining on mattresses and pillows, lay, sipping their coffee, or inhaling the fumes of the nargili, or chibouk, the extended forms of beings who, from their motionless state, and being swathed from head to foot in long white clothes, had a most sepulchral and corpse-like appearance; however, they were merely reposing preparatory to dressing after the exhaustion of the bath. On one side of the entrance hung numerous towels, and the said long white garments; and in the midst of the apartment stood a hollow antique marble, whose richly and classically worked sides, in basso relievo, were probably at some period destined to contain the pure element, for which purpose a huge fissure in its side now rendered it unfit. Our entrance scarcely caused the

movement of a muscle or the turn of an eye amidst the smokers and coffee-bibbers, who appeared too much absorbed in their own enviable state of self-concentrated tranquillity, to waste even an aspiration of aroma on external objects, though those objects appeared in the unusual garb of a couple of Frank strangers.

A place on the raised platform being pointed out to us near a rolled-up mattress, we proceeded to undress, our clothes were folded up in a towel, a blue cloth was wrapped round our waist, and our feet being inserted in high wooden clogs, which sadly impeded our movements, we with some difficulty managed to follow our guide into an interior apartment, flagged with marble, and each end of which was raised by a high step of the same material.

The atmosphere was here considerably warmer than in the outer hall, and we learnt that this was used as a sort of preparatory step both on entrance and exit from the " humaum," or room actually used for bathing. On entering the latter, we experienced at first an oppres-

sive sensation of heat, and were at once enveloped in a dense vapour, through which we could faintly discern the dripping and shadowy forms of the bathers in the different attitudes of the ceremony. Some were sitting under stone founts, from which, with a brass basin, they were pouring over their persons the warm water running in streams on the smooth marble floor, in the centre of which was an octagonal elevation of the same material, where were extended human forms, who, without uttering a sound, were submitting to what at first glance might have appeared to be the tortures of the executioner, the nearly naked and muscular form of whom was bending over and apparently tearing limb from limb, and pulling the head as if to separate it by main force from the trunk of the sufferer. This was the "shampooing," to which the patient seemed to submit with an air of resignation,—not to say satisfaction,—truly exemplary.

The suffocating feeling which we experienced on first entering the "humaum" lasted for a few minutes, but suddenly ceased on a

profuse perspiration bursting from every pore, which was succeeded by the most delightful sensation of lightness, combined with a certain degree of lassitude and languor; when, submitting to the officiating priests of the temple, we were successively drenched with hot water, rubbed down with a cow's tail covered with soapsuds, curried with a rough horse-hair brush, and, lastly, had to submit to the operation of shampooing, which, together with the former ordeals, finishes by imparting to the whole frame a sensation not to be described.

The “operators” at the humaum are mostly youths of sixteen or seventeen, of whom strange tales are related; but, unlike the account of the ladies’ bath given by Lady Wortley Montagu, we found everything conducted here with the greatest decency and decorum; in fact, every one appeared too much occupied with his own proceedings to have leisure or inclination to attend to his neighbour. Previously to my initiation to the mysteries of the humaum, I had laid to my soul the flattering unction of being rather clean

than otherwise in my person; but as the shampooer, after the application of the soap-suds and cow's tail, rubbed off my shoulders with his brawny hands what had the appearance of long sticks of macaroni, I began to feel exceedingly disgusted with myself, and to suspect that more dirt lay in the human form divine than is dreamt of in our philosophy; but I felt slightly consoled when my companion told me that the same effect is invariably produced, however often you may frequent the humaum—that great purifier, and promoter of health.

We now went into the cooling-room, when dry cloths were wrapped round our heads and loins; and after a short delay we proceeded to the outer apartment, where, before dressing,—comfortably stretched on mattresses, and our heads pillow'd on soft cushions, we enjoyed the luxury of the chibouk and coffee, in a frame of mind and feeling of body which may be experienced, but cannot be described. The whole operation might have occupied an hour and a half, when we dressed, and paying to

the door-keeper the moderate sum of ten piastres, and a small buckhsheesh* for himself, returned to the castle with an excellent appetite for breakfast.

We found our friend the Governor awaiting us, and an excellent repast was ready, of rice, kabobs, sweetmeats, and water melon; to all and every one of which we did ample justice. Then came the never-ending chibouk and coffee, whilst we were partaking of which, old Khalil Beg's two sons entered, and made some request to him, which he explained to be, the wish of his daughters to be allowed to see the Frank gentlemen. To this we of course gladly acceded, expecting to behold some lovely dark-eyed "lights of the harem." We were, however, rather disappointed when a black slave girl brought in a little creature in arms, accompanied, however, by an interesting young girl of about thirteen, who, with the precociousness peculiar to these soft climates, began

* Buckhsheesh means a present, and is the first word with which the traveller in Turkey becomes acquainted.

already to shew some of the incipient coquetry of womanhood.

She was his third daughter, the two eldest being already immured in the walls of the harem ; and Mademoiselle Habi-Bhee, our new and lively little acquaintance, was soon to follow their example. I requested, however, before she should be completely buried from the world, to be allowed to take her picture, which was readily agreed to. I put her in position on the ottoman, and could not help remarking the care she took to display, in a prominent position, a very pretty small white hand, the nails of which were delicately tinged with henna, of a dark reddish, orange hue. The little monster of female vanity appeared likewise to be perfectly well aware that a pair of brilliant black eyes constituted part of her personal property, from which she occasionally hot glances which might have done honour to any well-trained miss of a civilized country.

When I had finished the sketch, with which he appeared much pleased, I requested the names of the different parts of her costume,

which, for the benefit of any lady who may honour these pages by deigning to look at them, I beg here to annex.

As I believe the “chemise” is the first article of apparel, we will commence our Turkish toilette by carefully taking up this delicate article, which is of muslin crape; and with every regard to decency, we will insert the little Habi-Bhee into its folds, calling it by its proper name of “jomelec.” We next put our profane hands on a most extraordinary-looking article of pale rose-coloured silk; to all appearance this is composed of two enormous sacks stitched together, but a more minute investigation tells us it is the “salvar,” or drawers, for here, as in England and elsewhere, ladies generally sport the “breeches.”

Having drawn together a silken string round the waist, and tightened the “bags” in a similar manner at the ankles, so as to allow the overlapping folds to rest gracefully on the instep of the little foot, with henna-stained toe-nails, we insert the oversaid little foot, toes and all, into a “bassouma,” or slip-

per of crimson velvet studded with pearls; and having thus (without stockings) set the lady on her legs, proceed to invest her with the short petticoat, (of which I have forgotten the name,) composed of white silk crape, and which falls over the salvar, reaching nearly to the knee; next comes the rich “jelec” of embroidered silk, which does duty for a waistcoat; and over the whole, and confined round the waist by a handsome scarf or shawl, is the flowing “anteri”—a long garment like a dressing-gown, open before, of pink or white silk, elaborately embroidered in gold, with loose hanging sleeves open above the wrist, and sweeping the ground with a long court train.

The most important part of the toilette still remains, and the one requiring the greatest taste and skill—viz., that of coquettishly adjusting on one side of the head the embroidered little crimson “fez,” from beneath which the long raven locks float, guiltless of curls or combs, and often falling in their luxuriance, far below the waist. Should the inquisitive

reader wish to know how I became so accomplished a lady's maid, I would tell him, with the greatest affability, to mind his own business, it being no concern of his. I ought to add, that the cloak with which the lady conceals her charms when walking out, and which is either of black or dark maroon colour, is called the "feridjee;" and the white cloth with which she muffles her sweet face, the "yashmac."

Samuelé informed us that the family of the old governor consisted of two wives and six children: two sons, Rufat Bey and Etem Bey; and four daughters, the pretty Habi, Nassi, (the child in the arms of the negro girl,) and the two eldest, Fatima Khanum and Khatija Khanum, who, as has been already said, had arrived at the age of incarceration.

Repugnant as this custom of shutting up the ladies is to our European ideas, still all female writers—who have had more opportunities than travellers of the male sex of ascertaining the fact—concur in saying that the Turkish women do not feel any hardship in

the case, and enjoy the usual quantum of happiness allotted to mortals. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says:—“On the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays respect to them, and the Grand Seignior himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the harem, which remains unsearched and entire to the widow.” Unless her ladyship slanders the fair “Turques,” their morals are not, by seclusion, rendered purer than those of their “barefaced” Frankish sisters; and she says that intrigues are much facilitated by the folds of the “yashmac” and mysterious “ferid-jee,” which so completely conceal both face and figure as to render recognition, and consequently detection, extremely difficult.

Indeed, we entertain very exaggerated ideas of the imprisonment of the Turkish women within the walls of the harem, from whence they issue at their pleasure during all hours of the day, either on foot or in their “arabas,”* for

* A sort of covered carriage drawn by bullocks, exclusively appropriated to the women.

business and shopping, or on visits to their female friends, the only restriction to which they are subject being that of going closely veiled. But even in this state of captivity, the large languishing black eyes often exercise their power with fearful effect; and under pretence of more nicely adjusting the "yashmac," a white hand and taper fingers are often displayed, the effect of which is increased by their transient appearance.

The negro slave girl also elicited our inquiries. We were informed that this unhappy race, doomed over all the globe to servitude, are here brought from Alexandria; and they are, from the general humane treatment of their Turkish masters, greatly gainers by their change of condition. The women, particularly, who are always employed for domestic purposes in-doors, are treated more as relatives than captives, and frequently succeed, as in the case of the mother of our friend the "Bimba-shee," in winning the affections of their lords and masters.

The introduction of Circassian and Georgian

slaves is becoming every day more rare, and they fetch a large price in the market, generally from 7000 to 10,000 piastres; whilst a young negress, sound and "free from vice," may be had for 1000 piastres, or about 10*l.*

We had some difficulty in prevailing on the old chief to let us see the interior of the castle; he, however, at last acceded to our importunities, and deputed the commandant of artillery, our drunken friend of the preceding evening, to conduct us thither. The garrison consists of about a hundred men, having little to boast of in point of military appearance,—being mere boys, small in size, of a slouching gait, and apparently extremely ill at ease in the Frankish dress and accoutrements: the former consists of the fez, drawn in a most unsoldierlike fashion over the ears, a dark blue shell jacket with red facings, white linen trowsers, and half-boots: their arms and appointments were in a wretched state, and the sentry at the portcullis was carelessly lounging up and down with a rusty firelock, which could not even boast of either flint or bayonet.

The fort of Koom-Kali is an oblong, walled in to about 290 yards in length by 190 yards in breadth: it contains a dense mass of closely-wedged wooden buildings, separated by streets, whose breadth does not exceed four or five feet,—a couple of mosques, and the barracks immediately in rear of the principal battery facing the Dardanelles, and raised about four feet above the level of the water; this is mounted with eighteen large brass guns, about twenty feet in length, and carrying enormous stone-shot. They were embedded in the masonry of the building, but preparations were even then making to put them into a more efficient state, a vessel having arrived from Constantinople with a cargo of timber carriages, on which they were being mounted. Besides the principal battery, a flank face with four guns commands the entrance of the Straits, and wall-pieces are placed on the projecting turrets towards the land side.

• By the time we had inspected the interior of the fort, as the day was advancing, we took a friendly leave of its worthy command-

ant, and, with the promise of paying him shortly another visit, mounted our steeds and took our departure, highly pleased with the first specimen we had had of Turkish manners.

After passing through the town, we observed large flocks of storks flying over the Mendré, and probably bearing food to their callow broods, snugly nestled on the minars and friendly roofs of the houses;—these birds, and indeed all other animals, are particularly favoured by this otherwise barbarous people, and indulge here in a fearless familiarity, quite unknown in Europe. Leaving the river on our left, and passing a Turkish cemetery, overshadowed with cypress-trees, on an ancient barrow, we went close to the tumuli called by the natives “Thio Tepé,” supposed to be those of Achilles and Patroclus, and ascending the vine-clad hill, found ourselves at the Greek village of Jenicher, the site of ancient Sigæum.

The famous inscription, so often mentioned by travellers, was removed by Lord Elgin;

and the place has been so well cleared of all remains of antiquity, that the principal object which now attracts the attention is the seven windmills, which serve to direct the mariner on entering the Dardanelles.

We were struck with the wretched appearance of the hovels of which the place is composed; and, after purchasing a few coins, proceeded by a good road along the ridge overlooking the *Ægean Sea*, till we reached Neokhori. This place, likewise inhabited by Greeks, presented, if possible, a more desolate appearance than Jenicher; a circumstance which might be accounted for by what my companion now related.

About two years before, he had been cruising up here in a frigate, and landed at Busheeka Bay. They had previously sent their steward to the village to obtain supplies for the mess, and were leisurely pursuing the same road, when they were met by some travellers, who earnestly entreated them not to go near the village, as the plague was raging there, and had already swept off three-fourths of the inhabitants. Startled at this intelligence, and

remembering the steward, who had preceded them, they hurried on in hopes of overtaking him before he entered the scene of contagion.

They were however late; but they determined to endeavour to save him from his threatened fate, and, with faltering steps, entering the abode of death, beheld the unhappy man bartering with an old woman for some geese. He was immediately hurried off towards the cliffs overhanging the sea, into which his clothes were cast; and in a state of nature he returned to the boat, where he was stowed in the bows, and thus brought on board. A consultation was then held, and it was decided that he should be put in quarantine in a sheep-pen, where he underwent his sentence for four or five days, when, no symptoms of pestilence appearing, he was released, and what might have been attended with the most serious consequences, ended in a good joke at the poor fellow's expense.

Fatigued and thirsty from a hot ride, as we passed through Neokhori we hailed with plea-

sure the appearance of a wine-shop, and, dismounting, had a bowl of the celebrated Tenedos vintage.

On entering this humble temple of Bacchus, we were surprised to see an individual, in one of the handsomest and richest dresses I had ever beheld, smoking his long cherry-stick and amber-mouthed pipe, as he lazily reclined against the counter. A friendly recognition instantly took place between him and my companion; and he was formally introduced to me as the far-famed “George,” the bullock-contractor, who had come all the way from Athens to supply the fleet with fresh beef.

Recently from Andalusia, I had been accustomed to the brilliant national costume of the *Majo*; but in his most *recherché* gala attire he fell far short of the really splendid figure before us, who might have been a model for a “Palicar.”* A graceful fez, ornamented with gold and silk, was knowingly placed on one side of his head, and set off a naturally handsome countenance. The “fermeli,” or waist-

* Greek warrior.

coat, was one mass of brocade and embroidery; the “doulamas” or pelisse-like vest, was of crimson, and richly worked with blue silk fringe; the “foustanelli,” which corresponds to the Highland kilt, was of snow-white linen, and so capacious that it was said to contain seventy yards of cloth, and reached to the knee, below which the leg was protected by the “periknimis,” or legging, resplendent with gold. To complete his equipment, in the ample sash which girded his loins he wore a whole armory of highly-ornamented weapons, a long knife, a dagger, and two or three brace of pistols, which he assured us were ready for immediate use. Such was Mr. George, whose large fortune and successful speculations enable him to rule with absolute sway at the Piræus, and who for many years has been in the habit of supplying the English armaments in these seas.

Before descending from the high ground which ends near the place of embarkation to the fleet, we were surprised to see a small rustic Greek chapel under the shade of a large

oak, and dedicated to the Santa Panagia, (Virgin Mary.) Her picture, together with that of St. George slaying the dragon—certainly not the production of Rubens—adorned the rude walls of the edifice. Before each, was burning a small lamp, with a plate containing, in paras, the pious offerings of their votaries. Though the sum thus exposed to any passer-by was small, still it shewed a degree of security in the exercise of the Christian worship highly creditable to Turkish honesty and toleration. We took our departure, first leaving our mite to the tutelar deities of the spot, and shortly afterwards found ourselves on board, not sorry at coming to an anchor at the end of all our fatigues.

I frequently redeemed my promise of seeing my friend Khalil Beg, the governor of Koom-Kali, and at last prevailed on him to come and pay a visit to the “Powerful.”

It was on a Sunday morning that, attended by a large retinue, we embarked in his caique, on what, by the preparations he had made, he no doubt considered an important and rather hazardous expedition. Surely the good old

ship “*Argo*,” when she wafted Jason and his gallant crew past the identical spot where we now stood, was not more deeply laden than our frail *caique* on the present occasion. First and foremost came his Excellency, in himself a tower of flesh; next, the sable Colonel, not many degrees lighter or smaller; then the two sons, the secretary, the interpreter, a serjeant, and a couple of soldiers, pipe-bearers, etc., made our number swell to upwards of twenty persons.

If to this be added carpets, mattresses, pipes, and narghilis, to say nothing of a lame gander and a jar of milk, intended as presents to the “*capudan*” of the “Powerful,” the intelligent reader may easily conceive we had not much elbow-room. To add to the picturesque effect of the scene, the pretty Habi, melting in tears, came down to the beach to take a last farewell look at “*Pa*;” and the negro slave-girl who accompanied her, determined to share in the general lamentations, was twisting her ugly countenance into the most horrid contortions, but failed in squeezing out a single sympathizing drop. At last we

shoved off, and, with wind and current in our favour, soon rounded the Sigæan promontory, and in the course of little more than an hour found ourselves amid the floating castles and forestry of masts in Busheeka Bay.

When we came alongside, all hands had been piped up to attend "parson's parade." I explained to our guest that we were about to exercise the rites of our religion, and that, if he preferred it, he could wait in the cabin until the conclusion of the ceremony. His answer confirmed me in my then hastily formed opinion as to the tolerance of the Turks of the present day.

He said that our God was his, and that he should like to attend during the performance of the service;—when he and all his suite behaved very decorously, and, excepting the black Colonel, who fell asleep, appeared very much edified by the uncommon long and tough yarn spun on the occasion by the Rev. Octavius H——. On its conclusion, he was taken round the ship, at all the arrangements of which he expressed the most unqualified admiration and astonishment.

When his curiosity had been satisfied, the Skipper had some refreshments put on the table: and it was amusing to see the crafty manner in which our Osmanli friends first watched our operations in the management of the knife and fork, and the readiness with which they fell into our customs. Our gravity was, however, on one occasion put to a severe test. In doing the honours, I placed some butter before his Excellency, who, after a short survey, suddenly seized a table-spoon, and, diving it into the vessel, brought the full contents of the rancid grease to his mouth. Our first impression was that he would spit out the unsavoury dose; but, far from it, he patted his protuberant stomach, exclaiming, "Eee!" (good;) "Chok Eee!" (very good); and deliberately repeated the operation, diluting the substance with copious draughts of rum, to which he appeared very partial, as he said the wine was poor sour stuff.

The remainder of the day was passed with his chibouk, and in roaming about the vessel. The Mids got the old fellow's sons and the se-

cretary into the gun-room, and I suspect dosed them well with grog, as they shewed evident symptoms of unsteadiness when we sat down, a large party, to dinner—his Excellency and sons, the Bimbashee and secretary, constituting the Moslem part of the guests.

Particular directions were given not to have at table any part of the “unclean beast.” Wine and spirits did not appear to trouble their consciences; and the number of healths in which they pledged us increased every moment their social feeling, till at last the unfortunate secretary, after being several times checked by his Chief and the black Colonel for his excessive politeness in this respect, was fairly put *hors de combat*, and carried off the field of battle.

The Skipper had given orders to have all the cushions and pillows which could be collected ranged in a circle in the after-cabin, to which we repaired at the conclusion of dinner, and with chibouks, narghilis, and coffee, had a regular divan, in which the absence of all ceremony was very observable.

His Excellency set the example ; for, being heated with his masticatory exertions and the quantity of rum he had imbibed, he set aside his coat and all the insignia of office, and in his shirt-sleeves, which he tucked up, made himself quite comfortable. He was imitated by the rest of the company ; and in this state we were carousing very merrily, when the lieutenant of the watch came to announce the arrival of some of the French captains, who, on entering, fancied from our bacchanalian appearance, that Turks, Jew, and Christians, and the Skipper to boot, were all drunk together.

“ Tonnerre de Dieu !” said one, “ que diable est tout ceci ?”

“ Morbleu ! mon ami Napierre, êtes vous tous fous ou en ribotte ?” said Capitaine Forêt, looking astounded. We, however, convinced him that to the former quality we had perhaps no more claims than our neighbours, whatever we might have pleaded to the latter state, and soon prevailed on them to join our convivial party, which we were, however, obliged to break up early,

as they had come to invite us to witness a theatrical representation on board the “Hercule,” in which M. Forêt very politely included our Turkish friends.

We, accordingly, went on board, and found the arrangements conducted with that taste which distinguishes the French in these sort of things. The old Governor was delighted: he and all his suite appeared quite in ecstacy with what was so new to them, and seemed completely mystified with the illusion of the scenery and dresses. The female characters, personified by boys, particularly attracted their attention. They expressed their approbation by the frequent repetition of “Eee! Eee!” (good;) and anxiously inquired if there were many such beautiful creatures on board. Nor did they appear much disappointed on being informed that these charming “houris” were merely *he-fellows* in disguise.

On returning on board the “Powerful,” grog and cigars were produced. This settled the party; and if such a word were permitted in the vocabulary of the refined, his Excellency

retired to rest, not merely in a state of intoxication, but positively *drunk*.

Next morning their yellow faces and trembling frames bore ample evidence to the debauch of the preceding day; but this did not deter them from taking, after breakfast, "a hair of the dog," which in some degree steadied their shattered nerves, with the exception of the secretary; who was unable to concoct a letter, which his Excellency had promised me, to the Seraskier, Halil Pasha, on my intended expedition to Constantinople.

The old gentleman appeared really distressed in not being able to fulfil his promise, it being utterly beyond his powers to indite the epistle himself. He, however, suggested that I should write it in French, translating from his dictation, as the Seraskier understood that language. This I did, and having affixed his seal, I addressed it, by his direction, as follows: "A Mushir i Sheraskur Halil Pasha, Haki-Pai Dovletlerina ar Zuhal Chakur Khaneh." The letter, with an introduction, contained, as may be

supposed, a very good account of the bearer, with the urgent request to shew him every attention.

The old governor took leave of us late in the day, with a severe headache, but without being able to resist a parting pull at the rum-bottle.

On reference to my log, I find that, about this time, I made an expedition, with Lieut. E—, to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. As some account of these extensive remains may interest the reader, I herewith give it, as they appeared to us on the spot.

We left the ship early in the morning, and procuring horses and a guide at the landing-place, proceeded for a couple of hours in a southerly direction, when we came to an extensive swampy plain, the centre of which we crossed by a long stone bridge, and shortly afterwards arrived at what appeared to be the remains of a breast-work, which our guide called Fort Italiano. He described it as having been, during the war of indepen-

dence, garrisoned by 5000 Turks, put to the sword by 300 Greeks,* who landed, destroyed the works, and carried away the guns —the immense marble and granite balls of which still remain in piles in the neighbourhood, and probably owe their existence to the pillars of some temple of Alexandria Troas;— the usual purpose to which such remains are applied by the Turks.

About half an hour's ride in a south-east direction from Fort Italiano, brought us to a rising ground, shaded with Valonia oaks, (*quercus Ægilops,*) and thickly studded with ruins, foundations of walls, fallen columns, etc. We were on the site of the town, which is said to have been founded by Antigonus, one of Alexander's generals, but afterwards embellished and improved by Lysimachus, from whom it received the name of Alexandria Troas.† It was made a Roman colony under Augustus, but owed the splendour to which it attained to

* N.B.—The guide was himself a Greek.

† The ruins are called by the Turks “Eski Stam-boul,” or “Old Constantinople.”

its governor, Herodes Atticus, an Athenian by birth, who built a splendid aqueduct, of which there are to this day remains, and expended enormous sums in otherwise improving the city.

Long before the destruction of the Lower Empire, the buildings of Alexandria Troas were made to contribute to the grandeur of the Byzantine capital. It has since been used as a stone-quarry by the Turks on every occasion; and the cemeteries, the mosques of the neighbouring villages, the forts of the Dardanelles, and the enormous piles of stone-shot, bear evidence that they have helped themselves with an unsparing hand from these venerable remains of antiquity. Still, with all this waste, the ground for miles is strewed with fragments, and some well-defined ruins. The most prominent amongst the latter is the building very distinctly seen by vessels passing between Tenedos and the mainland, and generally known to mariners as “The Palace of Priam;” our guide called it the “Casa del Ré.”

It is a well-known fact, that all the old

travellers mistook this for the situation of *ancient Troy*. Chandler and Pococke suppose the above edifice to have been a gymnasium; Clarke and Chevalier call it the antique baths of the city. It might without inconsistency have been both, as the *Balneæ* of the ancients were often the seats of science and martial exercises.

We will not presume to offer an opinion on this point, but merely describe its appearance. It consists of an enclosure, on three sides, of lofty and massive walls of great solidity, in the thickness of which are arched recesses. In the centre of the fourth side stands a magnificent archway, very complete, and opposite to it, what seems to have been a temple. The walls are constructed of square blocks of a species of conglomerate, mingled with petrified shells; amongst these are large masses of a peculiar sort of stone, having the appearance of indurated dark mud. The archway was composed of the same materials, intermixed here and there with huge blocks of white marble, and its vicinity covered with débris,

huge blocks of granite, masses of brick-work and masonry, amongst which grew in abundance the caper plant and wild fig-tree.

After leaving the "Palace of Priam," it was sometime ere we got clear of the ruins, when, emerging from the wood of young oaks with which they are overshadowed, a beautiful country presented itself to our view—a succession of hill and dale, with occasional cultivation, dotted with noble Valonia oaks, strongly reminded us, by its park-like appearance, of some parts of Old England.

Proceeding in an easterly direction for about three miles, we arrived at the hot springs, called by the natives "Lugia-é-Atush." In their vicinity are numerous small ancient buildings, of the construction called "reticulated," or netted, and they probably served for the same purpose as the two baths at present existing over the principal springs.

The water is of the colour of whey, seems strongly impregnated with iron ore, and is said to be very efficacious in the cure of rheumatism, leprosy, and other cutaneous disorders.

We regretted much not having provided ourselves with a thermometer, in order to ascertain the temperature of the water; however, Chandler, who visited the spot in 1764, says, that in the basin appropriated to the women, it rose to 113° of Fahrenheit—in the other to 100°—whilst in some of the veins it was as high as 130° and 140°. He adds that, in 1610, one of the basins was choked up, and that a short time before he was there, the springs had entirely disappeared for nine years, from the effects of an earthquake. The ancient town of Larissa was supposed to have been somewhere in this neighbourhood.

We bathed in the most southerly spring, over which is an ancient edifice, where we found an old Turk, in readiness to administer coffee and chibouks to the bathers, on their coming out of the water. The place appeared much frequented; but, as is usually the case at “spas,” presented many loathsome objects, brought thither with the hope of getting rid of their ailments. They most of them consulted us on their different diseases, as nothing

will persuade these people that every Frank is not endowed with the intuitive power to cure all human ills. In one case, I was able to sustain my reputation as a "hakheem," or doctor. A poor old man was writhing under the agonies of a severe colic. The coffee-grinder had undertaken his cure, which consisted of extending him on his back, and violently thumping his abdomen.

Still the sufferer complained bitterly, perhaps as much of the remedy as the disease, when I volunteered to give him something to put him to rights. I always on expeditions of this kind carried, amongst other things, a small phial of laudanum; thirty or forty drops of this, mixed with the contents of my brandy-flask, in one of the pseudo-medico's small coffee-cups, made him, in a quarter of an hour, feel more comfortable than all the discipline of his tormentor would have done in a week. This only made the other applicants more troublesome, and we had some difficulty in getting rid of their importunities.

The water we found at first excessively hot,

and on lying down on mats, subsequent to our immersion, a profuse perspiration followed; however, after a cup of coffee and a pipe, we felt much refreshed, and my friend E—— undertaking to commit to paper the bath we had just made use of, I went for the same purpose to the ladies' " humaum," and had scarcely seated myself under a shed of boughs in the small court before the entrance, than I was startled by the appearance of a large party of Turkish women. Before they were aware of my presence they all rushed into the court; but, on discovering me, hastily adjusted their yashmacs, and became very clamorous for my departure.

In the best manner I could, I explained the nature of my operations, and, as an additional proof of my innocent *designs*, handed them a small book, containing coloured costumes. With this they were highly delighted; they gradually gained confidence, and being unawed by the presence of any of their lordly masters, except a poor lad who was nearly stone blind, crowded round the stranger, and by degrees, seeing he was a very inoffensive

animal, and appeared entirely taken up with his wonderful occupation, the yashmaes were loosened, the feridjee relaxed its pertinacious hold, and displayed to the admiring, though apparently unconscious, view of the industrious artist, many a fair form and lovely face.

In a short time they appeared quite unconscious of my presence; the elder ladies, of whom there were a couple of regular antiques, lit a fire and made preparations for brewing coffee, whilst the younger ones went into the interior of the building, where, from the shouts of laughter, and the splashing sound of the water, it was easy to guess at the nature of their employment.

As I regarded myself, as it were, on "parôle," I did not attempt to intrude on their privacy, and remained sketching until the arrival of E——; but not considering myself answerable for my friends, I said nothing to him of the present inmates of the bath, which, in the innocence of his heart, he immediately entered—and a scene ensued which baffles all description. Amongst the

ladies who were sporting in the waters in a state of nature, his appearance had much the same effect that the bound of a spaniel produces amongst a flock of wild duck, securely nestled amidst the tall sedges; or, perhaps, more like that which the unexpected visit of Actæon had on the chaste Diana and her assembled nymphs.

Such a fluttering, and cackling, and splashing were never heard or seen;—and we shared part of the punishment of the unhappy hunter, by having recourse to instant flight, pursued, not by deep-baying hounds, but by the shrill voices of the fair Naiades, whose peace of mind my friend E—— had so unconsciously destroyed.

CHAPTER X.

The "Rhadamanthus"—Approach to Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora—The Bosphorus—The city of the Sultan—Lascars in England—The Bazaars—Scandal—Santa Sophia—Race of horses—Massacre of the Janissaries—A Turkish regiment—The Fire Tower—Pera—Neighbourhood of Constantinople—The imperial seraglio—Joseph Buonaparte.

THE Admiral had left Busheeka Bay, and been some time at Constantinople, when he sent an order, granting leave to any of the officers of the fleet, who might wish to avail themselves of it, for the purpose of visiting the capital; and by all such, the arrival of the "Rhadamanthus" steamer was gladly hailed, as affording them a means of conveyance.

She passed us on the 19th of August, bearing despatches from Alexandria to Constanti-

nople; and, during the few minutes that she stopped her paddles, was boarded by candidates for a passage from nearly every ship in the fleet; and as one on the list, I take this opportunity of returning to Captain Wakefield and his officers many thanks for the civility we met with on board, although, from our number, amounting to between fifty and sixty, it must have put them to considerable inconvenience.

The "Rhadamanthus" was a splendid craft of her kind, carried an enormous ninety-pounder amidships, which worked on a pivot, and could sweep the horizon; and her qualities as a *goer* may be judged, by her bringing intelligence of between four and five days' date, from Alexandria; in the inner harbour of which the Turkish fleet lay very snugly moored, with their powder and shot ashore; and Mehemet Ali openly expressed his intention, should the English and French make any attempt on that town, to order Ibrahim Pasha to march instanter to Constantinople. The latter was still in Syria, where, after the defeat of the Turks under

Hafiz Pasha, he was founding a city to bear his own name. It is said that it was a toss-up whether the affair at Nezib had turned out a victory or defeat, and only proved the former from the determined manner in which Ibrahim acted. The Egyptian force at one moment was thrown into the greatest confusion by one of their regiments going over to the Turks, and its utter dispersion was only prevented by his cutting down with his own hand, some half-dozen of those who were setting the example of flight.

After communicating with the senior officer, Captain Wakefield lost no time in getting under weigh; and very fortunate it was for him that he did so, or he would have been overrun with visitors, who kept pouring on board even after the vessel was in motion; and many were those whose long faces proclaimed their disappointment, as they bobbed up and down in the bubble left by our wake.

We were soon abreast of the “Sigæan Promontory;” and giving our friend the Governor of Koom-Kali a wide berth, to avoid the shoal

which acts as an outwork to his stronghold, gallantly breasted the mighty current of the “broad Hellespont,” which was running at the rate of some four or five knots an hour, and—

“ Whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander’s fate.”

Approaching darkness, however, prevented us from beholding the scene of his misfortune, and, shewing a blue light, we passed unmolested between Sestos and Abydos,* and soon afterwards cried a halt for the night.

The following day was employed in getting clear of the Straits; and, leaving the somewhat considerable town of Gallipoli on our left, we in the afternoon were disturbing the then clear and mirror-like bosom of the sea of Marmora, through which we steamed during the night; and the first rays of morning brought us in view of that “Queen of the East,” the immortal Επταλοφος, the mighty Stamboul.

To the fire-side reader, no description can

* These forts, with the others which line the Dardanelles, have been described elsewhere.

convey the idea of a scene, whose fairy appearance strikes with wonder the most veteran traveller. I have beheld London, Dublin, and Edinburgh;—from the heights of Montmartre, surveyed the extent of Paris;—wandered over Vienna and Munich;—skimmed in the light gondola, the canals of Venice, and admired Naples and its matchless bay;—from the Capitol, the city of Romulus has met my wondering gaze;—I have trodden the hills of Lisbon and visited fair Seville;—in the far East have crossed the loud surf at Madras, and looked on the tall minars of Aurungzebe's proud capital;—but never in all my pilgrimage has aught met my sight to compare with what I witnessed on approaching Constantinople from the sea of Marmora.

At first, in the distance, and by the gray light of morn, its cupolas and minarets, dimly seen, presented a vapoury and indistinct outline, opposed in strong contrast to the dark mass of foliage of Scutari's cypress-covered hill of death. A nearer approach, however, and the bright rays of a rising sun, rendering

objects more distinct, disclosed the increasing beauties of the scene, and, by the time we were entering the deep and rapid channel of the Bosphorus, the “City of Constantine” shone in full splendour before us.

Some travellers mention the “gilded” domes and minars of Stamboul: it is true we found them shining in purest gold, but it was from the touch of the great artist—the painter of nature, the glorious sun, who from his throne was pouring floods of light on this his favourite and favoured land.

As we stemmed the dark-blue waters, which silently swept past the walls of the seraglio; the reflection arose of what unheard-of crimes and sorrows lay buried under that mighty mass: the indiscriminate grave of beauty, of power, and of ambition;—the resting-place alike of the once favourite sultana, the powerful and ambitious pasha, or the daring renegade.

Passing lightly over this sepulchre of tumultuous passions, unbridled lust, grasping ambition, or deadly revenge, the sea-bird joyously circling over our heads, whilst the light

caïque, barely skimming the surface of the waters, shot across our bows;—we passed the pine and cypress-shaded walls of the seraglio, behind which proudly rose the dome and minarets of Santa Sophia, amidst those of the innumerable mosques with which it appeared to be surrounded ; and soon crossed the entrance of the Golden Horn, which separates the Turkish quarter of the town from that appropriated to the Greek and Frank population,—called Pera and Galata.

Herc for a moment let us pause. We now beheld before us the capacious harbour, which had for ages been the emporium of Eastern trade, which from the earliest periods had contained the navies of the civilized portion of the globe, and which in the middle ages, during the naval sway of Genoa and Venice, had no equal in the world. A slight stretch of imagination, and you could picture to yourself their proud galleys safely drawn up behind the triple chain which protected the entrance of the harbour, and securely defied the attacks of the hordes of barbarians under

Mahomet II.;—their dismay when, by unprecedented exertions, that indefatigable leader, dragging his vessels over a broad isthmus, launched them in rear of the Christian fleet; and, after a siege of fifty-three days, entered the breach over heaps of slain, trampling under foot the body of the heroic Constantine Palæologus, and planting the crescent o'er the ruins of the Cross;—on the 29th May, 1453.

These, and fifty other associations, crowded rapidly on our minds, even during the transient view we had of the scene, as, penetrating further into this land of enchantment, we wended our way through the Bosphorus, whose banks were on each side crowded with kiosks, minarets, and palaces — sometimes peeping forth from bowers of cypress or plane trees, at others casting their bright reflection, in the clear waters, which eddied under their overhanging gables and latticed windows.

The fineness of the morning added additional charms to this fairy spot. The variety of the shipping,—from the clumsy Turkish merchantman and dingy Newcastle collier to the rakish-

looking Russian man-of-war brig, which, snugly at anchor, was acting the part of a quiet observer,—the bird-like caiques which shot with arrowy swiftness down the current, with rowers attired in the graceful garb of their profession —and freighted maybe with some grave and bearded figure, who, seated on his carpet at the bottom of the light skiff, seemed absorbed in the depth of his meditations—the heavily-laden passage-boats dragged slowly along the bank, with their heterogeneous cargo, in which alternately appeared the red fez, the large unwieldy cap of the Armenian, white yashmacs, dark feridjees, and the darker countenance of the African slave girl, as careful of her charms, and more closely veiled than her mistress,—all combined to fix the attention and strike our fancy. It was a scene such as I had never before witnessed, and could have looked on for ever without satiety.

We were going direct to Therapia, the abode of the European ministers, where Sir Robert Stopford resided, when,—about half way, we were met by the “Carysfort” gently dropping

down the stream, with the Admiral himself on board. We had instantly to " 'bout ship;" and taking the "Carysfort" in tow, lodged her a short distance above the Golden Horn. Captain Napier went on board to see the Admiral, and soon returned with the good news that he had come from Therapia with a firman, in order to visit the mosques and seraglio, the Sultan's harem being then at his palace on the Asiatic shore. Sir Robert very politely asked us to be of the party; and after breakfast we proceeded to the Custom-house stairs, where preparations had been made for our reception. Two or three carriages were in waiting, and numbers of fine horses richly caparisoned, from the stud of the Vizier Koshru Pasha, each led by a groom, were impatiently pawing the ground. Our party was large, consisting of the Admiral and his suite, a great number of the officers of the fleet, a crowd of the Frankish population of Pera, and other strangers, who eagerly seized an opportunity which so seldom occurs for viewing the Mahomedan places of worship.

Before entering with the reader the “City of the Sultan,” I must premise, that whatever observations I was led to make on the manners, customs, and appearance of a people, amongst whom I resided only a few weeks, were such as appeared to me to be true; but I am too old a traveller not to feel aware that, to be enabled to pronounce any decided opinion on this subject, a considerable time is not only requisite, but also an intimate acquaintance with the language,—and a habit of associating with, and even conforming to the prejudices of the people you attempt to describe.

I will try the reader’s patience by relating an anecdote to the point in question. I happened, in the month of January, 183-, to be perambulating the fields in Hampshire with an old companion—my double-barrelled gun. It was one of those mornings peculiar to our delightful climate at this time of the year, and combining all that is most gloomy and repulsive in the elements. The snow lay deep on the ground; and, although piercingly cold, there was a damp mist which penetrated to the very bones.

Emerging from a plantation, I cleared the fence which separated me from the high road, and immediately confronted three or four as wretched-looking objects as it has ever been my fate to meet — half naked and famished, hardly able to crawl along; at every footstep, they left on the snow the bloody traces of their painful progress.

At a glance, I recognised them as Hindoos, and of old had known too much of the race to allow these poor fellows to pass unheeded: a hasty “Kithur jiatay heign?” — brought them up with unfeigned astonishment; they could scarcely credit the fact of meeting, in these inhospitable regions, one who understood the tongue of their sunny clime. As we trudged along, I learnt their story: they were Lascars, who had come to England in a free-trader; by some accident they were left behind in London, and were now, without money, and little clothing, making their way to Portsmouth to endeavour there to rejoin their ship. I asked them how they liked England; they shuddered at the very question, and replied that they

wondered how "Sahib," after having breathed the warm air of Hindostan, could remain in a country, where the light of the sun was never seen, where the eye was never gladdened by verdure, and where existence itself was a state of suffering. I in vain endeavoured to persuade them that they had visited this part of the world at an unfavourable season of the year, and under inauspicious circumstances, but parted with them without being able to alter their opinion; and I have no doubt, that on their return to their native land, the report they made of this country, founded on the experience of a couple of months during the depth of winter, would be anything but correct, or favourable.

Warned by the example of the poor Lascars, I have ever since been very cautious in forming hasty conclusions, or pronouncing on any foreign nation amongst whom chance may have thrown me for a brief space of time.

But return we to our cavalcade, which, under the direction of Mr. Redhouse, an Englishman, employed as dragoman by his High-

ness Koshru Pasha, now entered the city, and wended its way through the narrow streets and crowded bazaars.

In the morning, whilst cleaving the blue waves of the Bosphorus, with a smiling landscape on either side, we had fancied ourselves entering a fairy land—a region of fiction, rather than one of dull reality;—the painted and gilded kiosks, the tall and tapering minarets, the bright colours of the numerous palaces reflected in the dark waters beneath, all seemed to point out a realization of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and to have transported us to the regions of the Peris. But, alas! how speedily did these bright illusions vanish, when a closer view enabled us to examine more minutely the objects of our admiration. And, as we scrambled through filthy streets, over heaps of cinders, and herds of unwholesome-looking curs, I could not help philosophizing, and comparing the physical with the moral world, where prospect so often brightens the scene, whilst possession, like the bitter fruits on the banks of the Dead Sea,

generally convinces us that we have been grasping at a phantom, full of vanity, disappointment, and vexation of spirit.

As we advanced into the town, the noise, the crowds, the filth, and the dogs, if possible, increased, whilst the overhanging gables of the wooden houses, approaching each other in more friendly contiguity, enclosed us often in a narrow space, where more than one organ of sense became seriously offended.

Constantinople has often been styled the City of Fire and Plague; and it was to me only matter of astonishment, how it should be ever aught save the very tinder-box of Vulcan, and nucleus of pestilence and contagion.

The appearance of the streets strongly reminded me of that of the native towns of India, particularly of Aurungabad. One feature was, however, different, viz., the number of women to be seen abroad; these were nearly all Turkish, but so strictly veiled in their white yashmacks, sad-coloured feridjees, and yellow walking boots;—and they glided so noiselessly and silently among the crowd, unheeding, and

apparently unheeded of all, as to resemble phantom denizens of the sepulchre, who, having burst from their cerements, were in the act of revisiting the world above.

The bazaars offered an exception to the rest of the town—they were, generally speaking, broad, clean,—and, being roofed in, afforded ample shelter against both sun and rain. Every different gallery, if it can be so called, was appropriated to its respective trade and merchandise. In one might be seen rich brocades, silks of Brusa, and embroidery of every sort; in another yellow boots, and slippers of the richest description, of soft velvet, inlaid with pearls, and the most elaborate workmanship; in a third, the air, heavy with perfume, bore evidence of the nature and quality of heaps of cloves, scented wood, spices, ottar of roses, and amber,—piled in such abundant profusion, that one might have thought the sweet stores of “Araby the Blest” had been exhausted to furnish such a supply.

All appeared bustle and animation in this mart of traffic: and the fat and phlegmatic-

looking Armenian, with the *calpac*,—(that most unwieldy of head-dresses,) the stately Turk, and crafty Greek,—were seated *on* their counters, and seemed to have full occupation in answering the demands of their numerous customers, male and female. Here might be seen a bearded old Turk, making his bargain; with a sturdy *hāmāl*, or porter, behind him, to carry off his purchases, and bear the huge bag of plated piastres—the unwieldy currency of the day—with which these purchases were paid for. There a white soft hand, betokening the youth of the veiled owner, would, in most suspicious proximity with that of the handsome young merchant, be feeling the texture of a piece of silk or velvet, whose qualities evidently required a most elaborate description.

But a truce to scandal—this is the only opportunity afforded to the dear creatures of having any rational conversation with the opposite sex, and can they be blamed for making use of it? Or is it to be wondered at, if the goods of yon tall handsome youth, standing six feet without his slippers;—with the eye of an

eagle, and whose short, well-formed upper lip is just shaded with the down of manhood;—should be of superior quality, and therefore more in request, than those of the shrivelled, humpbacked, little atomy, on the opposite side of the way, whose anxious look for female customers is always doomed to be disappointed.

During the course of our peregrinations, we wended our way through many such busy scenes, on our road to the different mosques ; of which we shall merely briefly notice those of Santa Sophia and Solimanieh.

The former, though generally attributed to Constantine the Great, was the work of Justinian, and shortly after its completion was destroyed by an earthquake. It, however, rose with redoubled splendour from its ruins, was completed in the thirty-sixth year of that monarch's reign, and even its present degenerate and neglected state might have justified his exclamation of: “Glory be to God, who has thought me worthy to accomplish so great a

work ! I have vanquished thee, O Solomon !" Many of the noble porphyry pillars supporting its dome were taken from the celebrated Temple of Ephesus, and to this day attract the admiration of the beholder ; but the general effect is much destroyed by the paltry colouring with which the walls are disfigured, and the tinsel lamps suspended between its noble arches.

Altogether Santa Sophia is not to be compared with the Solimanieh mosque. This work of piety of the great monarch whose name it bears, Solyman the Magnificent,—was undertaken, A.D. 1550, at a time when, instigated by his favourite sultana, the celebrated Roxolana,—he was committing the crime which has sullied his brilliant reign, by putting to death his son Mustapha, in order to make way for the progeny of that beautiful but bad and designing woman, whose ashes now rest, together with those of the conqueror of Rhodes and of Persia, of Hungary, Arabia, and Africa, in a splendid mausoleum attached to the mosque, where an Imaum is daily employed in

putting up prayers for the repose of their departed spirits.

This mosque is certainly the finest in Constantinople, and constructed in a style of grandeur, in which it has been imitated by no Moslem building in existence. It is of a quadrangular form, about 230 feet long, by a breadth of 220. The grand dome arises majestically amidst numerous tall minarets, and its magnificent façade is adorned by six porphyry columns of extraordinary magnitude.

On entering these places of worship we were not required to take off our boots, but merely to draw over them some light slippers, with which we were provided for the purpose —indeed, in every respect I always met in Turkey with more apparent religious toleration than I ever experienced in any other Mahomedan country ; and I may add, in many a one professing the mild tenets of Christianity.

Passing on to the Seraskier's palace, we traversed a noble square, called the At-Meidan, or Place of Horses, the ancient Hippodrome,

and the scene of those chariot-races which, during the latter periods of the Lower Empire, were the cause of such dissensions and party-spirit in the capital. At one time it was adorned with numberless pillars and bronze statues; the latter were, however, melted down at the period of the Latin conquest, in 1204. The only monuments at present to be seen are the Egyptian Obelisk, the Column of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and the Serpentine Column, which is said to have been mutilated by Mahomed II., after his successful assault on the town.

Famed in ancient, the Hippodrome deserves a place in modern history,—as the scene of the greatest revolution effected in the Turkish Empire;—for it was here that, in June, 1826, took place the massacre of the Janissaries, who for ages had been the prætorian bands of the Sublime Porte; the guardians, and, at the same time, the terror of its sultans.

It may not here be irrelevant to say a few words on this important event, the pretext for which was brought about by the opposition

evinced in this turbulent body to the system of European discipline the late sultan was then endeavouring to introduce. But that their extermination had been predetermined by Mahmoud was evident, from the readiness with which it was effected, when, on one occasion, urged to mutiny by being directed to execute some manœuvres in the European style, they all assembled tumultuously in the At-Meidan. The Aga Pasha, with 60,000 men of the regular troops, immediately received orders to take possession of every passage leading to the square. No time was lost in placing guns, loaded with grape-shot, which immediately commenced a murderous fire on the dense and disorderly masses before them, who, however, continued to defend themselves with their wonted gallantry, till, mowed down by thousands, they at last retreated into the neighbouring barracks; these were set on fire, and the work of destruction continued till few survived to recount the mournful tale. Twenty thousand bodies are said to have been removed from the smoking ruins, and to have been cast into the Bosphorus.

The immediate result of this decisive step was the universal adoption of the European dress and discipline in the army, as it is at present established.

The soldier is well treated; he is *completely* clothed, and fed at the expense of government. The food abundant and wholesome, principally grain, to which is added an oke (two pounds and a quarter) of meat per week ; and pay, to the amount of twenty piastres (about four shillings) a month. The dress has already been described, and does anything but set off the Turkish *militaire*.

Near the Seraskier's residence a battalion was drawn out to receive the Admiral; it was formed in line, three deep, of eight divisions, and about 500 strong. The men were small, mostly boys,—unsoldierlike and slovenly in their appearance;—and, in short, the impression on my mind was, that a single flank company of any British regiment of the line could have licked the whole corps in a quarter of an hour.

The passion of the late sultan was that of building, particularly barracks, and every

height in the neighbourhood of the city is crowned with splendid edifices of this description, which are, however, nearly empty, from the exhausted state of the Turkish army. In fact, great difficulty must be experienced in procuring recruits, or such caricatures of soldiers as are at present seen in the ranks would never be admitted. On paper, Constantinople is said to be garrisoned by 15,000 men, whilst as many more *are supposed* to occupy the forts of the Bosphorus and the country between the capital and the Black Sea. It is, however, a matter of doubt, whether the *whole* Turkish army can at present muster anything like that number.

The Youngun Polassi, or Fire Tower, is on the noble parade-ground, where the battalion was drawn up to receive our cavalcade. It is of great height, and from its summit a splendid view is obtained of the whole town, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora,—and the eye even stretches as far as the snowy heights of Olympus. Men are kept here constantly on the watch, and the moment they see any signs of a conflagration give the alarm. It was but a few days ago that they were called upon to

perform this duty, by an extensive fire that took place in the Armenian quarter at Pera, and by which between 3000 and 4000 houses were reduced to ashes. From the summit of the Youngun Polassi I was enabled to witness one of the peculiarities of an Eastern city—counting no less than *thirty-five* lean and mangy curs basking in the courts below.

Our lionizing concluded here, for the day; nor were we sorry when it was at an end, as the heat of an August sun was excessive, and both the “skipper” and myself, having sated ourselves with curiosities, felt an appetite for something more substantial; therefore, breaking off from the party, and guided by the grooms,—who during the whole day had not left the side of the noble animals committed to their charge,—and which they said were of Anatolian breed,* we soon found ourselves opposite

* The specimens we had of Koshru Pasha's stud did credit to his knowledge of horse-flesh. The horses bred in Asia Minor are of a larger description than the generality of Arabs, and more resembling the Persian horse, of which such numbers are brought to the Indian markets.

Galata, and were safely wafted over in a “light caique.” Traversing the gloomy streets of this place, and passing an extensive cemetery, overshadowed by cypress trees, we shortly reached Pera, suddenly transported, as it were, to the midst of an European town. The shops —the bonnets and shawls—that abomination in the Frankish costume, the hollow cylinder of felt, miscalled a “hat,”—which at every step met the eye, bore ample evidence that Christianity was here in the ascendant.

Never was transition more rapid, or a greater change to be seen in a less space of time. As we moved through the principal thoroughfare, which runs along the summit of the hill of Pera,—we might easily have fancied ourselves perambulating the Rue Vivienne, or one of the dirty narrow streets in the most populous *quartier* of Paris, which it resembles much more than anything London can produce.

The sudden arrival of so many strangers had filled every hotel, and we had some difficulty in obtaining lodgings, which we at last effected at the house of a Tyrolese; this depart-

ment of business seeming here to be entirely monopolized by foreigners.

Pera itself appears, *par excellence*, the habitation of aliens, of men without country or fixed place of abode, and of adventurers of all descriptions; though, perhaps, in a less degree at present, than when,—as the residence of the ministers from every European court,*—it was the scene of never-ending intrigue and cabal.

There appears, however, yet sufficient occupation of this sort, to judge from the anxious faces and bustling appearance of the groups which nightly assemble to sip their coffee, or enjoy the coolness of an ice, on the terrace in front of the Casino, near the Grand Cemetery; the shadows of whose mournful cypresses do not apparently throw any gloom over the busy scene; indeed, in Turkey the grave appears divested of half its horrors—the last resting-place of our mortal remains is always selected for the picturesque situation of

* Most of whom at present reside near Therapia, a village about twelve miles up the Bosphorus.

its locality, and, overshadowed by tall cypress-trees, generally commands a fine and extensive prospect.

Here, enjoying the coolness of the summer's eve, the living may be seen resting against the turbaned pillar which marks the last bourne of those who are no more;—joyous groups of children are sporting amongst the tombs,—whilst the solemn veiled figures, which, under the dark shadows of the grave-trees, are quietly contemplating their infant mirth,—look themselves like inmates of this city of the dead,—allowed for a brief space to breathe the air of heaven amid its sepulchral solitudes.

The neighbourhood of Constantinople abounds with these abodes of blended melancholy and mirth—of death and rejoicing. But the most extensive cemetery is that at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The Turks have amongst them a prophecy, stating that at some future period it is their fate to be driven out of Europe; and the fear of leaving their bones to the tender mercies of the Giaour, is the cause of the greater popularity enjoyed by

the burial-ground here, over those on the other side of the water. A grave is never here disturbed to receive a fresh inmate ; the Necropolis at Scutari is therefore always increasing in extent, and its dark overshadowing forest of cypress already covers an immense space of ground.

As the stranger wanders through the innumerable marble pillars which mark the “narrow place of rest ;”—whilst corruption festers beneath his feet,—imagining that at every respiration he is inhaling the dank vapours of the grave, which may be floating around, undisturbed in the deep shadow, even by a gleam of sunshine ;—whilst above, and clothed in a never-changing garb of woe, unvarying and unvaried by the snows of autumn, the showers of spring, or heat of summer,—are the tall black forms of the death-tree, whose shade casts a chill on his very heart ;—with whatever levity he may have entered these solemn precincts, his thoughts become saddened, in spite of himself, and he generally emerges again into the gay sunshine, in a much graver mood of mind, and more subdued state of feeling.

But, bidding adieu to Scutari, let us visit, with the help of a firman, a gayer and more lively scene; the abode of beauty, the residence of pleasure—the Imperial Seraglio—where, in Eastern phraseology, the rose-bud of loveliness flourishes in the garden of delight. The aforesaid rose-buds having for a time been transplanted to the sultan's palace on the Asiatic shore, his Sublimity,—divested of the thorn of jealousy,—allowed us free ingress to this his terrestrial paradise.

A very short time back the difficulty of getting access to the seraglio was so great, that it had been visited by but few, and even those at the imminent risk of their lives. However, as it is now so generally known, our account shall be brief. The building itself overlooks the Bosphorus, is situated in the midst of splendid gardens; furnished in princely style, and contains the most magnificent suites of apartments, marble halls, and baths. But, lest the reader should already feel as much fatigued with the description as we did with the inspec-

tion of this residence of the “Brother to the Sun and Cousin of the Moon,” we will e’en cry “halt,” and refer him for full particulars to Dr. Clarke’s elaborate account, commencing at the sixteenth page of his *Travels in the East*.

CHAPTER XI.

Scene from the quarter-deck of the "Carysfort"—Entrance to the Black Sea—Therapia—Plainness of the Greek women—Pilgrimage to Belgrade—Summer residence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague—The Valley of the Sweet Waters—Byron—Picturesque group—Communication from the Grand Vizier to Captain Napier—Turkish women—A gay Lothario—Visit to Koshru Pasha—A conference—The high road to Stamboul—The youthful Sultan.

TIRED in a very few days with the noise, the heat, the dust, and filth of Pera, we gladly vailed ourselves of the opportunity of the "Carysfort" taking the admiral and his party to Therapia, in order to proceed to that delightful spot, which for some time became the head-quarters, from whence were projected our

various trips to Stamboul, and to the different beautiful sites along the banks of the clear, deep, and rapid Bosphorus.

We had volunteered to escort and see safely on board, some ladies belonging to the admiral's party, one of whom was in a sedan-chair, which we found no small difficulty in urging through the steep, crowded, and narrow streets which run from Pera to the port of Tophana.

In such uneven and confined thoroughfares, a carriage would be out of the question; even the slow-going Araba ventures not to thread these “steep and narrow paths;” and, after innumerable stoppages, our progress was at last brought to a dead stand-still, by encountering a large troop of donkeys heavily laden with fragments of granite, which so completely blocked up the passage, that the fair inmate of the sedan was fain to trust her “small, white feet,” and satin slippers, to the tender mercies and more than doubtful cleanliness of a Turkish street; and we thus elbowed a way through our meek, long-eared opponents—through troops of lean and hungry dogs—heaps of mud

—masses of human beings, either *fuzzed* or turbaned, or “calpacked”—Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Armenians—until, stepping into a “light caique” at the crowded port, we were soon dancing along the waters as merrily as the numerous water-fowl,* fearlessly flitting overhead, or diving beneath the very bows of our fairy skiff, which, propelled by the strokes of two fine-looking Greek boatmen, skimmed rapidly over the deep and dark-blue current, and soon brought us alongside of the “Carysfort,” then preparing to be taken in tow by the steamer “Rhadamanthus.”

It is only when floating on the clear waters of the “ocean stream” that all the beauties of its lovely banks are displayed to the wondering eyes of the spectator, who,—to keep up the magical illusion of the scene,—should never set his foot on shore.

But here, on the brightly clear and polished deck of one of Albion’s bulwarks;—far removed

* The tameness of the water-fowl in the port of Constantinople has been often descanted on by travellers, and speaks volumes in favour of the humanity of the Osmanli towards the inferior animals.

from the impurities, filth, dogs, and noise which jar on every sense, when actually in Stamboul; with a glorious and cloudless sun overhead, and the purest and clearest of that clear and pure element, gliding by in rippling eddies, the spectator can, with unmitigated enjoyment, contemplate one of the loveliest panoramas in nature—

“ The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia’s cupola, with golden gleam;
The cypress-groves; Olympus, high and hoar;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm’d the charming Mary Montagu.”

All this, and much more, was to be seen from the quarter-deck of the “ Carysfort:” Scutari, with its dark cypress-clad cemetery, overlooked by the stately Bulgurlhu Dāgh—the Maiden’s Tower—the mysterious pine-shadowed groves of the Bournou Seraï—the busy mart of the Golden Horn, with its numberless vessels of every nation—the caiques, lightly plying to and fro with their *chibouked*

or *'ashmacked* freights—whilst the joyous song of the Greek sailors was gladly borne on the breeze—scarcely ruffling the bosom of that dark-blue current, which has washed away so many a token of ruthless deeds, for ever embedded in “the deep caverns of its deadly tide.”

But—

“ I wont describe; description is my forte,
 But every fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
 And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise.”

So we will e'en get under weigh, and, carried along passively by our smoking, hissing, and paddling conductor, glide deeper into the beautiful channel; and leaving the light, airy-looking fabric of the new palace of Beshik-Tash, and the beautiful summer residence of the Sultan and his harem, with its long line of gilt lattices,—the painted and gilded Beglier-Bey,—we penetrate through increasing beauties and wonders, amid gilded kiosks, graceful minars, perfumed gardens, dark cypress-groves, and overhanging woods of the stately plane-tree; until our course is nearly

arrested by the rapid stream, which in the narrowest part of the channel is called the Sheitan Akunti, or Devil's Current; and here runs with such velocity, as for a moment to render it doubtful whether the engines of the "Rhadamanthus" would be sufficiently potent to master the double weight which they had now to bear along.

It is at this part of the Bosphorus that the bridge of Darius is said to have been thrown across; and the narrow strait is now protected by the "Anatoli Hissar," or Asiatic Castle, on one side, and by its frowning brother of "Roumeli," or Europe Fort, on the opposite coast.

The stronghold of Roumeli Hissar, built by the conqueror of Constantinople,—the great Mahomed,—served as a prison to the refractory Janissaries during the existence of that powerful body; and through the "Traitors'" gate, the only entrance by which it is accessible from the sea-side, the bodies of those who were strangled within its dark and mysterious walls, were dragged out by the heels, and

buried for ever under the deep eddying waters circling round their base.

It is said, that the ground-plan of the fortification forms the characters composing the Prophet's name, and likewise that of its founder. Be that as it may, we gladly lost sight of its gloomy, blood-stained portals:—as the channel became broader, we shot more rapidly a-head; and shortly after, the lovely valley of “ Guiuk-Suy,” or the Sweet Waters of Asia, had flitted past our vision like a dream: and we came to an anchor in that wide-opening bay, on the shores of which, stand those head-quarters of political cabal and intrigue—Therapia and Beyukdéré—the present abodes of the European Ministers at the Ottoman court, and where are now brewing so many deep-laid political schemes and machinations. . . . *

Here a new and magnificent *coup d'œil*

* This was written in 1839, and the author, not wishing to entangle himself in the web of politics, has omitted a few passages which here occur in his journal, relative to the then various transactions of the different Foreign Ministers at Therapia and Beyukdéré.

presented itself, in the entrance to the Black Sea, “where the dark Euxine rolled upon the blue Symplegades;” through that short passage which conveyed those intrepid navigators of old, who freighted the “good ship Argo,” from their genial southern clime to all the horrors of the stormy north;—and it is really astonishing how suddenly in this part of the world such a transition actually takes place.

The temperate (sometimes we may almost call it the torrid) zone, appears hand in hand with all the frozen terrors of the north, and divested of those intermediate links which in other climates gradually soften those asperities attending the change of seasons. A few days before, whilst going through the seraglio gardens, under a burning sun, and the thermometer at 90° in the shade, I was assured by one of the officers of the “Carysfort,” which had been on the station upwards of three years, that the winters are sometimes so severe that he had seen the snow for ten days at a time on the vessel’s deck, whilst moored opposite Therapia.

Then, after being thus long frozen into a

state approaching torpor, the spring surprises one by the suddenness of its genial influence;—one day a southerly wind makes snow and frost at once disappear; and the scenery, casting off its winter garb, assumes at once all the gaudy hues of a summer toilette, which,—at the period now alluded to,—shone forth in its most brilliant colours. The Black Sea,—not above four miles from Therapia,—was shut out from our view by the windings of the narrow channel, bounded on one side by the range of the Strandja Hills,—from which Constantinople gets its supplies of water,—whilst on the Asiatic shore, is seen the elevated ground overlooked by the Jouchi-Dāgh, or Giant's Mountain.

Therapia is the residence of Captain Walker; so well known in these seas as the active commander of the “Vanguard,” and who, for some time past, has held a high and responsible situation in the Turkish navy. On going ashore, he took us to his house, which commands a fine view of the bay. Under the auspices of his amiable lady we partook of a most hospitable entertainment; and in the

evening, as we intended to make Therapia our head-quarters, went in quest of billets—every hole and corner of the only “hotel” in the place (a miserable little pot-house) being already occupied.

We at last were admitted, as a great favour, into the house of a Greek lady, of the name of Delazzo, who, with her two pretty nieces, kept a sort of *pension*. We have before noticed the general plainness of the Greek women ; offering thus so great a contrast to the noble bearing and fine-looking persons of the men of their nation.

This is a universal subject of disappointment to the traveller, who in vain looks for the noble classical features, the high forehead, straight nose, short upper lip, well-poised and graceful head, which his imagination invariably leads him to suppose *must* be the characteristics of the descendants of Aspasia and Sappho.

The Greek ladies neither possess those sleepy fascinating charms, which even a stolen and casual glance enables the attentive observer of female beauty immediately to pronounce as

peculiarly Osmanli; nor the clear and brilliant complexions and voluptuous movements of the “Dudu-like” Armenians. They are in general bad figures; and the insurmountable propensity they display—particularly the fair Perotes—for glaring and gaudy colours in their dresses, gives them a flippant and courtezan-like air, which is far from prepossessing. But to every rule there are exceptions; and such were the charming nieces of our fat, good-natured hostess,—the beautiful sisters, Sophie and Virginie Arnot, who kindly undertook my education in Romaïc, or modern Greek:—

“ ‘Tis pleasing to be school’d in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes; that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been:
They smile so when one’s right, and when one’s wrong
They smile still more; and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss:
I learn’d the little that I know by this.”

We will say nought about the pressure of hands, etc.;—all that I know is, that I made great progress, soon learned to say

“Ζάν μου, σας ἀγαπῶ,”—and often recall with gratitude my kind and pretty instructresses.

Our time at Therapia was passed in making excursions into the neighbourhood during the mornings; and the evenings we spent at the houses, or “palaces,”—as they are called,—of the different Ministers; whose abodes, with the exception of the one belonging to Lord Ponsonby, are situated at another village, called “Beyuk-déré,” round the windings of the bay, which is now (what Pera was formerly, ere its numerous fires drove away the diplomatists) the nest of many a deeply-hatched machination and intrigue.

It were unpardonable to have been, even a day, in the neighbourhood of what was for a whole summer the residence of the celebrated Lady Wortley Montagu, and from whence she indited so many of her letters, without performing a pilgrimage to Belgrade.

One fine morning, a party was accordingly formed, and we penetrated into the depths of the beautiful forest of beech and chestnut trees, which bounds the high ground known as

the Strandja Hills, extending as far as the Euxine; around whose summits are collected the exhalations of that stormy sea, which fall in genial showers, and give rise to those numerous rills flowing from their sides, and from which Constantinople derives its supply of fresh water.

This is effected by retaining the fluid in artificial reservoirs, formed by throwing across the rivulets,—as they meander through the numerous beautiful valleys,—artificial embankments of masonry, termed “bendts;”* a vast quantity of water is thus collected, and conveyed through pipes and over aqueducts to the town, which is thus abundantly supplied during the whole year. These “bendts,” with their accompanying clear and transparent little lakes,—reflecting the tall beech and chestnut-trees on their banks,—are in themselves pretty objects, whose picturesque effect is greatly increased by being frequently the spot chosen for the erection of a kiosk or country-house of

* Query, if the word “bendt” be not from the same derivation as the Indian “bund,” which is applied to the same purpose?

the Sultan,—many of which were constructed in this neighbourhood by the late Mahmoud, whose mania for building is said to have originated from superstition; it having been once foretold to him by a soothsayer, that as long as he continued to build edifices his prosperity would increase: and this prophecy has tended greatly to embellish the neighbourhood of Stamboul.

The Turk is proverbially noted for appreciating the beauties of nature; he will sit for hours in silence smoking away care, as under the refreshing shade of a tall plane-tree he contemplates the lovely Bosphorus rolling at his feet; and appears never satiated with the splendid view, nor with the state of passive enjoyment conveyed by it. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the all-potent Mahmoud should have fixed on the cool shades of the forest of Belgrade as a site for the numerous fairy abodes which now adorn it, and which are usually situated on the borders of one of the clear rills above mentioned.

In a military point of view, the Strandja Hills are a most important position, as their

occupation would enable an enemy,—by destroying the “bendts,”—to cut off the supplies of water, and inevitably ensure the fall of the capital. So well were the Greek emperors aware of this, that they took the precaution of forming within the walls of the city those immense subterranean reservoirs, the ruins of which are still pointed out, and called by the Turks, the “Bim-Bir-Derek,” or the thousand-and-one columns, from the immense number of pillars used in supporting the roof.

A ride of a couple of hours brought us to the end of our pilgrimage,—the summer residence of Lady Mary,—which presents, however, nothing remarkable, save the interest always attached to the abodes of departed genius.

On our return to Therapia, it being Friday,—the sabbath of the Faithful,—after an early dinner, we proceeded across to the Asiatic shore, to visit the spot called “Guiuk-Suy,” known to the Franks by the appellation of the Asiatic Valley of the “Sweet Waters,” and on a fine summer’s day the resort of a great portion of the fair sex of Stamboul—

Osmanlis, Greeks, and Armenians—who flock hither in light gilded caiques, to meet their female friends, and spend the sultry hours of noon in delightful pic-nic groups on the smooth greensward, and under the cool shade of the noble plane-trees which border this truly Arcadian spot.

Shooting across the bay of Therapia, in sight of the old Genoese castle, overtopped by the Giant's Grave, we passed close to “Unkiar Skelassi,” or the Sultan's Pier,—where, in 1837, was concluded the celebrated treaty, interdicting the passage of the Dardanelles to all foreign vessels, save those bearing the Russian flag,—thereby annulling the compact of 1809.

But a truce to politics; and as we approach the favoured spot of the “Sweet Waters,” a flat contradiction is offered to the following assertion of Childe Harold :—

“Here woman's voice is never heard: apart
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove.”

Byron appears to have entertained the usual idea of the severe state of captivity in-

flicted on all Turkish women, whereas nothing can be more reverse than the reality of this supposition.

The intelligent authoress of the "City of the Sultan,"* who must have had abundant opportunities of forming a correct opinion on the subject, says:—"As we are all prone to believe freedom to be happiness, then are the Turkish women the happiest, for they are certainly the freest individuals in the empire. It is the fashion in Europe to pity the women of the East; but it is ignorance of their real position alone which can engender so misplaced an exhibition of sentiment. A Turkish woman consults no pleasure save her own: when she wishes to walk or drive, or even to pass a short time with her friend, she adjusts her *yashmac* and *feridjee*, summons her slave, who prepares her *boksha* or bundle, neatly arranged in a pocket-handkerchief; and on the entrance of her husband, his inquiries are answered by the intelligence, that

* Miss Pardoe, whose descriptions are as spiritedly drawn as they are accurate.

the Khānoum Effendi is gone to spend a week at the harem of so and so."

And certainly the scenes which presented themselves to our view, on landing at the Valley of Sweet Waters, did not convey to our minds the impression that the fair actresses engaged therein, were either the victims of a morbid melancholy, or the trembling slaves of some severe old despot of a Bluebeard.

This is the time and place for a Frank to see more of the female population of Constantinople than he has anywhere else an opportunity of doing.

Amidst the numerous joyous groups of bright and many-coloured flowers which bespangle the smooth greensward of this "enchanted valley," may be seen all the varied races which now occupy the "Babel" of Stamboul.

The lively and dark-eyed Greek damsel is easily recognised by the broad turban of gauze or velvet, with the lace veil so adjusted as not to conceal a single charm. The fair Perote cannot be mistaken, by her gaudy

display of recently imported finery from London, or Paris; whilst the profusion of brilliant colours with which she is bedizened, increases the bad effect of that already unbecoming dress, and ill stands a comparison with the graceful oriental costumes fluttering around in the breeze.

Knots of grave Armenians, of both sexes, may be seen quietly reposing in the shade, partaking of the good things which they have provided for the occasion. The men are sober, staid-looking personages, with portly forms snugly encased in long flowing robes of dark-blue cloth, confined at the waist by a broad sash; wearing slippers, and “paposhes” of red morocco;—whilst on their shaven crowns they bear the most unwieldy-looking machine ever invented to protect the human skull. This is the “calpac,” made of black sheepskin, and which, in shape and colour, more than anything else, resembles the reversed form of a large “*Marmite*,” or blackened iron pot, wherein are perpetrated sundry mysteries of the culinary art.

But the fair “Armeniennes”—*they* are very “Dudus” personified, with their bright and transparent complexion,—sleepy look,—and withal, that voluptuous *embonpoint*, which so well becomes them,—

“That, after all, t’would puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*. ”

Although these,—each and all,—may attract our admiration ; what we can see of the fair “yashmack’d” Osmanlis excites still greater interest ; and they are sometimes so much thrown off their guard on these joyous occasions, or frequently so intent in adjusting the folds of the feridjee, as to be totally unaware of the approach of the admiring stranger, until he has been fully able to scan the fine features of a pale, but beautiful face, and the white and slender fingers now so busily employed in concealing charms, which have thus, to all appearance, been most unconsciously revealed.

The white marble fountain of Guiuk Suy appears to be the focus around which concentrate all these holiday groups ; and a pretty scene

does it oft present to the observant traveller : laughing children and beautiful women—talkative Greeks and grave Osmanlis, thoughtfully smoking the eternal chibouks, whilst sipping their coffee—black slaves running to and fro with refreshments—others cooking “kābōbs” amidst the painted arabas, whose unyoked and bell-bespangled oxen are quietly grazing on the short herbage, or chewing the cud of meditation in a recumbent posture—fruit-venders retailing their perfumed wares—Sclavonian musicians and buffoons—fleets of caiques dancing on the waters of the Bosphorus ; which, lit up by the setting sun, shines under its departing rays like an ocean of molten gold.

All this forms so lovely and so lively a scene, and withal so attractive, that it is with difficulty a stranger drags himself from the spot, which, like an airy vision of the over-heated fancy, makes him imagine himself transported, with the learned Shaherzade, to the locality of the “Arabian Nights;”—and when at last the lengthening shades warn him to return to his caique, he does so with the reflection of

what happiness such a people, in such a clime, might attain under a free and stable government; without which, and the consequent enjoyment of our rights and personal security—those key-stones of human felicity,—it would be in vain to expect this “end and aim” of being, in a pilgrimage through our transitory world.

On the 27th of August, Captain Napier received the following note from the Dragoon of the Grand Vizier, an Englishman, who had long been established at Constantinople:—

“SIR,—H. Highness, the Grand Vizier, has instructed me to inform you that he will feel highly honoured by a visit from so distinguished an ornament to the British navy as yourself. H. Highness has named to-morrow, at about ten, A.M., for the interview; at which time, if you will land at the stairs near the Custom-house of Stamboul, as on Wednesday last, horses will be ready, and myself present, to conduct you to H. Highness’s residence.

Believe me, sir, to be, with respect, your very
humble and most obedient servant,

“ J. W. REDHOUSE.”

In consequence of this communication, next morning saw us in a caique, propelled by a couple of sturdy Greeks, skimming lightly over the dark indigo waters of the Bosphorus. Much as we had admired the scenery on a former occasion, it was now, if possible, enhanced by the swiftness of our arrowy flight down the stream, which caused the tall plane-trees, the gloomy cypresses, the graceful kiosks and minarets, to flit past our dazzled vision like the shadowy apparitions of a distempered dream.

The only alloy to our pleasure was the nervous feeling imparted by the cranky nature of our fragile craft—the least motion—a Yankee would, perhaps, even aver the winking of an eye,—the smallest change of position threw it fearfully off its centre of gravity, and made us no longer wonder at the prudent custom adopted by the Osmanlis of squatting

down quietly on carpets at the bottom of the boat, where they may comfortably smoke their chibouks, without the risk of being capsized by an unusually heavy whiff floating to leeward.

Our apprehensions were on this occasion, however, groundless; for little more than an hour* saw us shooting across the Golden Horn, and safely landed at the Custom-house stairs, where, according to appointment, Mr. Redhouse met us—and some beautiful Anatolian horses, magnificently accoutred, were waiting our arrival. As the Vizier had been unexpectedly summoned before the Sultan, it was proposed that, until he were disengaged, we should take a ride through the bazaars; and during this time, Mr. Redhouse imparted a good deal of information relative to Turkish manners and customs, which, from his long residence in the country, and thorough acquaintance with

* From this the rapidity with which the caique shoots through the water may be conceived—the distance between Therapia and the Golden Horn being some twelve or fourteen miles—though it is true there was a strong current, in this instance, in our favour.

the language, he must be well qualified to give.

I remember questioning him on a subject which, from the mystery in which it is veiled, is generally of interest to the Eastern traveller—I mean, the condition of the fair sex in Turkey, whom we imagine to be in such a pitiable state of unhappy bondage; but apparently we entertain very erroneous notions on the subject, and, from what I learned, I was led to conclude that no women enjoy a greater degree of *real* liberty, or are more free from restraint, than the Turkish ladies.

The laws of the Prophet allow to the true believer four wives, and as many female slaves as he can afford to maintain; but on bearing a child, these latter assume all the privileges and immunities of a lawful spouse. Under certain circumstances the latter may obtain a divorce, and even take unto herself a second husband, provided always it be an Osmanli, as any connexion with a “Giaour,”—on being discovered,—entails the penalty of death on both parties; but, in the present state of things, our cicerone

appeared to think it doubtful whether the extreme rigour of the law would fall on the head of the male sinner.

A gay Lothario of a Frank had lately had the audacity to take a moonlight excursion in his caique under the windows of the sister of the late Sultan; from which aperture one of her frail attendants dropped into the arms of the expectant swain, having, however, previously taken care to rid her unsuspecting mistress of sundry pearls, jewels, etc., with which they got on board the Austrian steamer, reached Italy, and were there made man and wife.

Intrigues are sometimes carried on between the ladies of the harem and the tradesmen who supply the house; but they are said to be of rare occurrence, the punishment being “death,” and the chances of detection too great to incur the risk. Every husband’s interest being at stake to put a stop to such malpractices, when some handsome dealer in tobacco or sweetmeats makes an unusual stay in any house he has been observed to frequent

much, an outcry is raised, the neighbours rush in, and, no matter how blind the husband is, or wishes to be, the proof of his wife's guilt is crammed down his throat, and he is, *nolens volens*, proclaimed a —— no matter what.

But dismount we from our Pegasus at the gate of his Highness the Grand Vizier, and take a peep at a man who for forty years has managed, amidst all the intrigues of a corrupt and despotic court, to keep himself in place and power;—and who, by being instrumental in the destruction of the Janissaries, has been the means of causing greater innovations and changes in the Ottoman Empire than ever occurred, since the memorable time when the fierce Mahomet II. planted the crescent on the smoking ruins of the mistress of the world.

We were ushered into a room plainly furnished with an ottoman and a few chairs, on one of which, at an open window, overlooking the Bosphorus, was seated the old Vizier, who rose at our entrance, desired us to be seated and forthwith ordered pipes and coffee.

Koshru Pasha appeared about seventy-five years of age, and when standing, from a deformity in his person, did not show off to advantage. He is humpbacked, and his legs have that graceful outward curve commonly designated by the term “bandy;” but when seated this is not perceptible, and one cannot help admiring the intelligent glance, the venerable white beard, and the benevolent-looking countenance, under whose mask have been perpetrated so many horrible deeds of cruelty, treachery, and bloodshed.

His dress was simple in the extreme—the usual red fez, drawn most unbecomingly over the eyes—a sort of purple blouse, made of cashemire, loose white trousers, and boots, which he pulled on shortly after our arrival,—probably to put himself on a footing with us,—who had not removed our “Hobys” before entering his exalted presence.*

* Nothing can be a greater proof (in addition to the abolition of the turban) of the innovations taking place amongst the Turks, than the introduction of chairs into their houses,—which may now be generally entered

After a few preliminary whiffs of the chibouks, (which, by-the-bye, were made of very fine jessamine sticks,) he broached the conversation, by expressing, through the interpreter, the great satisfaction he felt at meeting with an officer of such distinguished services as Captain Napier. To this the latter replied, that he trusted those services might yet be employed in the cause, and for the benefit, of the Ottoman Empire; which he begged leave to remark would be greatly furthered by the immediate removal of the fleet from Busheeka Bay to Constantinople.

Koshru, who appeared to apprehend more from Mehemet Ali than from Russia, did not approve of this suggestion. He said that the Turkish Empire was reduced to its present

“booted and spurred.” This, in most other Mahomedan countries, would be considered the height of insult. With us, on entering an apartment, good manners require the removal of the covering of the head; with the Orientals, perhaps more according to the dictates of common sense, that of the feet. This, though inconvenient, has the merit of cleanliness, particularly amongst people whose resting-place is on the floor.

low ebb of power through the inefficiency of the men placed by the late Sultan at the head of the army, whose total defeat had been followed by the defection of a traitor—that the best thing which, in his opinion, could be done by the allies, was to divide their forces,—one half remaining at the entrance of the Dardanelles, whilst the remainder proceeded off the coast of Syria; where their presence might produce a good moral effect—that Russia had at the present moment no stronger motive for commencing hostilities than she had had for years past; and that, even supposing she were to declare war on the morrow, the Osmanlis feared her not, and, rather than submit to her sway, he would place himself at the head of the nation, and die in the cause of Islam.

He further adverted to the strength of the forts on the Bosphorus, to oppose the entrance from the Black Sea of any Russian fleet; and remarked, that in case of need, the English and French squadrons might easily be towed by steam up the Dardanelles — that, moreover,

an instant rising of Stamboul would be the immediate consequence of their appearance in the Golden Horn at the present moment; in which case his (the Vizier's) head would soon part company with his shoulders.

To this argument Captain Napier replied : “ That a Russian fleet could, from the prevailing winds, reach the entrance of the Bosphorus in three days from Sebastapool—that when there, a dark night would enable them, with little loss, to pass the batteries on its banks, which might, besides, be easily taken in reverse by troops landing on the shores of the Black Sea, and marching along the ridge of the lower Balkan, by which every fort as far as Therapia was commanded.*

* The author had, a short time previously, taken sketches of the different forts between Therapia and the Black Sea, which he had submitted to Captain Napier. Whilst thus engaged by land, the latter, in a calque, had carefully scanned and reconnoitred the seaward defences, and counted every gun which could be brought to bear on shipping. The Vizier was little aware that his auditors knew rather better than himself the actual state of his much-vaunted fortifications!

“ That dividing the strength of the united fleets would only tend to make both Mehemet Ali and Russia believe the Allied Powers were likewise divided in their councils, and would, moreover, be undertaking a thing impossible to accomplish with their present means, should the restitution of the Turkish fleet be the object in view. Troops would be requisite for the success of such an enterprise, as it was well known—from the shallowness of the water—the port of Alexandria could not be entered by large vessels *carrying their guns*. Mehemet Ali had, moreover, made it publicly known that in the event of such an attempt, he would sink the fleet, and order Ibrahim Pacha to march his army on Scutari—he was a man of his word,—and the expedition was only likely to end in the discomfiture and disgrace of those who undertook it.

“ Besides, the very low ebb to which, by his Highness’s own confession, the power of the Porte was now reduced, was in itself a stronger motive than had yet ever existed for Russia to harbour hostile designs; which the strong

current running in the Dardanelles, together with the northerly winds, would prevent the united fleet from opposing even with a much larger number of steamers than they exhibit at present command. That on the approach of winter the French would in all probability return to Toulon, and for all the use the Allies could be of, in their present situation. Sir Robert Stopford and Admiral Lalande might just as well be in Malta harbour."

To this his Highness rejoined "that the Russian Ambassador had signified his intention to withdraw as soon as a man-of-war appeared on this side of the Dardanelles, and then there could be no further doubt of what would follow: but that at present there being no positive proofs of Russia's evil intentions, it would be highly impolitic to take any step which might urge her on, and the main point for the present was first to settle matters with the rebel, Mehemet Ali."

The Vizier further inquired why an English army could not be spared to act against the Egyptians in Syria?

To this Captain Napier answered, that what

with the troubles of Canada, the war in India, the expected outbreak with China, to say nothing of a turbulent set of gentry called "Chartists" at home, we had already too much on our hands; and that supplies for raising additional soldiers would never be granted by Parliament. He thought at the same time that it was more than probable that Russia was at that moment playing an underhand game with Mehemet Ali, as they must both be gainers by the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

The old gentleman was at last reduced to the conclusion that whenever the Russians *did* come they would meet with a fearless reception. But Mehemet Ali was the thorn to be at present extracted from the side of this suffering empire, and then, "Inshallah!" they might set their heads together to deal with the Great Northern Bear.

The above was the general purport of the conference, which lasted upwards of an hour, and during which the wily old Pasha wished to impress the belief of his entire reliance on the 30,000 Turkish troops he said were then in the neighbourhood of Stamboul, and along

the shores of the Bosphorus. But, even supposing there existed as many as one half of that number, the idea was too ridiculous, for a moment to suppose, that the poor half-starved looking striplings of which we knew these forces to be composed, could offer even a shadow of resistance to the well-disciplined warriors of the North, who had on many occasions proved themselves a match for Napoleon's veteran legions.

The fact could not be concealed that Turkey was at her last gasp;—and the vultures of the South, together with the hungry wolves of the arctic regions,—already attracted by the odour of death, were impatiently awaiting the moment of dissolution, to tear asunder her still warm and quivering limbs from the decayed and contracted body.

Sherbet was introduced, after partaking of which, with many assurances of mutual good feeling, Captain Napier took his departure.*

* Little could Koshru have then foreseen that nine short months would have so completely changed his

The evening was far advanced, as entering our little skiff, the sturdy Greek caïquejees lustily stemmed the current towards Therapia; a bright moon, which had just risen, threw her circumstances as to give rise to the following paragraph, copied from a daily paper:—

"CONSTANTINOPLE, JULY 15.—At length, in the sittings of Tuesday and Wednesday last, the Council concluded their investigation into the conduct of Koshru Pasha, which ended in his condemnation to perpetual banishment; and Rodosto was fixed upon as the place of his exile. This sentence was confirmed by the Sultan; and straightway an imperial firman was issued, which was ordered to be carried into immediate execution. In accomplishing this the authorities thought it necessary to use extraordinary precautions. A corps of the newly-arrived Albanian irregulars surrounded the palace of the fallen dignitary, and occupied all the issues therefrom, while bodies of the same troops were stationed at various commanding points of the city and suburbs. A large body of regular troops was likewise assembled at Balta Leman, near the Pasha's palace. On the firman being presented to him, Koshru was confounded, and seemed the picture of mute despair. When he recovered utterance, he earnestly begged to be allowed to see the Sultan, but was told that it was impossible, and that the decree which determined his fate was fixed and irrevocable. A steamer then arrived, on board of which the unhappy exile, the favourite of fortune for thirty-six years of uninterrupted power and prosperity, the hero of numberless intrigues, and, we fear, the instrument of many crimes, was embarked,

silver light over the scene; and, if we had been delighted with the Bosphorus, when viewed during the glare of noonday, our emotions were not to be expressed now that and bade, in all probability, an eternal farewell to the palace-mantled banks of the Bosphorus, so long the scene of his almost unlimited sway. His harem did not accompany him, but he was allowed to choose such of his followers as he thought proper, and to carry away with him whatever he desired of his goods and effects. His property has been confiscated, and will be appropriated, in the first instance, to the payment of his creditors, whose name is Legion, and who have been summoned by proclamation to give in their demands. His debts amount to an enormous sum, and claims for twenty millions of piastres are said to have been already presented. Koshru, though immensely rich, was never known to pay a debt, partly through unprincipled rapacity, and partly through the cunning for which he was so distinguished; for, well aware of the dangers to which a subject reputed rich was (at least in former times) exposed in Turkey, he always pretended poverty, and contracted obligations which he never liquidated, with a view to produce the impression that a man so overwhelmed with debts, and so harassed by creditors, could not be wealthy. He is said to possess six or seven millions of francs in hard cash, besides jewels and other valuables to an unknown amount; and it is supposed he owns in land, upwards of two hundred chiflcs or farms in European and Asiatic Turkey. Whether the residue of his property, after paying his debts, will be restored to him or not, is unknown; but truly, if all

the sweet, mild, and mysterious light softened every object around, and cast, as it were, a spell over our senses.

The “high road” to Stamboul, as this busy channel has been appropriately called, to be seen to advantage, should be visited at this hour. The deep and death-like shade thrown across the water by the mournful cypresses,—the glittering dome of a gay kiosk emerging

those whom he has wronged were righted, and all those whom he has robbed indemnified, little but the shadow of his ill-gotten treasure would remain.

“This entire consummation of Koshru’s disgrace and ruin, is publicly attributed to his underhand opposition to the new system, and to the stand which he made in council for the defence of Hafiz Pasha, on grounds altogether inconsistent with the spirit of the present laws. Many heavy counts in his indictment, accusing him of peculation, of privately encouraging the provincial authorities to disobey orders which he was directed by the Council to give in his public capacity, and of extorting presents, as was the use and wont in former times, from official persons; and among others from the present Seraskier Pasha, have been clearly proved against him. Rumours have been likewise floating about, of crimes of a darker hue, and Sami Bey, the Egyptian Envoy, has, it is said, produced to the Council ‘damning proofs’ of the blackest treason.”

Such is the glorious state of uncertainty of a political existence in the East!

from a dark mass of feathery foliage,—the painted and latticed terraces overhanging the deep waters; and from whence issue clouds of perfume, marking them as the abodes of the gentle beings who may be then contemplating the beauties of the Elysian scene—the graceful form of a caique, lit up by a moonbeam, suddenly darting from the vaulted channel* where it has been reposing; and, again diving into the shadow of a tall clump of plane-trees; its meteor-course is lost to the eye, and only traced by the cadence of the falling oars—all these, and a thousand other beauties, strongly recall the inimitable description of a great master;—and, thrilling with emotion, we with him, involuntarily exclaim,

“ Loud was the lightsome tumult of the shore,
Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan;

* Communicating with the inner yards of the houses, from the Bosphorus, are narrow covered channels, through which the calque being conveyed, enables the Turkish ladies to get on board with more convenience, and unprofaned by the vulgar gaze.

The Queen of Tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas as if darting from her heavenly throne
A brighter glance, her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they
lave."

In some places, the current was so rapid that we were forced to be towed against it on two or three occasions, and, although we were three hours on our return, our attention was so engaged, that it scarce seemed as many minutes had elapsed, ere we found ourselves amidst the joyous and happy family of our hostess, which, with several neighbours, were assembled, "*al fresco*," under some noble horse-chestnut trees, in front of their residence, sipping their coffee, and enjoying the transcendent beauty of the scene—to which if the "silvery light" appeared to impart new charms, it had the same effect on the sweet Greek maidens, "I mean the charming ladies," who were basking under her chaste beams—and never did the dark-eyed Σωφ· look so lovely as that hour. But the best friends must part; and a few days after this,—taking an affectionate leave of our good-

natured hostess and pretty nieces,—in company with the Admiral's party, we were rapidly steaming back to Busheeka Bay.

It had been arranged that, previously to his departure, Sir Robert Stopford should have an interview with the young Sultan; and accordingly bringing up, after a salute, at the summer palace, on the Asiatic side, he,—accompanied by his whole suite,—was ushered into the presence of that potentate.

The following account of the interview may perhaps afford some amusement to the reader.

The “household troops,” such as they were, received his Excellency at landing, and we proceeded into a handsome apartment on the ground-floor, where awaited us the Sultan's brother-in-law,—the Seraskier Halil Pasha. Pipes were in this instance dispensed with; and, after partaking of coffee and sweetmeats, handed round in golden filigree cups and saucers, richly studded with diamonds, a very common-place conversation occurred, through the medium of the interpreter, between Sir

Robert and the Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman forces.

In about a quarter of an hour his Highness sent word that he was ready to receive us, whereupon the whole suite, consisting of about a dozen British officers, proceeded, "booted," as we were, up a magnificent staircase, and through numerous apartments, the floors of which,—albeit unused to the rude contact of "armed heels,"—shone forth in all the splendour of the rarest and most highly-polished woods; and whilst the Turkish courtiers glided noiselessly along, in their purple paposhes of thin morocco leather, a most martial tramp proclaimed our entrance into the presence-chamber, where, on a sofa, reclined the effeminate representative of Mahomet the Terrible.

The whole scene forcibly recalled to my mind the description of an interview between Alexis Comnenus, the degenerate descendant of the great Constantine, and the rough and warlike Latin Crusaders.*

* "Private or public interest suppressed the murmurs of the Dukes and Counts; but a French baron (he

Abdul Medjid, the youthful Sultan, far from being a “man of solemn port, shawl’d to the nose and bearded to the eyes,” was a pale and sickly-looking youth, of apparently three or four and twenty, though in reality his age exceeded not seventeen.

is supposed to be Robert of Paris) presumed to ascend the throne, and place himself beside Alexis. The sage reproof of Baldwin provoked him to exclaim, in his barbarous idiom, ‘Who is this rustic that keeps his seat, while so many valiant captains are standing round him?’ The Emperor maintained his silence, dissembled his indignation, and questioned his interpreter concerning the meaning of the words, which he partly suspected, from the universal language of gesture and countenance. Before the departure of the pilgrims he endeavoured to learn the name and condition of the audacious Baron. ‘I am a Frenchman,’ replied Robert, ‘of the purest and most ancient nobility of my country. All that I know is, that there is a church in my neighbourhood, the resort of those who are desirous of proving their valour in single combat. Till an enemy appears they address their prayers to God and the saints. That church I have frequently visited, but never have I found an antagonist who dared to accept my defiance.’ Alexis dismissed the challenger, with some prudent advice for his conduct in the Turkish warfare; and History repeats with pleasure this lively example of the manners of his age and country.”—*GIBBON’s Decline and Fall.* Chap. lviii.

He was plainly dressed, not "*à l'Oriental*," but in a blue military surtout and pantaloons; a short purple cloak gracefully rested on his left shoulder, whilst the eternal fez constituted his head-dress. The only signs of regal magnificence he displayed, were a few brilliants in the clasp of his belt, with which the hilt of the sabre was likewise thickly studded.

The Seraskier was beside him; and, as we all stood round in a circle, presented us by our respective names. Sir Robert Stopford then said that the gratification he had received at seeing Constantinople, together with the attention he had there met with, was very great. The Sultan, through Halil Pasha,—who seemed to prompt him in all he uttered,—replied, he was very glad his Excellency had felt so gratified.

The Admiral added that he had been intrusted by her Britannic Majesty with the command of a fleet, to render any service which might be required by the Sublime Porte. The Sultan bowed, and here ended the conference;—we retired with the Seraskier, par-

took of the parting bowl of sherbet, and in four-and-twenty hours were once more in the midst of the fleet at Busheeka Bay.

APPENDIX.

Mention having been made of the forts of the Bosphorus, near the entrance of the Black Sea, a few words on the subject may not prove uninteresting to the military reader.

Between Therapia and the Euxine, where the channel, of about a league in length, averages a breadth of from half to three-quarters of a mile, there are eleven forts; some walled in, others merely breast-works. Seven of these stand on the European shore, and the whole number of mounted guns bearing seaward is 369; some carrying heavy stone-shot,—but the general average being 32-pounders.

The forts are all overlooked, and commanded by heights,—on the European side,—rising to an elevation of about 400 feet—with ravines running from the shore; at their junction with which is invariably to be found a low beach, where troops might be landed.

The hills are covered with heath and the arbutus shrub, but the ravines and valleys are fertile and well watered. Here the vine is generally cultivated, or the chestnut grows wild, and perennial springs are found in most of these hollows.

A track, practicable for artillery, runs along the crest of the hills at some distance; occasionally diverging from its direct course, to avoid the inequalities occasioned by the ravines and watercourses. This road extends from Domusdéré, the last fort and lighthouse on the shores of the Black Sea, to the neighbourhood of Therapia, and thence to the capital—affording an easy means of communication from the Euxine to the very gates of Constantinople, about sixteen miles distant.

The current in this part of the strait is rapid—and at its narrowest point,—about a mile and a half from the entrance to the Euxine, nearly in mid-channel, and immediately between two opposing forts, is a rock, almost on a level with the water's edge; whilst, from the European shore, towards this

formidable obstacle, runs a shoal, leaving between it and the rock a very unsafe and narrow passage.

On the Asiatic coast the hills are still more elevated than on the European side. An old Genoese castle is here a prominent object; but is commanded by the "Giant's Mountain," the most elevated spot in the whole neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to Mount Ida—Mr. Miaulis—Trojan Laundresses—Roman bridge—Prevalence of porphyry strata—Cave—The King's tomb—Marriage ceremony—The Silver Simois—Roman causeway—Turkish Khan—Public baths—Change in the appearance of the country—Turkoman family—Homer acquainted with the plain of Troy—Forest on fire—Cheap living—A picturesque group—Ascent of Mount Ida—Bears and tigers—Sources of the Scamander—Alforjas—An ambulatory hotel—Making purchases—Land tortoises—Disappointment.

“ The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Simois cleaves the wave worn precipice ;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss ;
The hill of waters! when they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

SHORTLY after returning to Busheeka Bay, I joined a party, among whom was Mr. Miaulis,

the son of the celebrated Greek Admiral of that name, and who,—in the school of a British man-of-war,—was preparing to tread the footsteps of his gallant father. We intended to visit Mount Ida, trace the Simoës to its source ; and, on the morning of the 5th of September, ere the sun had lit up the distant range of Gargarus, whither we were about to bend our steps, we were all on the “winding beach,” busily engaged amongst the huts and tents of the sutlers, in rousing up some Greeks, who, together with their cattle, we had bespoken to accompany us on our expedition.

After the usual expenditure of time and expletives on such occasions, we at last succeeded in having our baggage and tent placed on the backs of a set of sorry jades, who, by dint of blows, were at length prevailed on to get “under weigh.”

Leaving the tomb of Æseyetes on our left, we passed the “double sources” of Scamander, more appropriately termed by the Turks the “forty heads,”

“Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace;”

and where the veiled beauties of Bourne-bashee were, as we passed, engaged in a similar occupation, though instead of “fair garments,” the heaps of clothing exposed to our view had greatly the appearance of wonderfully “foul linen.”

Having thus successfully got over four or five miles of our journey, and shot a teal in the sedgy morass near the “double source,” we skirted the Bal-é-dāgh, or Hill of Honey; and leaving the “seat of sacred Troy” to the north east, soon debouched into the delightful and romantic valley of the Mendré, flowing between wooded hills ; the sides of which, when not shaded by dark pines and Scotch firs, shewed a profusion of green porphyry rocks gleaming brightly under the casual rays of the sun, whenever it peeped forth from behind its canopy of clouds.

The banks of the river were thickly wooded with both willows and plane trees, united above by all sorts of beautiful creepers ; amidst these the wild vine shone most conspicuous, which, together with the caprificus,*

* The wild fig-tree.

afforded us, as we rode along, not only the delightful shade of their over-canopied boughs, but a refreshing moisture to our parched lips, as we plucked, without stopping, the purple grape and ripe fig from their pendant branches.

Proceeding thus for eight or nine miles beyond Bournabashee, we came to the ruins of a bridge, which, from the solid construction of the remaining arches, we had every reason to believe to be of Roman origin. This bridge is mentioned in Chevalier's excursion to Mount Ida, and, if I remember right, he also deems it a classic remain.

Near this we were struck with a peculiarity in the small pillars generally erected in the cemeteries over the tombs of the faithful; they being composed of polygonal basaltic columns, evidently of natural formation, but of so regular a construction that they might at first sight have been mistaken for works of art.

The prevalence of porphyry strata a little higher up the valley has been already mentioned, and may account for the appearance of these basaltic columns.

A little beyond the "Roman Bridge," we

sounded a halt, and having already marched some thirteen or fourteen miles, did ample justice to the commissariat department, whilst our cattle gathered an abundant meal on the green banks of the clear running stream.

After smoking our chibouks, and taking a short siesta, we again mounted, and keeping the river in sight, arrived in about an hour at a considerable town, which we ascertained to be Iné or Æné.

This by some travellers is considered as the ancient Scepsis, by others the Neandria, of Strabo; and is generally allowed to be the spot to which Æneas retired, and where he reigned after the destruction of Troy.

A mound in the neighbourhood is yet called "Sovran Tépé," or the king's tomb; and it is mentioned as such by Dr. Clarke. Barker Webb, in his "Agro Trojano," however, remarks, that this supposed tumulus, (which we did not visit,) is not an artificial, but one of those natural basaltic formations before alluded to, and which, together with the often mistaken notions formed by an apparent similarity of sounds, had united to mislead the

opinions of this otherwise interesting inquiry, who was then but now in profound theoretical obscurity.

As we passed through the village we celebrated a marriage ceremony: the women in veiled gowns were dancing in a dance, while a single drum was performed to the music sounds of a sort of *bagpipes* and *tambourines** the performers a village in the expected "Turkish" style in fact in the village highly skilled in the art piastres we learned at that for their minstrelsy. As their harmony died away on our ears, we entered the extensive and fertile plain of Biramitch and after proceeding in an easterly direction some four or five miles, the setting sun warned us to pitch our tent for the night. We took up our position by the road side, near a well, about a quarter of a mile from the object of our journey, the "silver Simois," which now wound through the level plain without any apparent decrease either in the breadth of its channel or the

* Small drums made of an earthen vessel, the mouth of which is covered with parchment.

bulk of its waters, that we had now traced for nearly twenty-five miles from the sea.

Wherever wells were not to be found, the wants of the traveller were provided for by a large earthen vessel embedded in a bank under a shady tree, with a drinking cup beside it ; and which, by some charitable hand was always filled with water of the purest and clearest description.

As we came along the plain of Biramitch, our road was often intersected by fragments of pavement, which, from the solidity of their construction and the direct line of their course, we pronounced to have been, originally, a Roman causeway ; these traces continued as far as the spot on which we had encamped, and where ended our first day's march, probably eight or nine leagues from Busheeka Bay.

About ten or twelve miles from our halting place of the preceding night, and nearly fifteen from *Æné*, we reached Biramitch, a place of some consideration, and the residence of an aga.

An opportunity here occurred of seeing the first Turkish *Khan*, or public Hostelerie, we had yet witnessed. It consisted of a range of build-

ings surrounding a yard, in which, like the "patios" in Spain, stood a fountain. As the whole of the upper rooms had been let out to different people for various periods, the only place for the accommodation of the passing traveller was an apartment contiguous to the stable, where, on a raised and inclined platform,—resembling that used in our soldiers' guard - rooms, — the wayfarer might spread the carpet of repose—certainly not on a bed of down.

In some khans this is the only accommodation the traveller can procure; here, however, we not only managed to get a feed of barley for our horses, but were provided with Tenedos wine, coffee, and very good bread.

Learning that there were public "Hamams," or baths, in the town, I repaired thither for the double purpose of enjoying that delightful refreshment, and of looking for any remains of antiquity, which are at these places generally to be found, either embedded in the marble floors, or in the old sarcophagi made use of as water-troughs for the fountains.

In neither of my expectations was I disappointed; I found many reliques of olden times,

but the inscriptions on them were too much obliterated to admit of a copy being made; and after being renovated by the reviving effects of an abundant ablution in vapour and hot water, I returned to the Khan just as the party were about to set off.

Dr. Clarke mentions, in his journey to Mount Ida, that a short distance from Biramitch, (which he, I think, considers as the ancient Scepsis, the birth-place of Demetrius the historian,) he discovered some very considerable remains of antiquity, fallen columns, entablatures, and what he considered as the ruins of a Temple of Jupiter; but either the Turks have since his time converted all these venerable reliques into lime, cannon-shot, or “turban'd” tomb-stones, or else we did not keep the same track as the learned doctor; for I cannot say that we observed anything of the kind in our progress from Biramitch.

The level plain through which for the last fifteen miles we had hitherto travelled began now to change its aspect, the road undulated over gentle swells, the last remains of the rugged and mighty mass from whence they derived their existence: a jungle, amongst which were

patches of cultivation, replaced the widely extended fields of the plain ; and the Simoïs, confined between a narrower boundary, now fretted and blustered, as it met in its downward course huge rocks to oppose its hitherto smooth and gentle progress.

The scenery, as it assumed a wilder appearance, became more beautiful ; our path was often overshadowed by the vine and honeysuckle ; and whilst the former administered its refreshing tribute to the palate, other senses were likewise gratified, by the perfume of the jessamine, and the beautiful appearance of overhanging clusters of flowering clematis. As a turn, of what had now assumed all the character of a valley, disclosed to us the towering heights of Ida, from whose summits Jove was wont “to thunder from above,” we entered a region, to us, clothed in quite a novel garb —this was a “jungle” composed of wild pear-trees, interspersed with peach bushes, which in the spring of the year, from the profusion of blossoms, must produce a most gay and brilliant effect.

It was in this “fruitful” wilderness that we met with some members of a tribe, who in

this portion of the globe play the same part that Gipsies do in Europe, and the Brinjari in the remote districts of the East. These were a Turcoman family, travelling in a truly patriarchal manner with all they possessed on earth. A few paras given to the children ensured us the goodwill of the poor wanderers, and with a hearty “ourola” (a pleasant voyage to you) on both sides, we parted in peace.

After proceeding for about an hour through this belt of wild pear-trees,* they gradually made way for a forestry of dwarf oak, till at last, as we penetrated nearer the foot of the throne of Jove, the spurs of the Gargarian range became covered with darksome firs, which overhung the numerous torrents and rills on every side, pouring their tributary streams into the bed of the still “silvery,” though now chafed, Simoïs.

Every step we took further confirmed us in the opinion, that, in writing the Iliad, Homer must have not only been personally acquainted

* The vicinity to the scene of the judgment of Paris suggests the idea whether it might not have been a *pear* instead of an apple, which the fortunate shepherd presented to the goddess of love and beauty.

with the plain celebrated by the actions recorded by him, but with the different localities introduced into his poem.

For instance, in the following lines in his fourteenth book, where Juno, accompanied by Sleep, alights on Lectos,* “on the point of Ide:”—

“(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills,
Are heard resounding with a *hundred rills*,)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god:
Hush’d are her mountains, and her forests nod.
Then on a *fir*, whose spiry branches rise,” etc.

the chaos of hills, which roll, as it were, their tumultuous waves at the foot of the towering and “fair Ida”—the numerous brooks, and even the nature of the woods with which its sides are clothed, are here all distinctly mentioned.

I had remained behind the party to commit to paper one of the beautiful scenes which were constantly recurring, when, coming to a spot where many paths diverged, I happened to take the wrong one, wandered long amongst the hills, and had every prospect of spending a night *al fresco*, if I were not in

* Lectos is, properly speaking, the termination to the westward of the Idean range.

my slumbers roasted alive ; for I first observed issuing from an opposite range of hills dense clouds of blue smoke, which as they curled upwards disclosed bright wreaths of flame, and it soon became apparent that a wide extent of forest was on fire ; what made the circumstance still more unpleasant was, that the flames appeared to cross the very path I had to follow.

I was at last relieved from my dilemma by meeting a peasant, who understood a few words of Greek, and under whose guidance I reached the village of Ebjilar, (or place of hunters,) where I found the party encamped in the sandy bed of the river, close to a rustic bridge which here spanned its course.

The last few hours had transported us, as if by magic, into quite a different zone ;—in half a day we had been carried from the plains of Asia Minor to the fir-clad mountains of Switzerland, with its roaring torrents, its wooden “chalets,” and rough race of hardy mountaineers.

We had brought a letter from the aga of Biramitch to the chief of the “Place of Hunters,” which ensured us every civility, and

abundant supplies at a wonderfully cheap rate.* The rude cottages, built of unhewn logs of fir, and roofed with flat terraces covered with mud, were ransacked to provide our comforts; and the scene which presented itself at night—as in company with the sturdy mountaineers we all assembled round a huge pine log fire, smoking our pipes, and initiating our new friends into the mysteries of drinking potent grog—was worthy of the pencil of a Salvador Rosa, who might have pencilled, from amidst the surrounding swarthy countenances, many a bandit-looking face. Seduced by the beauty of the scene,—the dark forests waving in the distance, the clear waters murmuring at our feet, and partially shaded by a huge walnut-tree overhead,—it was not till a late hour that we retired to take that repose which was so requisite to enable us to endure the fatigues of the morrow.

Sept. 7th. Striking our tent at daylight, we boldly breasted the mountain, and entered on scenes of grandeur which would baffle the ablest pen to do justice to. We followed the

* If I remember rightly, we paid somewhat at the rate of sixpence a piece for fine turkeys, and everything else in proportion.

course of the stream, now madly dashing in cataracts over rocks and the trunks of fallen pines, which occasionally obstructed its course ; at other times spanning the current, the latter became rustic and fragile bridges over its foaming waters, which, whenever a moment's respite was granted to them by some deep eddying pool under an overhanging rock, sparkled forth in the purest and most crystalline hues.

But its rugged banks were not alone clothed with the dark and sombre pine ; a thousand other trees, plants, and shrubs, added claims to the landscape, and reflected in its waters their varied foliage and bright flowers. Amongst these the beech, the alder, the arbutus, the filbert, the lime, the plane-tree, and the oak, were conspicuous ; the whole reminded me, though on a much grander and sublimer scale, of the sides of some of the Mountain Barancos in the Sierras of Andalusia. But here were combined the smiling beauties of the south with the terrific grandeur of the northern regions, and feelings of pleasure were strangely blended with sensations of awe, on contemplating the scene which presented itself.

Homer describes these regions as the

"mother of savages;" and although several modern authors have mentioned it as the abode of bears,* and other savage denizens of the wilderness, we neither saw nor heard of any such; and our guides assured us that nothing of the kind were at present to be found in these hills. However, this evidence I consider as very far from conclusive of their non-existence. Every one who has been accustomed to the pursuit of the larger species of game, particularly of the more ferocious kind, is aware of the difficulty, even when attended by a diligent search, of falling in with them. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at if our party, who had not time to diverge from the beaten track, should not have stumbled on a bear or a wolf; and little reliance is to be placed on the assertions of guides, who probably thought that if they held out any encouragement to our sporting pro-

* Dr. Clarke, in his ascent to the summit of Mount Ida, in a less favourable season, says that he saw the traces of a "tiger" in the snow. It might perhaps have been that of an ounce, or panther, which the worthy Doctor, who perhaps was not much of a sportsman, may have mistaken for the foot-print of the "monarch of the forest." Homer makes frequent mention of the "lion;" but nowhere, that I can recollect, is the "tiger" introduced in the pages of the Iliad.

pensities, it would most likely be at the expense of a great deal of trouble and fatigue to themselves.

After following for a couple of hours the windings of the torrent up a path generally scarped out of its precipitous banks, we arrived at the spot beyond which it was reported impracticable for our horses and baggage to proceed. Here, therefore, on a level and green platform, under the branches of some venerable oaks, it was resolved to pitch the tent, and make it the head-quarters for those who, on the following day, meant to reach the summit of the mountain. Never was encampment fixed in a lovelier spot, and but little stretch of the imagination was required to make it tally with the description given by the poet of the locality in the interview between Juno and the all-powerful, though then love-stricken Jove, when—

“ Gazing he spoke; and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell the rising bed;
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestow,
And flamy crocus make the mountain glow.”

And, with the exception of the “*lotos*,” we found all the flowers herein recorded ; and whilst temples, columns, and nations had, during the period of three thousand years, undergone so many changes, Nature alone remained unaltered and unalterable.

Leaving the tent to the care of the attendants, we proceeded to scramble towards the sources of the river, and soon came to a branch spring, the waters of which appeared to be of a warmer temperature than those of the main channel ; thereby confirming what Barker Webb asserts, when, from this circumstance, he tries to prove the identity of the sources of the Méndré with those of the Scamander. He says : “ The water at the sources of the Scamander (Méndré) was 43° Fahrenheit, the external air 63°, and the warm spring (*l'acqua termale*) mounted to 70°, when it joined the Scamander.”

We here saw several Turkish women, probably come to take a dip at this tepid spring ; but we were not able to ascertain if its waters possessed any mineral virtues ;—and, unwilling to have a second edition of the scene at Alexandria Troas, I suggested that we should pro-

ceed on our voyage of discovery, which was accordingly done, apparently much to the satisfaction of the fair Osmanlis. I must remark, en passant, that this part of the stream was overshadowed by the loftiest and most magnificent plane trees I ever beheld.

The nature of the ground now obliged us to deviate from the channel; but, guided by the “roar of waters,” we continued to ascend, until, as we emerged into an open space, we looked down on a view which riveted us to the spot where we stood:—

“ How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.”

Profound indeed was the gulf below us; and the “giant element,” bursting into light from a white marble cavern, madly leaped into the darksome abyss below. Even at this summer season of the year it was a magnificent sight, but what must it have been during the snows and rains of winter!

We stood long contemplating the scene before us, and then returned to the tent, when,

after an early dinner, I was forced to take leave* of the party, (who intended on the following day to ascend to the summit of the mountain,) in hopes of being back at Busheeka Bay in time to take a passage by H. M. Ship Beacon, which was about to sail for Smyrna.

In a country where steamboats and railways convey the passenger with lightning speed to a well-furnished hotel at the end of his journey, he has no idea of the meaning of the "alforjas" used in the sierras of Spain, or their sister "hébés,"† which contain all the traveller's wants as he traverses the plains of Asia Minor.

* After five hours' hard fag, my companions next day succeeded in gaining the top of Khās-Dāgh, or the "Mountain of the Goose," as Ida is called by the Turks, and found there the ruins of a small chapel dedicated to the Panagia, or Virgin Mary. Although at the height of 4600 feet above the sea, they were not a little surprised to behold snow at this season of the year, (the beginning of September.) One of the party described the view from this great elevation as the most magnificent he ever beheld, and great was my regret at not having been able to accompany them.

† The "alforja" and "hébé" are leather bags fitted to the saddle, and large enough to contain a sufficiency for the passing wants of both horse and man, in travelling through countries, the "hotels" of which are not always provided with the most attractive bills of fare.

But it is astonishing how human invention adapts itself to existing circumstances, and provides for the passing contingencies of the moment; with a carpet spread over the saddle, my shaggy Greek capote compactly rolled before, and the above-mentioned well-stored hébés depending from his sides; I was, with my steed, a walking camp, a very ambulatory hotel, carrying with me the wherewithal of food, bedding, and raiment; and thus well provided, I took my solitary departure from my pleasant “compagnons de voyage,” arrived in the evening, without adventure, at the good town of Biramitch. After performing my ablutions at the “humaum,” I proceeded to the khan, where, after washing down a sorry supper with a glass of hot “rakhee”* punch,—to protect, or rather to make me insensible to the approaches of nocturnal foes,—I spread my carpet on the boards of the raised platform doing duty as bedstead, and, rolling myself up in the folds of my “griego,” was soon lost in the land of forgetfulness.

Next morning, in making several necessary

* A sort of spirit—made, I believe, of barley,—much in request by the lower order of Greeks.

purchases previously to starting on a march of thirty-five miles, I had an opportunity of seeing a specimen of the respective characters of Greek and Turk ; that is to say, if it be fair to form any estimate on the subject from individual examples. Seeing an old Osmanli woman, with a basket containing some bread for sale, I gave her one or two piastres, and, helping myself to a loaf, took my departure ; but she called me back, giving me to understand that I had not had the value of my money, and literally forcing on me more of her store than I could conveniently carry ; and it was with difficulty that, with a profusion of “ evalas,” (thank you,) and exclaiming “ chok etmuk,” (enough bread,) I succeeded in making my escape from the conscientious old lady.

Having thus provided for my own wants, I went to the bazaar, and, at the stall of a Greek, asked for a couple of measures of “ *χριθαρι*,” (barley.) On being furnished with the article in question, I paid him what I knew to be its value, having before had occasion to purchase that article ; but the scoundrel insisted on receiving three times its worth, and I had neither leisure, means, nor inclination to resist his paltry

imposition. Therefore, with bread, grapes, and barley, and the help of a good deal of persuasion from a strong cudgel, I got my poor beast under weigh, and on reaching the old Roman bridge already described, halted in the sandy bed of the river, under the shade of its remaining arch; and, after fastening a bag with the barley over the head of my steed, earnestly applied myself to the frugal repast I had brought with me. At its conclusion,—both horse and man being completely done up,—I turned the former adrift, to pick up whatever he could on the banks of the river, and rolling myself up in the capote, with the saddle and hébé for a pillow, I slept soundly for a couple of hours, and then mounting once more, slowly proceeded towards Bournabashee, which I reached a short time before sunset.

I was anxious to see whether the fleet were still moored at Busheeka Bay, as the lapse of even a few days in the then critical state of affairs might have caused many alterations in its movements; therefore, imitating what Polites, the son of Priam, did on a former similar occasion, I steered for the most elevated spot of the plain, the tomb of Æseyetes, the Udjek

Tépé of the Turks, from whence I knew that I could command a view of both the Hellespont and Ægean Sea :—

“ High on the mound, from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.”

As I proceeded thither, in crossing the plain I stumbled on a couple of very fine land tortoises; they were instantly transferred to the interior of the general receiver of all the curiosities: the unfathomable “ hébé,” and added to the heterogeneous mass already collected therein.*

As I reached the summit of the vast tumulus, the sun was just dipping behind the now visible form of the gigantic Athos, and shewed the dark hulls, and bare and leafless “ forestry” of masts and spars of the united fleets, in the identical position I had left them; but one vessel I in vain looked for,—the “ Beacon” of my hopes was gone!—and I had lost my passage to Smyrna.

* These captive Trojans were carried to England, where one died of consumption; the other, however, was still flourishing a year after its capture on the Plain of Troy.

. The following table of distances may be of use to some future explorer of the Idean range:—

From Busheeka Bay to Bournabashee, nearly E.	7 miles.
Bournabashee to Æné, through the valley of the Mendris, S.E. 12
Æné to Biramitch, across the plain, E.	. . 15
Biramitch to Ebjilar, at the foot of Khās- Dāgh, or Mount Gargarus, E.	. . . 15
Total	<hr/> 49

In this excursion a small tent will be found useful, as it saves the traveller from the vermin of the khans, and enables him to choose his own halting ground.

Mention having been made of the Tomb of Æseyetes, the largest and most conspicuous of the whole plain of Troy, it was Captain Napier's intention to have had it opened by his crew; arrangements had even taken place for having tents sent to the spot, but the unsettled state of affairs caused the undertaking to be delayed, and finally abandoned; and thus was unfortunately lost an opportunity, which may never again occur, of prosecuting some of the most interesting antiquarian researches.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leave the "Powerful"—Tenedos—The author *detrop*—Cafanet—Turkish coffee—On board the steamer—Line of Austrian steam-ships—Steam-boat passengers—Sir Andrew Barnard—The leech trade—Smyrna—Variety of costume—Innovation—Beauties of Armenia—The khan—Slave market—Black cattle—Delicate attentions—Turkish academy—Jews and Jewesses of Smyrna—Their dress—In search of the synagogue—Travelling in the dark—Country residences of the Frankish merchants—Services of Lieut. Graves—Quarantine.

"An adieu should in utterance die;
If written, but faintly appear:
Should be heard in the burst of a sigh,
Should be seen in the drop of a tear."

ON the 21st of September, taking a final leave of the "Powerful," and of all my friends on board, I went to await at Tenedos the arrival of the Austrian steamer, which, on her

way from Constantinople, stops there a few minutes to take in passengers.

Tenedos, which, in the time of Homer, was peculiarly sacred to Apollo,

“The source of light, whom Tenedos adores,”

could probably once boast of its temples and altars dedicated to the god of the “silver bow.” At a later period, immense granaries were erected here by the Emperor Justinian, to receive the cargoes of vessels laden with corn for the supply of Constantinople, and which might be detained at the entrance of the Dardanelles by the then, as now, prevailing northerly winds; but, save one or two broken sarcophagi, not a trace remained of its ancient grandeur, and the dismantled and nearly deserted Turkish fort frowned over a scene of desolation and apparent barrenness. I say apparent, because the island, notwithstanding its present singularly parched up appearance, is celebrated in the Levant for the quality and abundance of the vintages, producing that well-known red wine which bears its name.

As, waiting the arrival of the steamer, I

wandered up and down the nearly deserted streets of the little town, I suddenly came on a large assemblage of Greek women, collected before the door of one of the houses, the abode,—as I was informed,—of a damsel about to become a bride, and whom, on such occasions, it appears customary to parade about the town previous to the marriage ceremony, accompanied by all her female friends; herself and they in their best gala attire. I for some time followed the procession, but it being evident that I was considered “*de trop*,” I took refuge in a “*cafenet*,” and, with a narghili and coffee, beguiled away the time; in this I was assisted by the musical propensity of mine host, a fine-looking old Moslem, who, in the ancient garb of the faithful—the ample turban and flowing robes—was amusing his audience with the monotonous sounds of a sort of guitar, which is known here by the name of a “*sās*.”

The “*cafenet*” is as much, or perhaps more, resorted to by the idlers in the Levant, than the “*cabaret*” in France, or the “*café*” in Spain. Here, for a few paras, stretched at his ease, or seated cross-legged on one of the raised platforms which surround the apartment, the

Turk can enjoy those greatest luxuries of his existence—the essence of the “berry,”* and the aroma of his chibouk; whilst for hours he will sit, the most contented of human beings, sipping the one, and inhaling the fumes of the other.

Such were *my* occupations when warned of the arrival of the steamer; when hastening on board, we were soon under weigh, and gliding along the well-wooded and vine-clad shores of Asia Minor. We shortly lost sight of Alexandria Troas; old “Eski Stamboul,” with its “palace of Priam,” so conspicuous amidst the surrounding foliage of the Valonia oaks,—and, doubling

* Coffee, that “brew” for which the Turks are so celebrated, is made by them in the following simple manner:—A small vessel, containing about a wine-glass of water, is placed on the fire, and when boiling, a tea-spoonful of ground coffee is put into it, stirred up, and it is suffered to boil and “bubble” a few seconds longer, when it is poured (grounds and all) into a cup about the size of an egg-shell, encased in gold or silver filigree work, to protect the finger from the heat; and the liquid, in its scalding, black, thick, and troubled state, is imbibed with the greatest relish. Like smoking, it must be quite an acquired taste, and the quaint remarks on the subject of old Spon and Wheeler are very amusing.

Cape Baba, arrived at sunset before the beautiful island of Myteleñe, where for a short time we brought up

Owing to the prevailing influence of certain winds and currents, the benefit of a steam navigation is perhaps felt here to a greater extent than in any other part of the world. It was formerly a common occurrence for a passenger on board a sailing vessel to be two months on the voyage from Smyrna to Constantinople: the same trip is now, with the utmost certainty, accomplished in as many days.

A line of Austrian steam packets keep up the communication between Trieste, Corfu, Patras, Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople, fitted up with every accommodation and comfort, (even to a good library on board,) and start at stated periods from these respective places; the requisite quarantine being generally performed at Syra. The most motley groups often tenant these ambulatory "tea-kettles." English "T. G.'s," Greek priests, Tartar couriers, the veiled beauties of a whole harem, African slaves, "fez'd" Turks, and speculating

Jews, are at once the not unfrequent materials of the heterogeneous mass, of which a part invariably consists of our own roving countrymen. On the present occasion we mustered no less than five, amongst whom was General Sir Andrew Barnard, who had been on a few days' visit to the fleet. Of the latter class, I became acquainted with a most amusing old son of Israel, to whom my attention was first directed by the unceasing perseverance with which he kept passing backwards and forwards the beads of his chaplet—an amusement already adverted to in a former portion of these pages. On entering into conversation with him, I found that he was just returned from the banks of the Black Sea, where he had, during the summer, been engaged in the *leech* trade. Large quantities of these animals, it appears, are collected there, and form a most considerable article of commerce, 300,000 *okes* being, according to my old “yahoodi’s” account, annually shipped off for Marseilles, Trieste, and other ports of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. They are bought and sold, not by number, but weight, the Agas of the districts where they

are found paying the peasants who catch them ten piastres per "oke," and receiving from the dealers three times that amount.*

As we lost sight of Mytelene, darkness threw its mantle around us, and next morning, proceeding on deck, I found we were snugly at anchor in the bay of Smyrna, close to Her Majesty's surveying ship, the "Beacon," on board which I immediately proceeded, and learned that in the course of a few days she was to sail for Athens. Her commander, Lieut. Graves, kindly offered me a passage; and, in the meanwhile, I proceeded to take up my abode ashore, and to make the most of my time in reconnoitring the "lions" of Smyrna.

Of its past grandeur Smyrna retains few vestiges, and those are only to be found in the walls of the castle on Mount Pagus, which still display some of the solid remains of Roman architecture, mingled with the more modern additions of the Genoese, whose possessions, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, extended along the coast of Asia Minor, even

* The piastre is equal to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; the "oke" weighs about $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

to the entrance of the Black Sea. A noble aqueduct across the valley of the Maeles is also attributed to their industry. Embedded in a niche of the massive walls on Mount Pagus is a marble colossal head, which, although much defaced, is easily recognisable as that of a female, and said to represent the amazon Smyrnis. Tradition accounts for its mutilated state by saying that in times of yore a young man formed such a Pygmalion-like attachment to this sculptured image, that he used to spend his whole time in serenading it with his lyre. At last this fruitless passion had such an effect on the poor youth's health, that his life was despaired of; and his father, as the only means of curing him of his folly, vented his wrath on the cause of it, and, spoiling the charms of the fair Smyrnis, reduced her to her present dilapidated condition.

At the "Maison Suisse," where I had taken up my abode, I met with an English gentleman, of the name of St. Leger, who had lately returned from an extensive tour in the Levant; and man being naturally a gregarious animal, I was too glad to have the advantage of his

agreeable acquaintance and company in visiting scenes, which were rendered doubly interesting by the information which he imparted.

For variety of costume, and diversity of people of different nations, Smyrna beats every thing I ever beheld. I had previously looked on Gibraltar as the Babel of many languages; next, in this opinion, Constantinople usurped its place; but they were both thrown far into the shade by the varied assemblage I witnessed here, in a morning's stroll through the market-places and bazaars.

Your way in the narrow thoroughfares is often completely stopped by long strings of camels, groaning under immense loads of figs, and preceded by their uncouth and Tartar-like looking drivers, generally mounted on a small ass. These wild-looking and bronzed figures from the interior, generally rejoice in enormous turbans, and huge jack, or rather fishermen's, boots, which must add greatly to the burden of the already overweighted little animals which they bestride. You are jostled by busy and noisy Greeks, ever in motion, and resplendent in all the glories of the magnificent "Palicar" costume; offering, by their noisy vociferations

and vehement gestures, a marked contrast to the grave Turk or stately Persian merchant, who, with his amber-mouthed chibouk in hand, is patiently awaiting the arrival of a customer for some of his rich silks or handsome carpets, which are displayed before him in the greatest profusion. The next stall is, maybe, occupied by some cunning Israelite, or plodding son of Armenia, who, with pen in hand, and an enormous tea-kettle of a calpac stuck on his shaven crown, is carefully noting down, in cramped and mystical characters, the gains of the day, and scarcely raises his eyes as he casts a glance of surprise at the rolling and careless gait of some of our jolly tars, who, with “Dido”* written on their glazed *tiles*, are now having a spree on shore. Unless to this list be added Frenchmen and Austrians, friars and Catholic priests, wandering Turcomans and begging dervishes, Syrian Jews and Maltese sailors, the picture would be incomplete, as far as regards the rougher sex. And now take we a peep at the ladies.

Remoter from its focus; innovation has, at Smyrna, made less rapid progress than in the

* The English frigate then stationed at Smyrna.

capital; and, as the insignia of the faith, the "turban," is here much more prevalent than the "fez," so, in the gentler sex, a greater adhesion to Oriental customs and costume is observed in the closer folds of the feridjee, and more careful adjustment of the yashmac. Their charms are further protected from any obtrusive glance by the addition of a piece of black crape, which completely shrouds the countenance, and leaves nothing for the most lively imagination to seize on.

Towards evening, the portly beauties of Armenia may be seen at the windows, and are easily discernible by their "Dudu" forms, sleepy dark eyes, and fine complexions; the voluptuous languor of their general appearance offering a marked contrast to the lively glances and sparkling black eyes of the Greek damsels, who display their charms amidst the gaudy and often ill-assorted collection of brilliant colours, of which their dress is always composed, and which gives them a much less modest appearance than their veiled and nun-like Osmanli sisters. Their hair, increased by the addition of false locks or coloured silk, is plaited, and either twisted round the red

and gold-studded fez, or else intermingled with the folds of the turban. A kind of loose jelic, or spencer, with open sleeves, and generally of richly-embroidered velvet, and a common petticoat, complete the costume of the fair Smyrniote. The Jewesses were seldom seen in public; however, more of *their* tribe anon. Mingled with all these oriental costumes, bonnets and shawls are now nearly as common as in London or Paris; and I even had one or two passing glances at the mysterious and fluttering “faldette” of Calypso’s isle. To this list must be added the swarthy and thick-lipped beauties of Ethiopia; and a more varied collection of these houris could nowhere be found, or be deemed more worthy of the zenana of the blessed Prophet in his seventh and highest heaven.

During our peregrinations we visited the “khan,” or caravanseraï, appropriated for the reception of Persian merchants and travellers, and I gladly recognised in their euphoneous language, sounds with which my ears had once been familiar in the far east, and which were now received with all the zest of old associations; nor did the “Zuban é Pharsee,”

coming from the lips of a Frank, appear to cause less pleasure and astonishment in these stately-looking pilgrims from the land of Zoroaster.

On leaving the khan of the Persians, we strolled on towards the slave-market. There is always—and, methinks, particularly to a free-born Briton—something grating on the ear in the very sound of “slavery;” chains, and manacles, scourges and tortures, are somehow the usual repulsive images connected with the word; but as far as relates to Turkey, these would be most mistakingly applied. In this part of the world “bondage” is arrayed in the soft garb of kindness and comfort, so visibly displayed by the mild treatment of the Osmanli towards the poor creatures whom—on becoming possessed of—he considers more as his own children, and part of his family, than as purchased slaves, and whose bodily comforts he as anxiously promotes as he is solicitous about the state of their souls, by inculcating the precepts of the holy Prophet. There must, of course, be exceptions to this state of things, but generally speaking it is universally admitted, particularly in the case of the negro

race, that they are considerably the gainers in this exchange of liberty, for ease, comfort, and often affluence and power; for, in the East, such is the glorious uncertainty of human affairs, that many instances are on record of the tenant of the slave-market being raised to the command of fleets and armies, and to the very foot of the throne.

The difficulty of obtaining, at present, slaves from Georgia and Circassia has greatly enhanced their price, and principally confined the trade to "black cattle." Such was the state of the "market" when we visited it; its occupants were all negresses, with the exception of one female, as dark as the rest, but whose aquiline nose, and long, black, flowing locks, betrayed a nobler origin: on inquiring, we ascertained that she came from a part of the Libyan desert, much frequented by the Bedouin tribes, which fully accounted for the "aristocratic" nature of her looks and appearance.

We arrived at the hour of feeding; and although their fare was coarse, consisting of a piece of brown bread and cheese, with a couple of onions, and a little salt, still they appeared in good health, and neither melan-

sholy or low spirits seemed to oppress them, as they grinned, with an air of contented happiness, and displayed their white and regular teeth ; we threw amongst them a few paras, which they eagerly scrambled for amidst shouts of merriment.

With features such as are generally presented by the African negro,—their forms were faultless,—and we had shortly an opportunity of seeing one “trotted out” before an intended purchaser, who examined her with all the care and acuteness of a horse-dealer concluding a purchase.

The object of all these “delicate attentions” was a young girl of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, whose “good points” were little concealed by any excess of clothing. Her paces were first tried by walking backwards and forwards in front of her intended master ; he was old and ill-favoured, and methought that the damsel did not appear to like the transfer which was about to take place. After satisfying himself as to her “action,” he proceeded to a more minute examination, scientifically passed his hand down the leg, to ascertain the soundness of

the “back sinews,” examined her tongue and teeth; scrutinized her eyes, and entered into so many minutiae, that I fully expected to see my grave and turbaned connoisseur next try her “wind,” by the accustomed pressure of the thorax; however, his scrutiny did not extend to that length, and after a great deal of haggling, during which he had offered as much as fifty dollars for the young sprig of ebony, he left the place without striking a bargain; and, as it appeared to me, much to the satisfaction of the young lady.

We next went to a “seminary for young gentlemen,” where the youthful Osmanlis were busily engaged in imbibing the healthful doctrines of the Koran, under the influence of a good bamboo, which was often soundly administered by the solemn-looking pedagogue who officiated on the occasion. Another peculiar instrument for teaching the young idea how to shoot, fixed our attention; this was a collar with bells attached to it, and fixed by a rope to a pulley in the ceiling; the head of the young delinquent being fixed in this, he was hauled up to the requisite degree of tension, and at every movement of his head, the

tinkling bells attracted the attention of the audience to his ludicrous situation. The boys were squatted two or three deep all round the apartment, rocking their bodies to and fro like so many Mandarins, and uttering sounds which would have done credit to a well-peopled bee-hive, whilst they tried to commit to memory the sentences traced in chalk on the small black board, which each held before him; on being called up in succession to the throne of the domine, he soundly visited any impediment in speech on the extended palm and pliant back of the trembling little sinner, who went unprepared before this august tribunal.

Amongst the various traders from Smyrna who were in the habit of visiting the fleet at Busheeka Bay, was a young Jew of the name of Elijah, whose acquaintance I had formed on board the "Powerful," and who found me out at Smyrna; I had had an opportunity of doing him one or two good turns, and the poor fellow proved his gratitude by shewing us every attention. Finding me anxious to learn as much as I could relating to Oriental customs, he offered to give us an insight into

the interior of his house, during the celebration of the feast of the "Succo," which I concluded, from the erection of temporary sheds, to be that of the Tabernacles ordained in the book of Leviticus.*

On entering his abode, it displayed every sign of festivity; we were conducted up stairs, and presented to his mother, wife, and sister, who, much to my surprise, spoke to each other in a dialect which I understood, though much corrupted, was evidently of Spanish origin, and satisfactorily proved the extent of the emigration of these wandering children of Israel.

When Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of Grenada, and expelled the Moors from their fair domains in Spain,—by a most unwise policy,—the numerous Jews residing there were included in the general proscription, and, together with their valuable goods and chattels, carried across to Barbary immense quantities of specie, in gold and silver.

Spreading thence along the northern shores

* "And ye shall dwell in *booths* seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in *booths*."—Lev. xxiii. 42.

of Africa, these wanderers at last returned to nearly the point of their original departure, carrying with them,—if not some of the customs,—at least the language, of the strange land of their lengthened sojourn. But, however their accents may have become altered, no change has taken place in the truly Oriental character of the dress and appearance of their women. The former, though less rich and gorgeous, and the latter perhaps less beautiful, than that of their sisters of Tetuan and Tangiers, are still so characteristic as to stamp them as belonging to the same tribe. The same large black and swimming eye, the same clear olive complexion, and full voluptuous form, marked our new and pretty friend, Stirula,—the sister of our host,—and strongly recalled those peculiarities with which I had been so much struck a few months before, in the beautiful Jewish maidens on the western coast of Barbary.

The dress of our new acquaintances was more Oriental, more “*a la Turque*” than that of the latter, particularly in the “shentién,” or loose silken drawers,—those graceful appendages to the female costume of the East,—where the ladies have no scruple in wearing, without disguise, the “breeches.” The “mandil,” or

turban of flowered cachemire, was partially covered by the “dulbend,” or snowy sheet of white muslin, gracefully falling over the shoulders, and the outer pelisse of silk, called the “jonbel;” under this is a second flowing garment of the same material, the “anteri,” confined round the waist by a broad “coushāt,” or sash, over which is clasped a golden zone, whilst one of the same material encircles the neck, and the ears are ornamented with rich rings, united by a chain behind the head.

These ladies appeared to possess all the cordiality and frankness of their Barbary sisters, shaking us heartily by the hand, and doing the honours with all possible ease and hospitality; they brought in on trays various cakes and sweetmeats, wine and “rakhee,” which we were pressed to partake of: and it was to us no small matter of surprise that a person in such apparent humble circumstances as our friend Elijah, had at his disposal so many comforts and luxuries, and could afford to clothe the female part of his establishment in the rich and costly garments which they now displayed.

After partaking of all the good things placed before us, we descended into an open hall, facing a “patio,” in which sparkled the

clear waters of a marble fountain. To the sound of a “doul”*—an instrument of a peculiar, and to us novel appearance, on which a gipsy-like girl was performing, accompanied by a tambourine—were dancing the domestics, and all the younger members of the family on this day of general rejoicing. The figures and movements were much in the style of the Indian nautch, the arms, hands, and body being brought into as great play as the feet.

We agreed to meet our friend Elijah in the evening at the synagogue, where he promised to initiate us further into the mysteries of his people, and in the mean time returned to our “hostellerie,” where we were incarcerated the whole day, during which—for the first time in the season—the rain came down in torrents. Towards night it ceased, and we sallied forth in search of the synagogue in the Jewish quarter.

Travelling in the dark is at all times an unpleasant operation, but I never found it more so than in the present instance, when, after the heavy rain which had fallen, we were pe-

* An earthen vessel covered at the mouth with parchment, across which the fingers are drawn, as with the tambourine.

rambulating the narrow, filthy, and ill-paved streets of the Turkish quarter of Smyrna, with scarce a gleam of light to guide our floundering footsteps, which at every corner aroused troops of gaunt and fierce dogs, whom nothing but the stout cudgels which we bore in our hands prevented from inflicting on us severe bodily injuries.

Never did I behold a more desolate scene than it was our fate to wander through on that eventful evening, when literally fighting our way, step by step, through these hungry ghouls; and by the flickering light of the lanthorn carried by our guide—and serving only to make darkness visible—we waded onwards through oceans of mud, and in an utter solitude, only occasionally broken by the patrol, who, with a lanthorn, was parading his district. In a Turkish city, where a happy ignorance still prevails of either lamps or gas-light, every one going out after dark is obliged to be provided with a lanthorn, which, in the event of becoming extinguished from lack of fuel, the passenger so situated may, as a right, claim a supply from the next “guardian of the night” whom he encounters, but who, if the “magic lanthorn” be not tendered as a pass,

instantly seizes the unhappy delinquent, and incarcerates him for the rest of the night in the nearest guard-house. After many unsuccessful attempts to find the synagogue, seeing that our guide was completely at fault in the intricate navigation of the city, we retraced our steps, and after some difficulty succeeded in regaining our hostellerie, registering a vow never again to expose ourselves to the unpleasant predicaments from which we had just escaped.

Astonished at our not appearing according to appointment, our friend Elijah called on us early the following morning, and offered to conduct us to witness the ceremony of a circumcision, which was performed before a crowded assemblage of Israelites by the officiating rabbi, after an immense deal of chaunting and other ceremonies, one of which consisted in the distribution, to every guest, of a branch of myrtle.

As the time of my embarkation was approaching, I was anxious before leaving Smyrna to visit the country residences of the Frankish merchants, situated six or seven miles from the town, at the villages of Bournābah and Boujāh; and accordingly, having provided

ourselves with horses, my friend and self made an excursion thither, and were highly gratified with these delightful summer retreats, where, amidst myrtle, orange, and olive groves, the weary merchant enjoys an occasional respite from the toil and tedium of his counter, and the heat, noise, and dust of the busy mart of the town.

On the evening of the 26th of September, I went on board the "Beacon," and as we managed to get under weigh before twelve o'clock at night, *one* day of our quarantine was thus allowed to count; her majesty's vessels passing that ordeal at the Piræus from Asia Minor, being limited to ten days, reckoning from the period of their leaving the Asiatic shores.

Having, through the hospitality of my friend Graves, been an inmate of his "barky" for upwards of a fortnight, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass, of saying a few words on the benefit he has been the means of conferring on the service at large, and how well, by the zeal he has for so many years displayed in his useful and scientific pursuits, he has earned that promotion which has only been so very lately conferred on him.

Captain Beaufort was, I believe, the first to make a regular survey of these shores, and his researches extended along the whole coast of Caramania. Lieutenant Graves, in the "Beacon," succeeded him, and for several years has been, not only engaged in making charts of the shores of Asia Minor and Greece, but he and his able assistants have extended their surveys several miles into the interior, and lately published numerous splendid military maps, of one inch to the mile, which are, I believe, the first of the kind ever made of a part of the world, still so little known, that even in a channel as much frequented as that between Tenedos and the main land,—on the first arrival of the fleet at Busheeka Bay, one of the line of battle ships ran ashore on a shoal which was not marked down in her charts, and although she got off without injury, had rough weather intervened, the accident might have been attended with the most serious consequences. Lieutenant Graves was immediately sent for, and during the summer completed an excellent survey of the whole coast to the mouth of the Dardanelles and adjoining country, together with the soundings, etc., and the "Beacon"

was now on her way back to winter at Malta, touching at the Piræus, to complete an unfinished survey in the island of Negropont, and of the neighbouring continent of Greece.

Besides his usual complement of enlightened and scientific officers, Lieutenant Graves had on board Dr. Forkhammer; a German professor of the deepest erudition, who had been, during the summer, engaged in making observations on the plain of Troy, which, when published, will no doubt tend to throw much light on that so frequently discussed subject.

Passing successively—on emerging from the bay of Smyrna—the range of Mount Mimos, Cape Kara Bornou, the islands of Scio and Ipsara—so well known as the scenes of the dreadful massacres which took place during the war of independence—we, the 28th September, entered Mendré Bay, on the coast of Attica; purporting there to ride out the remainder of our quarantine, of which the third day had already elapsed.

Mendré Bay is a height on the north of Cape Colonna, opposite the Island of Helena, so called because it was, according to Strabo, the first halting-place of Paris and Helen after their flight from Sparta, though others say

that it was at this spot that Menelaus stopped with his frail spouse, on his return after the siege of Troy. The coast has a rocky, and at this time of the year a barren appearance, and we could see from the ship two or three deserted cottages—the remains of what appeared to have been an amphitheatre,—but no signs of inhabitants. It is a common thing for ships to take refuge here on being baffled by northerly winds in their passage through the straits of the Daro; and it was at this identical spot that, a couple of months before, as we were beating through that channel in the "Powerful," we first beheld the "Beacon" snugly moored under the lee of the land.

Quarantine is ever a tiresome ordeal, yet we managed to kill time pretty well until the evening of the 3rd October, when we got under weigh, doubled Cape Sunium, and, after a passing glance at the magnificent remains of the celebrated Temple of Minerva, found ourselves, next morning, in the land-locked port of the Piræus, and in hopes of enjoying immediate pratique. Judge, then, of our disappointment and dismay, on being informed that in consequence of a new regulation, and of our not having made our appearance until the

“eleventh hour,” we should have the benefit of being in durance vile for a further period of four days. Nothing could exceed the vexation of such a delay, after having laid to our souls the flattering unction of a speedy emancipation. Although very annoying, there being no remedy, we were fain to look sorrowfully from our floating prison, on the spreading and classical beauties around us; and as we beheld the island of Salamis, Mount Hymettus, and the sacred Acropolis, we thought of Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles, d—d the quarantine authorities, and invoked the shade of Socrates to enable us to bear with philosophy our hard doom.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Piræus—Approach to Athens—Bavarian soldiers—
Their head-dress—Costume of the Greeks—Greek women—Their deficiency in personal attractions—
The palace—Classic fragments—The Parthenon—
Ruins of the Acropolis—Colonel Leake—Troops in Athens—Their uniform—Military manœuvres—
Hymettus—In time to be too late—Patras—
Castle—Bay of Patras—Bavarian government—
Hostile feeling manifested by it towards England—
End of the cruise.

"Ancient of days! August Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that
were:

First in the race that led to glory's goal
They won—and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of
power."

BYRON.

THE termination of our quarantine at last approached, and it may be imagined how

eagerly we sprang on those shores once trodden by Themistocles and Aristides, and with what interest we viewed that Piræus, so famed in history for its port, its arsenals, and the “Long Walls,” extending to the gates of Athens, and oft witnesses of the exit and return of so many triumphant expeditions.

The Piræus presented everywhere a scene of life and bustle, and numerous buildings were fast springing up, which bid fair soon to encircle its land-locked port with rows of noble edifices. We had scarcely time to look about us, ere, bundled into a sort of German berlins, we were carried off at a gallop along the now capital road, traversing the level plain of about five miles in extent, which intervenes between the port and the city of Athens.

We in vain looked out for the “Long Walls.” A few solid remains of stone and masonry alone shewed at intervals the place they had at one time occupied, but we at once recognised on our left the “Grove of Olives,” which, watered by the Cephisus, ran from the Phalerian marshes to the gardens of the Academy. As we approached, the Acropolis—visible even from the Piræus—become more distinct, and shining forth in all its imposing grandeur, I

could not help recalling Lamartine's words on the subject, and entirely differing with him in opinion.* The Hill of the Musæum, crowned with the crumbling monument of Philopapus, together with those of Lycabettus, the Pnyx, and the Areopagus, next appeared in view, overtopped by the distant thyme-covered Hy- mettus. All these interesting objects crowded on our sight in such quick succession, that after passing the still magnificent Temple of Theseus, and entering Athens by the street of Hermes, we were lost in a maze of bewilder-
ment.

The unpaved streets, unfinished houses and unsettled appearance of the inhabitants, hur- rying to and fro with all the gesticulation and loquacity peculiar to the Greeks; the mix- ture of costumes,—the *kilted* pallicars† in their tasteful and gorgeous dress,—the moustachied and helmetted Bavarian soldiers, and round-

* "Il semble trop bas et trop petit pour sa situation monumentale. Il ne dit pas de lui-même: c'est moi; je suis la Parthenon, je ne puis pas être autre chose."

† The "pallicar" literally means a young warrior, but answers more appropriately to the Spanish "majo," which has already been defined.

hatted and “surtouted” Franks,—produced a complete Babel of confusion in our ideas, which had not regained their wonted equilibrium when our vehicle drove up to the door, and we alighted at the French hotel of “Monsieur Brunot.”

After taking some refreshment, our first move was to secure a *valet-de-place*; and after calling on the British minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, we next went to visit his numerous “namesakes” in the place.

As we left his door, the guards were in the act of being relieved on the square opposite to the temporary residence of his Majesty King Otho. A band of very good music attended on the occasion; and whilst the numerous spectators shewed all the varieties of the Albanian and Western costumes, the appearance of the troops was completely German. This is the rock where, in every other respect, Otho invariably splits, causing amongst the Greeks that unpopular feeling with which he is already regarded. The dress of the military, though, perhaps, not consistent with sound policy, was both soldier-like and becoming. Their sky-blue jackets with crimson facings, white

trowsers and gaiters, produced anything but a bad effect, which was greatly enhanced by the very becoming helmet generally worn.*

The appearance of some of the lower orders of the people was highly picturesque. The red gold tasseled cap, set jauntily on one side of the head ; the graceful and kilt-like "foustanelli," whose dense innumerable folds were tightly confined round the waist ; an embroidered jacket, sometimes partly concealed by the griego, or capote, of shaggy white wool ; and the richly laced "periknimis," or close-fitting gaiters of scarlet cloth reaching the knee, and covered with blue silk brocade, completed the Albanian dress; unrivalled in

* This head-dress, which struck me as being much superior to anything we have in our service, both for appearance and use, is of thick sabre-proof leather, well padded, and fitting closely to the head, to which it is secured by broad brass scales passing under the chin, and protecting the face, which is further sheltered from both blows and the sun by a deep peak coming well over the eyes. The whole is surmounted with a crest, which gives it a finished and warlike appearance, very unlike the ridiculous articles denominated "hat caps," which torture the skulls and disfigure the looks of our gallant fellows of the line, without affording protection either against hard knocks, the rays of the sun, or the rain dews of heaven.

grace and magnificence by that of any other portion of the globe.

During our progress through the town, we could not help observing, that neither in the streets nor at the windows a single woman was to be seen; and this seemed to argue much in favour of the domestic qualifications of those, who, like thrifty housewives, were probably engaged at their household vocations, instead of running about in search of amusement and frivolity.* Not a Turk or turban was to be seen,—and the noise, bustle, and swaggering appearance of these modern Athenians offered a marked contrast to the quiet gravity of a Turkish city.

We next proceeded to the new palace, a magnificent pile of building, in a wide, open space to the northward of the town, and facing the whole length of the street of Hermes. Although four years have already elapsed in its

* I know not how far we were right in this our conjecture, but with the few women I had subsequently an opportunity of seeing during my residence in Greece, I was sadly disappointed, as far as personal qualifications went; and it has never fallen to my lot to behold a plainer set of women than appeared to me these descendants of Sappho and Aspasia.

construction ; so far from being finished, it is the general opinion that Otho's funds will never admit of its completion, on its present scale of grandeur. The whole front face, with numerous splendid pillars, is of Pentilican marble, white and pure as that composing the temples of Jupiter or Theseus ; whilst the walls are principally formed of a grayish stone from the quarries on Mount Hymettus, which supply most of the building materials for the rising capital of this still infant state.

From the new palace we could see the sixteen remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. These gigantic remains of taste and grandeur are in themselves sufficient to repay the classical traveller for all the dangers, toils, and fatigues, which some few years ago were the usual concomitants of a visit to these interesting parts.

After passing under the Arch of Hadrian, taking a peep at the small building called the Lanthorn of Diogenes, and traversing some wretched suburbs, we arrived at the foot of the Acropolis ; then skirting along its steep side, passed on one hand the Cave of the Panagia, on the other the remains of the Theatre of Bacchus, and leaving the Odeium of Regilla

on our left, arrived at the gates of the Propylæa, and presenting our pass, were duly admitted within the sacred precincts.

On entering the gates, the Propylæa, the Temple of Victory without wings, the Erechthæum, and that sovereign of structures—the glorious Parthenon, rising amidst heaps of ruins and fallen columns, strike the stranger mute with astonishment, and make him wonder how such monuments of splendour and magnificence could have been raised in periods so remote, or could have so long withstood the ravages of time and the elements, or the more desolating effects of fanaticism and war.

The Parthenon — successively a heathen temple, a Christian church, and a Mohammedan mosque—is now appropriated as the depository of its own relics; all the valuable remains, statues, coins, vases, etc., being now exhibited in that part of the building which had, before the War of Independence, been dedicated to the worship of the Prophet.

When one for a moment reflects on the vicissitudes undergone by the Acropolis, the numerous masters into whose hands it has successively passed, during the many centuries which have elapsed since it was considered as

the citadel of the then first and most enlightened city in the universe, it becomes only a matter of surprise how a single column should be still found standing, and tends to prove the solidity with which the original edifices were constructed.

After wandering about the ruins of the Acropolis, and surveying with delight the fair scene spread around at our feet, under the bright influence of a pure atmosphere and a cloudless sky;* we left these scenes of long-departed, but, it is to be hoped, of returning grandeur; and wended our way along the northern declivity of the hill, passed the classic cave of Apollo and Pan, and descending into the town, went through the "Agora," or ancient market-place, adorned by an antique portico, and a column covered with inscriptions now nearly effaced, but said to

* "Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback; rain is extremely rare, snow never lies on the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity."—*Notes to Childe Harold.*

contain a list of the articles anciently disposed of in that mart. We next visited the “*Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrehestes*,” or Temple of the Winds, on the polygonal sides of which are still to be seen, in alto-relievo of Parian marble, the subject powers of Æolus in every appropriate attitude, from the furious and stormy Boreas, to the gentle Zephyr.

During our peregrinations we failed not to ascend the heights of the Musæum,* still crowned by the remains of a marble monument to Philopapus; to mount the neighbouring Pnyx, with its primitive excavations; remains of Cyclopean walls; its steps and seats cut out of the solid rock, and from whence Demos-

* Pausanias says, “On the top of the hill of the Musæum stands a monument erected to a certain Syrian, named Philopapus.” The hills of the Musæum, and those of the Pnyx and Lycabettus, I found covered with wild thyme, the smell of which, even at this period of the year, when most of the herbage was burnt up, was very pleasant and powerful; this is the plant which, in days of yore, and even to the present time, has been the cause of the celebrity and sweetness of the Hymettan honey. On the sides of the above hills are numerous excavations in the rocks, together with remains of steps, seats, and aqueducts; likewise some spacious caves; all plainly shewing, that although without the walls of the city, this part was at one time thickly inhabited.

thenes used of old to thunder forth his Philippics to the assembled and admiring multitudes. Mount Lycabettus and the hill of the Areopagus next in succession attract the attention, and from the latter you look down on the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect of the many magnificent remains at Athens.

Colonel Leake, in his "Topography of Athens," has given such a full and faithful account of this, probably in every respect, most admirable remains of antiquity, that the classical reader had better refer to his work for every information to be obtained on the subject. Since the time when the gallant and scientific Colonel visited this interesting spot, one or two slight alterations have taken place in this monument to the son of Ægeus—for instance, the figures in the ten Metopes, on the eastern face of the building, which are supposed to represent the labours of Hercules, and which he describes as being in a very perfect state, are at present so much defaced, that it is only from a previous knowledge of what they are meant to represent, the spectator is at all enabled to decipher their meaning. The interior of the temple is now appropriated

to the reception of a collection of antiquities ; numerous interesting relics being daily discovered in digging the foundations of the new buildings and clearing away the rubbish, which has hitherto concealed many of the old remains of bygone times.

Near the Temple of Theseus is the parade-ground for the exercise of the Grecian troops, now very different in appearance from the old warriors of Marathon and Platea ; and, seated on the steps of the Temple, I often with great interest watched them going through their various evolutions, which were performed according to the German mode of tactics.

The force then garrisoned in Athens amounted to about a thousand men, including a couple of squadrons of cavalry ; the latter a mixture of Dragoons and Lancers, the Dragoons forming the rear rank, whilst those armed with the spear were placed in front. Their uniform was of dark green with red facings, and the head-dress the same as that worn by the infantry—half-helmet half-chaco ;—light, apparently serviceable, and extremely soldier-like and becoming. They were mounted on small but stout horses ; the word of command was

given in Greek, but their manœuvres, although regularly executed, were uncommonly slow.

Of the Regular Infantry,* whose general appearance has already been noticed, I, on a couple of occasions, saw between three and four hundred under arms, and the few evolutions I witnessed were performed in a clumsy manner, the word of command being in Greek, but, when any directions were given by the commanding officer—who appeared to be a German,—to captains of companies or the subaltern officers, they were issued either in that language or in French.

I noted down a few of the manœuvres, and by the following account of their performance, it will be seen that they were not strictly according to “Torrens.”

* The Greek infantry is divided into Regular and Irregular—the latter wearing the Albanian dress. The former are well paid, the private soldier, after being provided with everything in the shape of clothing, receives $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. per diem, from which, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. only is deducted for his food, leaving him in the net receipt of $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day. When the extreme cheapness of everything, here is considered, this is a large sum. I can only state, as to the correctness of this information, that I received it from some Greek officers with whom I was acquainted. The troops are under the military code of Napoleon, which is extremely severe, but corporal punishment is not admitted.

1st. From line they broke into open column, right in front, by the reverse flank marking time whilst the remainder brought up their left shoulders, and were halted by word of command, when square to the front. No. 2. Advance to half distance on the front division. 3. Form square, two deep, on the front, by the outward wheel of subdivisions. 4. Re-form column ;—this was executed by the respective sub-divisions facing towards the front of the square, and then filing right and left into their places, in column, re-forming companies. 5. Close to quarter distance. 6. Change front to the right; this was performed by the leading division wheeling up the quarter circle on its right, whilst the remaining companies, by the old “threes left,” filed into the new direction, and on covering the front division were halted and fronted by their respective leaders.

The column then moved off the ground, headed by the band, playing a quick march; and took open distance from the front, the captains of companies placing themselves before and in the centre of their divisions. In forming a column of sub-division on the march, the reverse sub-divisions marked time, the pivot sub-divisions filing by the old flank.

march of threes, in their rear, then front turn and forward, recovering their distances on the march. The same was observed in forming column of sections.

If I remember rightly, in re-forming subdivisions and companies, whilst the reverse sections and sub-divisions marked time, the pivot ones brought up successively the right and then the left shoulders; when, on getting into their places, the whole received the word "forward."

The firelock, which during the march is at the "support," is "carried" on performing any evolution, all of which (coming under my observation) were done in quick time. The dress of the men has already been adverted to. There is, besides the helmet, another article in their "kit," which I think might afford a wrinkle to our military authorities:—each man has three pair of trowsers, one of cloth, the other two for summer wear; but whilst one of these last, appropriated for parade and full-dress occasions, is made of white duck,—the second, likewise of linen, is striped with blue, which has a good appearance, saves a great deal of washing, and does to wear about barracks, on fatigue or common drills. Linen

gaiters of unbleached duck give a finished appearance to the summer dress, and preserve the feet from the sand and gravel, which is otherwise so liable in dry weather to introduce itself into the shoes on a march. A short Roman sword, slung parallel with the bayonet, completes the equipment of the Greek soldier, whose arms and accoutrements appeared to be in capital order, with the locks and barrels of the firelocks highly polished.

The men were, generally speaking, of middle stature, and on the whole infinitely superior to the Turkish soldiery; perhaps also,—in appearance at least,—to the troops of both Spain and Portugal.

But enough of both pipe-clay and Pentilican marble; though it would be sacrilege, ere quitting the city of Minerva, not to conduct the reader along the banks of the far-famed Ili-sus, to the remains of the Temple of Fortune, the Stadium, and the sepulchre of Herodes Atticus, for—

“ There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit’s feeling;”

but on these, so heavily hath old Saturn leant,

as to deprive them of nearly all tangible substance, leaving merely the "spirit" of memory, which still continues to regard them with hallowed reverence.

Of the Ilissus, at this parched season of the year, (the beginning of October,) nought was to be seen save the dry and rocky bed of a mountain water-course; into which, as we descended at the Fountain of Callirrhœ, and proceeded dry-shod towards the Stadium, we in vain looked for a single drop of its classic waters.

Ascending the opposite bank; in the "hillocks heaped on what were chambers," we vainly endeavoured to trace the remains of the shrine appertaining to the fickle goddess of fortune. The remnants of the Stadium were more perceptible, and as we proceeded from it, through a subterranean passage, towards the tomb of the benefactor and embellisher of Alexandria Troas,* we were, by a strange coincidence, startled from our reveries by the flight of the very bird dedicated to the tutelar deity of the spot—the small grey owl of Minerva,—which, dazzled by the broad glare of the meridian sun, soon dived again into the

* Herodes Atticus, who spent a more than princely fortune in this manner.

darksome abyss, from whence the sound of our footsteps had disturbed it. May this not prove an emblem of the fate of that dawn of enlightenment now beginning to shed its rays over this long devoted land!

Our last excursion in the neighbourhood of Athens was to “thyme-covered Hymettus,” which, as in days of yore, is still famed for its delicious honey. It, however, at present furnishes something more substantial and useful than mere sweets; and the new edifices which are fast adorning the rising city of Athens owe their origin to the large quarries of a species of grey marble which are now opened on the side of the mountain, and huge blocks of which are easily conveyed to their destination by an excellent road, of between two and three miles in extent.

The time of my departure from Athens had arrived, and, getting on board an Austrian steamer, in hopes of catching at Patras the mail-packet from the Ionian Islands; thirty-six hours of smooth “paddling” carried us round the Morea, to the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto, just in time to be too late for the packet, which had passed the preceding day. This was pleasant;—as I had now to make

up my mind to remain here a fortnight, ere the next steamer should pass. Thanks, however, to the kind attentions of the British Consul, Mr. Crowe, and of his amiable family, I never spent a more pleasant time; during which I had an opportunity of seeing something of the state of society at Patras, of visiting whatever was worth looking at in the neighbourhood, and of learning something of the present political state of the Morea.

It was at Patras that the effects of the secret society of the Hetæria were first felt, in the outbreak of the Greek Revolution. In 1821, the Turks were driven from the town, and obliged to take refuge in the citadel, which was twice relieved by Yusouf Pacha with the garrison of the Morea Castle, one of the fortresses forming the keys of the lesser Dardanelles, and the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto. The Greek investing force, on both these occasions, hastily retired to the mountains; and so precipitate was their second retreat, that, in the general panic, the Princes Mavrocordato and Caradja were surprised in bed, and had great difficulty in effecting their escape, in nearly a state of nudity.

The castle, which is anything but strong,

commands the town of Patras, and offers, from its battlements, a most interesting view. Across the bay, to the northward, lies Missolonghi, the scene of Ibrahim Pacha's triumph; of the death of Marco Bozzari, the celebrated Suliote chief, who was killed here in October, 1823; and is likewise the spot where the immortal Byron, whilst actively engaged in the emancipation of Greece, breathed his last, April 19th, 1824.* As the eye ranges to the east, it takes in the lesser Dardanelles; the Gulf of Lepanto: old Actium,—where Antony for “a woman lost the world;” and where, in a more modern and less known, though equally bloody engagement, the author of *Don Quixotte* lost his left arm. The cloud-capped hills of the Morea next present themselves, and then the rest of the Ionian Islands; the fertile Zante looming distantly in the western horizon.

The entrance of the Dardanelles of Lepanto is defended by a couple of forts, called respectively the Castles of Roumelia and of the Morea;

* Lord Byron expired of inflammatory fever, at Missolonghi, on the 19th April, 1824, where the funeral service took place at the church of St. Nicholas, on the 22nd. The body was removed to England, and lies interred in the family vault at the village church of Hucknall.

they are thinly garrisoned, and the guns toward the sea are so inefficient, that, in 1821, a small Greek fleet forced the passage, without sustaining the slightest damage.

The town of Patras, from having so often been of late the scene of active warfare, presented, until very recently, a mere heap of ruins, from which it is, however, rapidly rising; broad and regular streets are constructed, lined with spacious and lofty buildings; and it bids fair in a few years to become the general mart of commerce of the Morea. The port, even at present, shews all the bustle of trade and traffic; the exports being chiefly liquorice, and the small black currant in such general use at home. The plant of the former grows wild in the neighbourhood in large quantities; the latter is cultivated, like the grape, and its plant so greatly resembles the vine, that it requires some experience to distinguish between them, particularly when both are divested of their fruit. The small vessels employed in the currant-trade, so celebrated as fast sailors, go by the name of "clippers," and frequently perform extraordinarily short passages to England.

The Bay of Patras is also much frequented

by fishermen, who come even from Sicily and Naples ; and whose Calabrian costume offers a great contrast to the picturesque dress of the mountaineers, crowding on market-days to the port ; and who, in their rough griego capotes and shaggy white “ floccatas,”* often present groups worthy the pencil of the painter and artist. The gentler sex are, however, as little seen here in public as in Attica, and those I did behold were but poor prototypes of the “ Maid of Athens,” or of the chiselled symmetry of olden times.

The British Consul gave but a very unfavourable account of the present state of the Morea; where, by its impolitic conduct and grinding exactions, the government of Otho was becoming exceedingly unpopular.

The system of having Bavarians at the head of every department, of arrogating to the crown the whole landed property, and causing one tenth of the produce to be deposited in government stores, to which the poor peasant is often obliged to carry the fruit of his own labour a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles, have

* The “ floccata” is a thick cloak, with a hood and short sleeves, lined in the inside with shaggy worsted or wool.

been the cause of the most universal discontent, and of the formation of numerous parties of banditti ;* these, taking refuge in the mountains, sally forth and plunder the more peaceable inhabitants, set at defiance the power of the gendarmerie employed to subdue them, and frequently make severe examples of any functionaries of the present government who may fall into their hands, by either summarily putting them to death, or dreadfully mutilating them, by cutting off their ears and noses.

To this state of things, which cannot last long, must be added that hostile feeling of late manifested by the Helleno-Bavarian authorities towards the British Government and interests, which only very recently led to a long and angry correspondence with our consul here, relative to some Ionian subjects who had been most vexatiously treated by the gendarmerie, and immured in prison, where one of them died ; the whole of which circumstances have been forwarded to the notice of the Foreign Office

* A proclamation had just been issued, decreeing the sentence of banishment against the heads of such families as were convicted of harbouring in their houses any of these freebooters.

ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

at home. When the Greek nation recalls the names of Byron and Cochrane, of Church and Gordon, so influential in the successful result of their struggle for independence, any bad feeling against the British is certainly misplaced ; but it is not to the *Greek* nation that these sentiments are to be attributed, but to the *German* court and council by which his most sagacious Majesty King Otho is surrounded.

In the vicinity of Patras is pointed out the spot of the martyrdom of St. Andrew, over whose tomb a church is at present being erected. At a short distance from the castle, crossing a delicious valley, and shrouded amidst plants of the caper, the liquorice, and myrtle,—interspersed with the heliotrope and wild thyme,—are the picturesque and venerable remains of an old Roman aqueduct, which formerly served to supply the citadel with water from the neighbouring hills : it is, however, fast crumbling to the ground, and in a few short years will be reckoned amongst the things that “ have been.”

The society which I met at Mr. Crowe's residence consisted of the consuls of the different Powers, who, together with their fami-

lies, and the addition of a few Greeks, formed a very agreeable little coterie, where the current languages were generally either French or Italian. I spent under his hospitable roof many pleasant evenings, and it was not without a feeling of regret that, on the arrival of H. M. steamer "Volcano" from the Ionian Islands, I took leave of all my new friends; and, putting myself under the auspices of Lieut. West, R.N.,—after a quarantine of a few days at Malta, and a rough and tedious passage thence to Gibraltar,—I once more joined my regiment in that garrison; and,—for some time at least,—concluded my "Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean."

FINIS.

